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THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.

Salaignac de la Motte Fénelon
(F. de)

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS,

THE

SON OF ULYSSES.

Tranſlated from the FRENCH of

Meſſire FRANÇOIS SALIGNAC de la MOTHE-FENELON, Archbiſhop of CAMBRAY.

BY

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THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, conducted by Minerva under the figure of Mentor, after being ſhipwrecked, gets aſhore in the iſland of the goddeſs Calypſo, who ſtill lamented the departure of Ulyſſes. The goddeſs gives him a favourable reception, becomes enamoured of him, offers him immortality, and deſires to know his adventures. He entertains her with a relation of his voyage to Pylos and Lacedæmon; his ſhipwreck on the coaſt of Sicily; the riſque he ran of being ſacrificed to the manes of Anchiſes; the aſſiſtance which Mentor gave Aceſtes during an incurſion of the barbarians; and the king's gratitude for that ſervice, in beſtowing upon them a Tyrian ſhip to return to their country.

CALYPSO remained inconſolable for the departure of Ulyſſes. Thus afflicted, ſhe found herſelf miſerable in being immortal. Her grotto no longer reſounded with her ſongs. Her attendant nymphs were afraid to ſpeak to her: ſhe often walked ſolitary upon the flowery turf, which a perpetual ſpring had diffuſed around her iſland. But theſe charming retreats, far from aſſwaging her grief, ſerved only to

recall the melancholy remembrance of Ulyſſes, by whom ſhe had been ſo often accompanied. Frequently did ſhe ſtand motionleſs on the beach of the ſea, which ſhe watered with her tears, and her face was always turned towards that quarter, where the ſhip of Ulyſſes, ploughing the waves, had diſappeared from her eyes. All of a ſudden ſhe perceived the wreck of a veſſel, which had juſt periſhed; the banks of rowers broke in pieces, the oars ſcattered here and there upon the ſand, together with the rudder, maſt, and cordage floating along the beach. Then ſhe deſcried two men at a diſtance, one of them ſeemingly in years; the other, though a youth, bore a ſtrong reſemblance to Ulyſſes. He had all his ſweetneſs of countenance, mingled with his lofty look, together with his majeſtic make and portly demeanour. The goddeſs immediately diſcovered that it was Telemachus, the ſon of that hero; but though the gods far ſurpaſs mankind in knowledge, ſhe could not recogniſe that venerable man by whom Telemachus was accompanied. For the ſuperior gods conceal whatever they pleaſe from the inferior deities; and Minerva, who accompanied Telemachus in the form of Mentor, was reſolved to remain unknown to Calypſo. Mean while this goddeſs rejoiced at the ſhipwreck which had thrown on her iſle the ſon of Ulyſſes ſo much the image of his father. Advancing towards him without pretending to know who he was, "Whence," ſaid ſhe, "proceeds this raſhneſs, of landing on my iſland? Know, young ſtranger, that no perſon enters my empire with impunity." Under theſe threatening words ſhe endeavoured to conceal the joy of her heart, which, in ſpite of all her efforts, ſparkled in her eyes. Telemachus thus replied, "O you, whoſoever you are, mortal, or goddeſs, though by your appearance you can be no other than a divinity, will you not ſympathize with the misfortune of a ſon, who, in queſt of his father, toſſed at the mercy of the winds and waves, has ſeen his veſſel wrecked upon your rocks?" "Who is that father you are in queſt of;" reſumed the goddeſs. "His name is Ulyſſes," ſaid Telemachus;

lemachus; one of thoſe kings who, after a ten years ſiege, have laid the famous city of Troy in aſhes. His name was celebrated all over Greece and Aſia for his valour in battle, but ſtill more for his wiſdom in council. At preſent roving through the whole extent of ocean, expoſed to the moſt dreadful perils, his country ſeems to fly before him. His wife Penelope, and I, who am his ſon, have loſt all hope of ſeeing him again. I undergo the ſame dangers in order to learn where he is: But what do I ſay! perhaps he is now buried in the profound abyſs. Have pity on our misfortunes, O Goddeſs! and if you know what the deſtinies have accompliſhed, either to ſave or deſtroy Ulyſſes, vouchſafe to make his ſon Telemachus acquainted with his fate."

Calypſo aſtoniſhed, and affected by ſo much wiſdom and eloquence in ſuch early youth, ſurveyed him in ſilence, as if her eyes could never be ſatisfied. At length, "Telemachus," ſaid ſhe, "we will inform you of what has happened to your father; but the ſtory is long, and it is time for you to refreſh yourſelf after all your fatigues: come to my habitation, where I will receive you as my own ſon: come, and be a comfort to me in this ſolitude. I will crown you with happineſs, provided you are wiſe enough to enjoy your good fortune."

Telemachus followed the goddeſs, who was ſurrounded by a bevy of young nymphs, among whom ſhe towered the talleſt by the head, as a lofty foreſt-oak uprears his thick boughs above all the other trees that ſurround him. He admired the ſplendor of her beauty, the rich purple dye of her long and flowing robe, her hair that was tied behind with the moſt graceful negligence, the fire that ſparkled in her eyes, and the ſweetneſs of look that tempered their vivacity. Mentor, with down-caſt eyes, followed Telemachus in modeſt ſilence. When they arrived at the entrance of Calypſo's grotto, Telemachus was aſtoniſhed to ſee ſuch a profuſion of all that could delight the view, mingled with the appearance of rural ſimplicity. True it is, here was neither gold nor ſilver, neither marble columns,

pictures, nor ſtatues: but the grotto was ſcooped out of the rock in arcades abounding with pebbles and ſhell-work; and it was lined with a young luxuriant vine, extending its pliant branches equally on every ſide. The balmy zephyrs here preſerved a moſt delicious coolneſs, in ſpite of the ſun's heat. Fountains, ſweetly murmuring as they ran along the meadows, adorned with amaranths and violets, formed in different parts delightful baths, as pure and tranſparent as cryſtal. A thouſand ſpringing flowers enamelled the green carpet with which the grotto was ſurrounded. And here was ſeen a wood of thoſe trees that bear the golden apple, which flower in every ſeaſon, and diffuſe the ſweeteſt of all perfumes. This wood that ſeemed to crown thoſe charming meads, produced a ſhade which the ſun's rays could not penetrate. There nothing was ever heard but the ſong of birds, or the ſound of a rivulet, which guſhing from a rock on high, and boiling and foaming as it fell, eſcaped acroſs the adjacent meadow.

The grotto of the goddeſs was ſituated upon the declivity of a little hill, from whence there was a proſpect of the ſea, ſometimes clear and ſmooth as glaſs, ſometimes as madly raging, daſhing itſelf againſt the rocks, with furious din, and ſpouting its billows mountain high. On the other ſide was the view of a river that formed a number of iſlands, bordered with flowering limes, and tall poplars that raiſed their lofty heads even to the clouds. The different ſtreams by which the iſland were formed, ſeemed to ſport along the field; one rolling its cryſtal waves with rapidity, a ſecond gliding with a gentle ſleepy courſe; while others in long meanders returned as if they meant to reviſit their ſource, and ſeemed incapable of leaving thoſe enchanted ſcenes. At a diſtance appeared a number of hills and mountains, which ſeemed to loſe themſelves among the clouds, and whoſe fantaſtic figures formed an agreeable horizon to delight the view. The neighbouring mountains were covered with verdant vines hanging in feſtoons, and ſo loaded with fruit, that their leaves could not conceal the

ripe

ripe cluſters, more beautiful than the fineſt purple. The country was covered with all kinds of trees, the fig, the olive, and the pomegranate; ſo that it looked like one extenſive garden.

Calypſo having ſhewn theſe natural beauties to Telemachus, "Repoſe yourſelf," ſaid ſhe; "your garments are wet, and it is neceſſary they ſhould be changed: when you are refreſhed we will viſit you again, and tell you ſuch things as will not fail to touch your tender heart." So ſaying, ſhe introduced him and Mentor to the moſt remote and ſecret part of a grotto not far from her own habitation. There the nymphs had taken care to light a blazing fire of cedar, which diffuſed an agreeable odour all around, and left freſh garments for the new gueſts. Telemachus perceiving what was intended for him, to be a tunique of the fineſt wool, more white than drifted ſnow, and a purple robe embroidered with gold, ſurveyed this magnificence with thoſe emotions of pleaſure ſo natural to the mind of youth.

Mentor accoſting him in a grave and ſolemn tone, "Are theſe then, O Telemachus! the thoughts which ought to poſſeſs the heart of the ſon of Ulyſſes? Rather revolve the means of ſupporting your father's reputation, and of ſurmounting that adverſe fortune by which you are perſecuted. A young man who delights in gaudy ornaments, like a weak woman, is unworthy of wiſdom and of glory. Glory is the portion of that heart alone which can endure affliction, and ſpurn at pleaſure with diſdain." Telemachus ſighing replied, "May the gods condemn me to periſh, rather than ſuffer effeminate pleaſure to take poſſeſſion of my heart! No, no; the ſon of Ulyſſes ſhall never be vanquiſhed by the charms of a baſe effeminate life. But by what favour of heaven have we found after our ſhipwreck this goddeſs, or mortal, who thus loads us with benefits?" "You have more reaſon to be afraid," replied Mentor, "of her overwhelming you with misfortunes; you have more reaſon to dread her deceitful careſſes than thoſe rocks and ſhallows on which our veſſel was wrecked. Shipwreck and death are leſs fatal than thoſe pleaſures that attack virtue. Beware

of

of believing what ſhe is going to relate. Youth is preſumptuous and ſelf-ſufficient in all things. Tho' frail, it believes itſelf all-powerful, and thinks it has nothing to fear. Its confidence is built upon the ſlighteſt grounds and without any precaution. Take care how you liſten to the ſoft and flattering ſpeeches of Calypſo, which will glide like a ſerpent under flowers. Dread that concealed poiſon; be diffident of yourſelf, and never take any reſolution without firſt waiting for my advice." Then returning to Calypſo, who expected them, the nymphs, clad in white, with their plaited treſſes, immediately ſerved up a repaſt, which, though ſimple, was exquiſite both for the taſte and dreſſing. Here appeared no other viands than the birds they had taken in their ſnares, or the wild beaſts they had pierced with their arrows at the chace: a wine more delicious than nectar was poured from large ſilver flaggons into cups of gold adorned with flowers. Baſkets were brought loaded with all the fruits that ſpring had promiſed and autumn ſpread upon the face of the earth. At the ſame time, four young nymphs began to tune their voices; and firſt they ſung the Battles of the Gods againſt the Giants; then the Amours of Jupiter and Semele; the Birth of Bacchus, and his Education conducted by old Silenus; the Race of Atalanta and Hippomanes, who came off conqueror by means of the golden apples gathered in the garden of Heſperides. At length the War of Troy was likewiſe ſung, and the valour and wiſdom of Ulyſſes extolled to the ſkies. The chief of the nymphs, who was called Leucothoe, accompanied with her lyre the charming voices of all the reſt. When Telemachus heard his father's name mentioned, the tears ran down his cheeks, and added freſh luſtre to his beauty. But Calypſo perceiving that he could no longer eat, and was much affected, made a ſign to the nymphs. At that inſtant they began to ſing the battle of the Centaurs with the Lapithæ, and the Deſcent of Orpheus into Hell to fetch from thence Eurydice.

After

After the repaſt the goddeſs taking Telemachus aſide, addreſſed him to this effect: "You ſee, O ſon of the great Ulyſſes, the favourable reception you meet with at my hands. I am immortal. No man can enter this iſland without being puniſhed for his raſhneſs; and even the circumſtance of your ſhipwreck ſhould not ſcreen you from my reſentment, if I did not love you. Your father had the ſame good fortune; but, alas! he was not wiſe enough to enjoy it. I kept him a long time in this iſland, and it was in his option to live with me in a ſtate of immortality: but a blind paſſion for returning to his miſerable country, impelled him to renounce all theſe advantages. You ſee what he has loſt for Ithaca, which he never more beheld. Obſtinately bent upon leaving me, he departed, and I was revenged by means of a ſtorm. His veſſel, after having been long the ſport of the winds, was buried in the waves. I adviſe you to profit by ſuch a melancholy example. After his ſhipwreck you have nothing more to hope, neither to ſee him again, nor to reign his ſucceſſor in the iſland of Ithaca: conſole yourſelf for the loſs of him, ſince you here find a divinity ready to make you happy, with a kingdom in your reach." The goddeſs added much more, to ſhew how happy Ulyſſes had been while he ſtayed with her: ſhe recounted his adventures in the cave of the cyclops Polyphemus, and at the court of Antiphates king of the Leſtrigons; nor did ſhe forget what befel him in the iſland of Circe, the daughter of the Sun, and the dangers to which he was expoſed in his paſſage between Scylla and Charybdis. She deſcribed the laſt tempeſt which Neptune had raiſed againſt him, when he departed from her habitation. Her deſign was to make him believe, that his father had periſhed in the ſtorm, for ſhe ſuppreſſed his arrival in the iſland of the Pheacians. Telemachus, who had at firſt abandoned himſelf too ſuddenly to the joy of being ſo kindly treated by Calypſo, at length perceived her artifice, and became ſenſible of the wiſdom of that advice which he had juſt received from Mentor. He anſwered in a few words, "O goddeſs! forgive-

forgive my grief, which now I cannot help indulging; perhaps, I ſhall hereafter be more able to enjoy the good fortune which you offer: allow me at preſent to lament my father; you know better than I how much he deſerved to be lamented!"

Calypſo durſt not at firſt preſs him farther upon the ſubject. She even pretended to ſympathiſe with his ſorrow, and to be affected with the fate of Ulyſſes: but that ſhe might the better underſtand the ſprings that moved the young man's heart, ſhe aſked in what manner he had ſuffered ſhipwreck, and by what adventure he was thrown upon that coaſt. "The recital of my misfortunes," ſaid he, "would be tedious." "By no means," ſhe replied; "I am impatient to know them, make haſte and favour me with the relation." In fine, ſhe preſſed him ſo much, that he could no longer reſiſt her importunity, and ſpoke to this effect: "I ſet ſail from Ithaca, to learn tidings of my father, from the other kings that were returned from the ſiege of Troy. My mother Penelope's lovers were ſurpriſed at my departure, which I had carefully concealed from them, becauſe I was well aware of their treachery. Neither Neſtor, whom I viſited at Pylos, nor Menelaus, who received me kindly at Lacedæmon, could inform me whether or no my father was ſtill alive. Tired of living always in ſuſpenſe and uncertainty, I reſolved to go to Sicily, where I was told my father had been thrown by contrary winds. But the ſage Mentor, whom you ſee here preſent, oppoſed that raſh deſign. He repreſented on one ſide the Cyclops, thoſe monſtrous giants, who feed on human fleſh; on the other, the fleet of Æneas and the Trojans, which was cruiſing on that coaſt. "Thoſe Trojans, ſaid he, are exaſperated againſt all the Greeks: but they would have peculiar pleaſure in ſhedding the blood of the ſon of Ulyſſes. Return to Ithaca: added he, perhaps, your father, favoured by the gods, will be there as ſoon as you: but if the deſtinies have decreed that he ſhould periſh, if he is never more to ſee his native country, at leaſt you muſt go thither to revenge him, to deliver your mother, diſplay your wiſdom to the nations, and

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let all Greece behold in you a king as worthy to reign as ever was Ulyſſes himſelf." This was a ſalutary remonſtrance, but I was not wiſe enough to profit by it: I gave ear to nothing but my paſſion. The ſage Mentor carried his affection for me ſo far as to attend me in a raſh voyage which I undertook againſt his advice; and the gods allowed me to commit one fault, which was to ſerve as a leſſon to correct my preſumption." While Telemachus delivered himſelf in theſe terms, Calypſo ſurveyed Mentor with an eager look: ſhe was aſtoniſhed at his appearance, under which, ſhe thought, ſhe perceived ſomething more than human; but as ſhe could not unravel the confuſion of her thoughts, ſhe was filled with fear and ſuſpicion, at ſight of this perſon unknown: then apprehenſive that her perturbation would be obſerved, ſhe ſaid to Telemachus, "Proceed and ſatisfy my curioſity." Telemachus thus reſumed the thread of his narration. "For ſome time we had a favourable wind for Sicily, but at laſt a gloomy tempeſt ſhrouded the face of heaven, and we were wrapped in the profoundeſt darkneſs. By the flaſhes of the lightning, however, we perceived a number of other ſhips expoſed to the ſame danger, and ſoon diſcovered them to be the fleet of Æneas, which were no leſs dreadful to us than the rocks themſelves. Then I diſcerned, tho' too late, that which the ardour of my imprudent youth had hindered me from conſidering with due attention. In this emergency, Mentor appeared not only firm and intrepid, but even more gay than uſual. It was he who encouraged me, and I perceived he inſpired me with invincible fortitude. He gave all the directions with eaſe and tranquillity, while the pilot was under the moſt violent perturbation. It was then I ſaid to him, "DearMentor,why did I refuſe to follow your advice? How wretched am I in having obſtinately truſted to my own judgment, at an age which has neither foreſight for what is to happen, nor experience of what is paſt, nor moderation to conduct the preſent? O, if ever we eſcape this ſtorm, I ſhall diſtruſt myſelf as the moſt dangerous enemy; and in you, Mentor,

I ſhall always confide." Mentor replied with a ſmile, "I have no intention to reproach you with the fault you have committed; it is enough that you perceive it, and that it will ſerve to make you more temperate another time. But perhaps when danger is paſt, your preſumption will return. Mean while we muſt ſupport ourſelves by our courage: we ought to foreſee and be apprehenſive of danger before we expoſe ourſelves to it; but once we are engaged, nothing is to be done but to face it with contempt. Approve therefore yourſelf a ſon worthy of Ulyſſes, and ſhew you have a heart ſtill ſuperior to the evils that aſſail you." I was charmed with the courage and affability of the ſage Mentor; but ſtill more ſurpriſed to ſee with what addreſs he delivered us from the Trojans. At that very moment when the ſkies began to clear, and the Trojans, having now a nearer view, would not have failed to diſcover us, he obſerved one of their veſſels not unlike our own, which the ſtorm had ſeparated from the reſt, having her poop garniſhed with flowers. He forthwith prepared garlands of the ſame flowers, which he faſtened on our poop with fillets of the ſame colour as thoſe uſed by the Trojans. He ordered all our rowers to ſtoop as much as poſſible along their banks, that they might not be known by the enemy. In this manner we paſſed thro' the middle of their fleet, while they ſhouted with joy, at the ſight of one of her conſorts which they had given up for loſt. We were even compelled by the violence of the ſea, to keep them company for ſome length of time; at laſt we dropt aſtern, and while they were driven by the impetuoſity of the wind towards Afric, we exerted all our endeavours to reach, by the dint of rowing, the neighbouring coaſt of Sicily. There indeed we arrived, but what we had ſo eagerly ſought to find, was not leſs fatal to us than the fleet which we had ſtrove to avoid. We found on this part of the coaſt another neſt of Trojans, enemies to the Greeks, governed by old Aceſtes, who came from Troy. Scarce had we reached the ſhore, when the inhabitants, believing we were either people of another nation of the iſland, who had taken arms to ſurpriſe them, or ſtrangers come to invade their territories,

burnt

burnt our veſſel in the firſt tranſports of that apprehenſion, butchered all our companions, and only preſerved Mentor and me to be preſented to Aceſtes, that he might learn from our own mouths whence we came, and what were our deſigns. We entered the city, with our hands tied behind our backs; and our death was only delayed, in order to furniſh out a ſpectacle for a barbarous people, as ſoon as ever it ſhould be known that we were of the Greek nation. We were immediately preſented to Aceſtes, who, with a golden ſceptre in his hand, was adminiſtering juſtice to his people, and preparing for a great ſacrifice. He aſked with a ſevere accent what country we were of, and what was the occaſion of our voyage. Mentor inſtantly replied, ſaying, "We come from the coaſt of the great Heſperia, and our country is far from thence." Thus he avoided diſcovering that we were Greeks. But Aceſtes, without hearing more, taking it for granted that we were ſtrangers who concealed their true deſign, ordered us to be ſent to a neighbouring foreſt, to ſerve as ſlaves under thoſe who tended his flocks. Such a condition appearing to me more wretched than death, I exclaimed: "O king, let us rather die, than treat us with ſuch indignity: know that I am Telemachus ſon of the ſage Ulyſſes king of Ithaca: I am in queſt of my father thro' the whole extent of ſeas; and as I can neither find him, nor return to my native country, nor avoid ſlavery, I beg to be deprived of life, which I cannot ſupport." Scarce had I pronounced theſe words, when all the people cried with the utmoſt emotion: "Periſh the ſon of that cruel Ulyſſes, whoſe arts have overthrown the city of Troy!" "Son of Ulyſſes, ſaid Aceſtes, I cannot refuſe your blood to the manes of ſo many Trojans whom your father hath ſent untimely to the banks of the black Cocytus: you and your conductor ſhall die." At that inſtant an old man of the multitude propoſed to the king, that we ſhould be ſacrificed upon the tomb of Anchiſes. "Their blood, ſaid he, will be agreeable to the ſhade of that hero: Æneas himſelf, when he ſhall hear of the ſacrifice, will

will be pleaſed to find that you pay ſuch reſpect to that which he held moſt dear in life." This propoſal met with univerſal applauſe; and nothing now was thought of but the ſacrifice. Already we were conducted to the tomb of Anchiſes, where they had raiſed two altars, on which the ſacred fire was kindled: the ſword that was to ſhed our blood already glanced before our eyes; we were crowned with garlands of flowers; and no compaſſion could avail to ſave our lives: our fate ſeemed fixed, when Mentor with great tranquillity demanded an audience of the king, and addreſſed him in theſe words: "O Aceſtes, if the misfortunes of young Telemachus, who never carried arms againſt the Trojans, cannot excite your compaſſion, at leaſt have ſome regard to your own intereſt. By the ſkill which I have acquired in preſages, and in foreſeeing the will of heaven, I am enabled to foretell, that before three days ſhall be elapſed, you will be attacked by barbarous nations, ruſhing like a torrent from the tops of the mountains, to deluge your city, and lay your whole dominions waſte. Make haſte then to prevent them: put your people under arms, and loſe not a moment to ſecure within your walls the numerous flocks that you have in the open country. If my prediction prove falſe, you will be at liberty to ſacrifice us in three days; if, on the contrary, it be verified, remember you ought not to deprive of life thoſe to whom you owe your own exiſtence." Aceſtes was aſtoniſhed at theſe words, which Mentor pronounced with ſuch an air of confidence as he had never obſerved in any other man. "I plainly perceive, O ſtranger," replied he, "that the gods, by whom you are ſo indifferently provided with the gifts of fortune, have in recompence granted you that wiſdom which is more valuable than all the wealth of proſperity." At the ſame time he delayed the ſacrifice, and diligently iſſued out the neceſſary orders to prevent the threatened attack. Nothing was now ſeen on every ſide, but trembling women, decrepid old men, and little children all in tears, hurrying into the city: the lowing oxen and bleating ſheep, in numerous herds and flocks, quitting the rich

rich paſtures, without finding ſtalls ſufficient to put them under cover. On every ſide were heard the confuſed noiſe of people crowding together, without being able to hear diſtinctly what each other ſaid, who, in the midſt of their perturbation, took any unknown ſtranger for their friend, and ran along without knowing whither they were going. But the principal inhabitants of the city, believing themſelves wiſer than the reſt, looked upon Mentor as an impoſtor, who had uttered a falſe prediction to ſave his own life. Before the cloſe of the third day, while they amuſed themſelves with theſe reflections, a cloud of duſt was perceived upon the declivity of the neighbouring mountains; then appeared a vaſt multitude of armed barbarians: thoſe were the Hymerians, a ſavage race, together with the nations which inhabit the mountains of Nebrodes, and dwell upon the ſummit of Agragas, where reigns an eternal winter, which the zephyrs have never ſoftened nor ſubdued. Thoſe who deſpiſed the prediction loſt their ſlaves and flocks. As for the king, addreſſing himſelf to Mentor, "I forget that you are Greeks," ſaid he; "our enemies are now become our faithful friends: the gods have ſent you hither to ſave us from deſtruction: I expect no leſs from your valour than the wiſdom of your advice; make haſte and fly to our aſſiſtance." Mentor's eyes ſparkled with ſuch vivacity of courage as confounds the boldeſt warriors. He ſeizes a buckler, helmet, ſword, and lance: he arranges the ſoldiers of Aceſtes, and marching at their head, advances in good order againſt the enemy. Aceſtes, tho' full of courage, could not in his old age keep pace with them, but followed at a diſtance; for my part I kept cloſer to him, but could not equal him in valour: in the fight his cuiraſs ſhone like the immortal ægis. Death ſtalked from rank to rank wherever he directed his blows. Like a Numidian lion impelled by ſavage hunger, who ruſhes amidſt a flock of feeble ſheep, he tears, he ſlays, he ſwims in blood; and the ſhepherds, far from aſſiſting their flock, fly trembling to eſcape his fury. Thoſe barbarians who hoped to ſurpriſe the city, were themſelves ſurpriſed and utterly diſconcerted.

certed. The ſubjects of Aceſtes, animated by the voice and example of Mentor, exerted a vigour of which they thought themſelves incapable. I overthrew with my lance the ſon of the king who reigned over that hoſtile nation: he was about my own age, but taller than me; for, thoſe people were deſcended from a race of giants who had the ſame origin as the Cylops. He deſpiſed an enemy who appeared ſo weak; but without being confounded by his prodigious ſtrength, or his fierce and brutal air, I thruſt my lance into his breaſt, and made him vomit up his ſoul in ſable torrents of blood. He had like to have cruſhed me in his fall: the ſound of his arms echoed from the mountains: I ſeized his ſpoils and returned to Aceſtes. Mentor having completed the diſorder of the enemy, cut in pieces a great number, and drove the fugitives into the foreſt. In conſequence of ſuch unexpected ſucceſs, Mentor was looked upon as a man favoured and inſpired by heaven. Aceſtes, moved by the warmeſt ſentiments of gratitude, communicated the apprehenſions he had on our account, ſhould the fleet of Æneas return to Sicily. He therefore ſupplied us with a ſhip, that we might return without delay to our own country, loaded us with preſents, and preſſed us to depart, in order to prevent all the misfortunes which he foreſaw from our ſtay: but he would not give us either a pilot or rowers of his own nation, leſt they ſhould be too much expoſed upon the coaſts of Greece. He manned us however with a crew of Phœnicians, who, as they carried on an open trade with all the world, had nothing to fear; and they were to bring back the ſhip to Aceſtes, after having landed us ſafe in Ithaca. But the gods who make ſport of human deſigns, reſerved us for other dangers."

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus recounts the manner in which he was taken in the Tyrian veſſel, by the fleet of Seſoſtris, and carried captive into Egypt. He deſcribes the beauty of that country, and the wiſdom of the king's adminiſtration. He proceeds to tell how Mentor was ſent as a ſlave into Æthiopia: that he himſelf was reduced to the condition of a ſhepherd in the deſert of Oaſis: that Termoſyris prieſt of Apollo conſoled him in his diſtreſs by teaching him to imitate the example of Apollo, who had been formerly a ſhepherd under king Admetus; that Seſoſtris had at laſt been informed of all the wonders he had wrought among the ſhepherds; that, convinced of his innocence, he had recalled him to his court, and promiſed to ſend him ſafe to Ithaca: but the death of this king involved him in freſh diſaſters; that he was impriſoned in a tower upon the ſea-ſhore, from whence he beheld the new king Boccharis loſe his life in a battle againſt his own ſubjects, who had rebelled, and were aſſiſted by the Tyrians.

THE Tyrians by their pride, had attracted the reſentment of king Seſoſtris, who reigned in Egypt and ſubdued ſo many realms. The wealth they had acquired

acquired by commerce, and the ſtrength of the impregnable city of Tyre, which was built in the ſea, had inflated the hearts of thoſe people: they refuſed to pay the tribute which Seſoſtris impoſed upon them in his return from his conqueſts; and they furniſhed troops to his brother, who had formed a deſign to aſſaſſinate him at his arrival in the midſt of the rejoicings of a great feſtival. Seſoſtris, in order to abaſe their pride, had reſolved to interrupt their commerce in all the different ſeas. His ſhips of war cruiſed every where in queſt of the Phœnicians. An Egyptian fleet fell in with us, juſt as we began to loſe ſight of the mountains of Sicily. The harbour and the land ſeemed to fly behind us, and loſe themſelves in the clouds, when we deſcried the Egyptian navy approaching like a floating city. The Phœnicians ſoon diſcovered what they were, and endeavoured to bear away; but it was too late. Their tackle was better than ours; the wind favoured them, and their rowers were more numerous. They boarded, took, and carried us priſoners into Ægypt. In vain did I repreſent to them that we were not Phœnicians; ſcarce would they deign to hear me; they looked upon us as ſlaves, of whom the Phœnicians make a traffic, and thought of nothing but the profit that ſuch a prize would produce. Already we obſerved the white colour of the ſea occaſioned by a mixture of the waters of the Nile, and diſcerned the coaſt of Ægypt almoſt on a level with the ocean. We afterwards arrived at the iſland Pharos in the neighbourhood of the city of No, from whence we ſailed up the Nile as far as Memphis.

If the grief ariſing from our captivity had not rendered us inſenſible to every ſpecies of pleaſure, we ſhould have been delighted with the view of this fertile country of Ægypt, which reſembled a delicious garden watered with an infinite number of canals. We could not caſt our eyes on either bank, without perceiving opulent cities, country-houſes agreeably ſituated, lands that were every year covered with golden harveſts without ever lying fallow, rich paſtures filled with ſtocks, peaſants loaded with the fruits

ſruits which the earth diſcharged from her boſom, and ſhepherds who made all the neighbouring ecchoes reſound with the agreeable notes of their flutes and paſtoral pipes. "Happy, ſaid Mentor, "are the people governed by a ſage monarch! They live happy in the midſt of abundance, and love their prince from whom their happineſs is derived. It is thus, added he, O Telemachus, that you muſt reign, and make your people rejoice, if ever the gods grant you poſſeſſion of your father's kingdom: love your ſubjects as your own children, enjoy the pleaſure of being beloved by them; and behave in ſuch a manner that they ſhall never be ſenſible either of peace or happineſs without remembering that it is their good king to whom they owe theſe rich preſents. Thoſe kings whoſe ſole endeavour is to excite the fear of their ſubjects, that in being depreſſed they may become more ſubmiſſive, are in effect the plagues of the human race: feared they are as they deſire to be, but at the ſame time they are hated, deteſted, and have ſtill more cauſe to dread their ſubjects, than their ſubjects have to be afraid of them." I replied to Mentor, "Alas! the buſineſs now is not to think of maxims by which we ought to reign. With reſpect to us Ithaca is now no more: never more ſhall we behold our country or Penelope; even ſhould Ulyſſes return to his kingdom full of glory, he never will enjoy the pleaſure of ſeeing me, nor I that of learning to govern, by practiſing obedience to his commands. Let us die, dear Mentor, we have nothing elſe to think of: let us die, ſince the gods have no pity on our misfortunes." While I thus ſpoke, my words were interrupted with profound ſighs: but Mentor, who dreaded misfortunes before they befell him, no longer feared them when they actually happened. "Unworthy ſon of the ſage Ulyſſes!" cried he, "What! allow yourſelf to be overcome by this diſaſter! No, young man, you will one day return to Ithaca and ſee your mother Penelope. You will even ſee, in his priſtine glory, him whom you never knew; the invincible Ulyſſes, whom adverſe fortune never

never could depreſs, and whoſe diſaſters, ſtill greater than yours, ought to teach you never to deſpair. O! if it was poſſible for him to learn, in thoſe remote countries to which he has been driven by the ſtorm, that his ſon is incapable to imitate either his patience or his courage, theſe tidings would overwhelm him with ſhame, and afflict him more ſeverely than all the misfortunes he had ſuffered ſo long."

Mentor afterwards made me remark the joy and abundance that overſpread the whole country of Ægypt, in which he reckoned no leſs than two and twenty thouſand cities. He admired the wiſe police of thoſe cities, the juſtice exerciſed in favour of the poor againſt the rich, the proper education of the children, who were accuſtomed to obedience, to labour, and ſobriety, to the love of arts and literature; the preciſion with which all the ceremonies of religion were performed; the diſintereſtedneſs, the love of honour, the honeſty in their dealings with men, and the reverence for the gods, which every father infuſed into his children. There was no end of his admiring this excellent order. "Happy the people, ſaid he, without ceaſing, who are thus governed by a wiſe ſovereign! but happier ſtill is the king who makes ſo many nations happy; and who finds his reward in his own virtue! he holds mankind by a tie a hundred times ſtronger than that of fear, namely, the bond of love. He is not only obeyed, but obeyed with pleaſure. He reigns in every heart; and each individual, far from wiſhing to be rid of his dominion, would lay down his own life to ſave that of his ſovereign." I attentively liſtened to what Mentor ſaid; and felt my heart re-inſpired with freſh courage at every word which that ſagacious friend pronounced. As ſoon as we arrived at the opulent and magnificent city of Memphis, the governor ordered us to proceed to Thebes, that we might be preſented to king Seſoſtris himſelf, who was reſolved to examine every thing by his own ſenſes, and was particularly incenſed againſt the Tyrians. We therefore went farther up the Nile, to that famous Thebes with an hundred gates where this great king reſided.

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The city appeared of a vaſt extent, more populous than the moſt flouriſhing towns of Greece. There the police is carried to perfection, with reſpect to the neatneſs of the ſtreets, the courſe of the canals, the convenience of the baths, the cultivation of the arts, and the ſafety of the public. The ſquares are adorned with fountains and obeliſks, the temples are built with marble, in a taſte of architecture ſimple yet majeſtic. The prince's palace alone appears like a great city; for nothing is ſeen but marble columns, pyramids, and obeliſks, coloſſal ſtatues, and furniture of maſſy gold and ſilver. Our captors told the king that we had been found on board a Phœnician ſhip. Every day, at certain hours, he gave audience to all thoſe of his ſubjects who had either complaints to make, or advice to offer. No perſon whatever met with either contempt or repulſe: he looked upon himſelf as raiſed to the throne for no other purpoſe but the good of his ſubjects, whom he loved as his own children. As for ſtrangers, he received them with affability, believing that he ſhould always learn ſomething uſeful in being made acquainted with the manners and cuſtoms of remote countries. This curioſity was the occaſion of our being preſented to the king. He was ſeated upon a throne of ivory with a golden ſceptre in his hand; already advanced in years, but agreeable, with a mixture of majeſty and ſweetneſs in his countenance; every day he heard cauſes with ſuch patience and ſagacity as were admired without adulation. After having fatigued himſelf all day in regulating his affairs and adminiſtering impartial juſtice, he unbent himſelf in the evening, in hearing the diſcourſes of learned men, or in converſing with the moſt virtuous individuals, whom he well knew how to chuſe, as companions worthy to be admitted into his familiarity. In his whole life he could not be juſtly reproached for any thing, except for having triumphed with too much pride over the kings whom he had vanquiſhed, and with having beſtowed his confidence on one of his ſubjects whom I ſhall preſently deſcribe. When he ſaw me, he ſeemed touched with

with my youth, and aſked my name and country; while we ſtood aſtoniſhed at the wiſdom which flowed from his lips. I anſwered, "O mighty king, you have heard of the ſiege of Troy which laſted ten years; and its deſtruction, which coſt ſuch ſeas of blood to all the ſtates of Greece: my father Ulyſſes, is one of the principal kings who deſtroyed that city. He now wanders through the watery main, without being able to regain the iſland of Ithaca, which is his kingdom: I being in queſt of him, have, by misfortune that reſembles his own, been taken and made captive. Reſtore me to my father and country; ſo may the Gods preſerve you to your children, and make them ſenſible of their happineſs in living under the protection of ſuch a worthy father." Seſoſtris ſtill ſurveyed me with an eye of pity: but, determined to know if what I ſaid was true, he ſent us to the houſe of one of his officers, who had orders to enquire of thoſe who took our ſhip, whether we were really Greeks or Phœnicians. "If they are Phœnicians, ſaid the king, they muſt be puniſhed with double ſeverity, not only as our enemies, but ſtill more for having attempted to impoſe upon us by falſe pretences. If, on the contrary, they are Greeks, it is my pleaſure that they ſhould be favourably treated, and ſent back to their own country in one of my ſhips; for I love Greece, where divers Ægyptian legiſlators have flouriſhed: I am no ſtranger to the virtue of Hercules; the glory of Achilles has reached our dominions; and I have heard with admiration what is reported of the wiſdom of the unfortunate Ulyſſes: it is my greateſt pleaſure to ſuccour virtue in diſtreſs." The officer to whom the king referred the examination of our affair, had a ſoul as deceitful and corrupt, as that of Seſoſtris was generous and ſincere. His name was Metophis. The queſtions which he put, were made with a view to ſurprize us in ſome contradiction; and as he perceived Mentor's anſwers ſavoured more of wiſdom than mine, he looked upon him with averſion and diſtruſt; for the wicked are always incenſed againſt the virtuous. He parted us therefore;

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and from that time I never could learn what was become of Mentor. I was thunder-ſtruck at this ſeparation. Metophis ſtill hoped that interrogating us apart, he ſhould find us contradicting one another: in particular, he thought to dazzle me with flattering promiſes, and make me confeſs what Mentor would have concealed. In a word, he did not really deſire to know the truth; but wanted to find ſome pretext for telling the king that we were Phœnicians, that he might be able to enroll us in the number of his own ſlaves. And indeed, in ſpite of our innocence, in ſpite of the king's own wiſdom, he found means to deceive him! alas! to what miſrepreſentations a king is expoſed! even the wiſeſt are often thus deceived. They are ſurrounded by artful and intereſted men: the virtuous withdraw, becauſe they can neither fawn or flatter: they wait till they are called, and few princes know where to find them. On the contrary, the wicked are bold, deceitful, inſinuating, and complying, expert in diſſimulation, and ready to fly in the face of honour and of conſcience to gratify the paſſions of their ſovereign. How wretched is the monarch expoſed to the arts of wicked miniſters! ruin is infallibly his portion, if he has not fortitude enough to reſiſt flattery, and if he does not eſteem thoſe who boldly ſpeak the truth. Such were the reflections I made in my misfortune; for I recollected all that I had heard Mentor obſerve upon the ſubject. Mean while Metophis ſent me with the ſlaves to the mountains in the deſart of Oaſis, as their fellow-ſervant in feeding his numerous flocks of ſheep." Here Calypſo interrupted Telemachus, ſaying, "Well, what ſtep did you then take, you, who in Sicily had preferred death to ſlavery?" "My misfortune," replied Telemachus, "every day increaſed; and I had no longer the wretched conſolation of chuſing between ſlavery and death: I was compelled to be a ſlave, and to exhauſt, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, the whole ſeverity of fortune: not the leaſt dawn of hope remained, and I could not even ſpeak one word with a view to effect my own deliverance. Mentor has

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ſince told me, that he was ſold to certain Ethiopians, whom he attended as a ſlave to their country. As for me I arrived in thoſe frightful deſarts, where the plains are covered with burning ſands; and the ſnows that never melt, form an eternal winter upon the tops of the mountains. Nothing is to be found but ſome herbage among rocks that ſerves to feed the flocks. About midway up theſe ſteep and frightful mountains, the vallies are ſo deep, as ſcarce to be penetrable by the light of day. I found nobody in this country but ſhepherds as ſavage as the deſart itſelf. There I paſſed the night in bewailing my misfortune, and the day in tending my flock, that thus I might avoid the brutal fury of the firſt ſlave, who in hopes of obtaining his liberty, accuſed inceſſantly the reſt, in order to make a merit with his maſter of his zeal and attachment to his intereſt. His name was Butis. I had like to have ſunk under my misfortune on this occaſion: oppreſſed with grief I one day forgot my flock, and ſtretched myſelf upon the graſs hard by a cavern, where I reſolved to wait for death, no longer able to ſupport the weight of my affliction. At that inſtant I beheld the whole mountain tremble; the oaks and pines ſeemed to deſcend from its ſummit; and not a breath of wind was heard; then a hollow voice iſſuing from the cavern, addreſſed me in theſe words: "Son of the ſage Ulyſſes, thou muſt, like him become great by the exerciſe of patience. Princes who have never known adverſity, are ſeldom worthy of their good fortune: they are corrupted with effeminacy, and intoxicated with pride. How happy wilt thou be, after having ſurmounted thy misfortunes, provided thou doſt not loſe the remembrance of what thou haſt undergone! thou ſhalt reviſit Ithaca, and thy glory ſhall aſcend to heaven. When thou ſhall become maſter of the lives of other men, remember thou thyſelf haſt been as weak, and poor, and miſerable as they: take pleaſure in relieving their neceſſities: love thy people, deteſt flattery; and know that thou can'ſt only be great in proportion to thy moderation, and the victory thou ſhall obtain over

thy

thy own paſſions." Theſe divine words made a deep impreſſion upon my heart; and re-inſpired it with joy and freſh courage: I felt none of that horror which makes the hair ſtand on end, and the blood run cold in the veins, when the gods diſcloſe themſelves to mortals: I calmly roſe, and kneeling with uplifted hands, adored Minerva, to whom I thought myſelf indebted for this oracle. At once I found myſelf a new man: my mind was enlightened by wiſdom; and I felt within me an agreeable energy ſufficient to moderate all my paſſions, and reſtrain the impetuoſity of my youth. I acquired the love of all the ſhepherds of the deſart; my affability, patience, and the exact diſcharge of my duty appeaſed at laſt the cruel Butis, who was veſted with authority over the other ſlaves, and ſeemed at firſt inclined to treat me with the utmoſt rigour. The better to ſupport the chagrin of captivity and ſolitude, I endeavoured to find books, for I was overwhelmed with melancholy for want of ſome inſtruction to ſupport my mind, and animate my ſpirits. "Happy are thoſe," ſaid I, "who, diſguſted with violent pleaſures, have philoſophy enough to be ſatisfied with the ſweets of an innocent life! happy are thoſe who find amuſement in ſearch of inſtruction, and take pleaſure in cultivating their underſtanding with ſcience! whereſoever they are thrown by adverſe fortune, they ſtill carry along with them a fund of entertainment, and that chagrin, that preys on other men even in the midſt of pleaſures, is unknown to thoſe who can employ themſelves with reading. Happy are thoſe who love reading, and are not, like me, deprived of books!" While I was engroſſed by theſe reflections, I loſt myſelf in a gloomy foreſt, where all of a ſudden, I beheld an old man with a book in his hand. His forehead was ample and bald, but a little wrinkled; his white beard flowed down to his middle; his ſtature was lofty and majeſtic; his complexion ſtill freſh and roſy; his eyes ſtill keen and ſparkling; his voice melodious, and his words fraught with the moſt engaging ſimplicity. I never beheld ſuch a venerable old man: he was

called

called Termoſiris, and being prieſt of Apollo, he officiated in a marble temple which the kings of Ægypt had conſecrated to the god in this foreſt. The book which he held in his hand was a collection of hymns in honour of the gods. He accoſted me in the moſt friendly manner, and we entered into converſation: He recounted events ſo naturally that they ſeemed to paſs before your eyes; but his narrative was ſo ſuccinct that I was never tired with hearing him: he dived into futurity by means of that profound ſagacity which made him acquainted with the characters of mankind, and the deſigns of which they are capable. With all this prudence, he was gay, complacent, and in his decline of age had all that graceful eaſe by which the moſt ſprightly youth is diſtinguiſhed. He likewiſe loved young people when they had the ſpirit of docility, and a diſpoſition to virtue. In a little time he conceived a tender affection for me, ſupplied me with books for my amuſement; and favoured me with the appellation of ſon. I often ſaid to him, "Father, the gods who deprived me of Mentor, have taken pity of my ſufferings, and afforded me another ſupport in you." This man, like Orpheus or Linus, was doubtleſs inſpired by the gods. He recited to me verſes of his own compoſing; and favoured me with others, the works of ſeveral excellent poets, the favourites of the Muſes. When he put on his flowing robe of ſnowy white, and began to touch his ivory lyre, the tygers, bears, and lions came to fawn upon him, and lick his feet. The ſatyrs quitting the foreſt, danced around him. the trees themſelves ſeemed affected; and you would have thoughts that even the rocks, ſoftened by the charms of his enchanting notes, were going to deſcend from the ſummits of the mountains to the plain. He ſung no other themes but the greatneſs of the gods, the virtue of heroes, and the wiſdom of thoſe men, who prefer true glory to the delights of ſenſual pleaſure. He bid me often take courage, for the gods would never abandon Ulyſſes nor his ſon. He then aſſured me that I ought, after the example of Apollo, to teach

teach the ſwains to cultivate the Muſes. " Apollo, ſaid he, ſeeing with indignation, that Jupiter with his thunder overcaſt the faireſt days, reſolved to take vengeance on the Cyclops who forged his bolts, and ſlew them with his arrows. Immediately mount Ætna ceaſed to diſcharge its curling ſheets of flame; no longer was heard the din of thoſe terrible hammers, which ſtriking on the anvil, made the caverns of the earth and the abyſs of ſea reſound with horrid noiſe. The iron and the braſs no longer poliſhed by the Cyclops began to ruſt. Vulcan enraged ſallied from his ſmithy; though lame he ſoon aſcends to the ſummit of Olympus, and entering the aſſembly of the gods all covered over with ſweat and duſt, prefers his bitter plaints. Jupiter, incenſed againſt Apollo, exiles him from heaven, and throws him headlong down to earth. But his empty chariot, performed of itſelf its uſual courſe, that mankind might ſtill enjoy the ſucceſſion of night and day, together with the regular change of ſeaſons. Apollo, ſhorn of his rays, was obliged to turn ſhepherd, and tend the flocks of king Admetus. While he played upon his flute, all the other ſhepherds came to liſten under the ſhade of elms, on the banks of a tranſparent ſtream. 'Till that period they had led a brutal and a ſavage life. All they knew was how to tend their flocks, to ſhear their ſheep, to milk their ewes, and convert their milk into cheeſe. The whole country was no better than a frightful deſart. Apollo ſoon taught thoſe ſwains the arts that ſerve to render life agreeable. He ſung of the flowers that crown the ſpring; the perfumes that it diffuſes around, and the verdure that ſhoots up under its feet. Then he deſcanted on the delightful nights of ſummer, when the cool zephyrs aſſuage the heat, and the dew refreſhes the thirſty earth. He mingled alſo in his themes, the golden fruits with which autumn rewards the huſbandman's toil, and the quiet repoſe of winter, during which the ſprightly youth of both ſexes dance round the fire. In fine, he deſcribed the gloomy foreſts that ſhroud the mountains, and

the crooked vallies through which the rivers wind in a thouſand meanders amidſt the flowery meads. He likewiſe taught the ſwains to know the charms of a country life, and to enjoy every delight which ſimple nature can produce. In a little time, the ſwains with their flutes found themſelves happier than kings; and their cottages attracted in crowds thoſe pure pleaſures that fly from gilded palaces. The ſports, the laughing loves, and graces wantoned in the train of the innocent ſhepherdeſſes. Every day was holiday: nothing now was heard but the warbling of birds, the ſoft breath of zephyr ſporting among the boughs of trees, the murmuring lapſe of a tranſparent ſtreamlet ſliding down ſome rock, and the ſongs with which the Muſes inſpired the ſwains that followed the footſteps of Apollo. This God taught them to win the prize in running, and to pierce with arrows the ſtags and fallow deer. The gods themſelves grew jealous of the ſhepherds: that life appeared to them more agreeable than all their glory, and they re-called Apollo to Olympus. Son," continued he, "this ſtory ought to ſerve you for inſtruction: ſince you are now in the ſame ſtation which Apollo filled, cultivate theſe lands that never felt the plough, like him make the deſart flouriſh, and teach all thoſe ſhepherds the charms of harmony; ſoften their ſavage hearts; diſplay the amiable ſide of virtue, and make them ſenſible how happy it is to enjoy amidſt their ſolitude, thoſe innocent pleaſures which nothing can deprive them of. One day, my ſon, one day, the pains and cruel cares that environ royalty, will make you think with regret of a ſhepherd's life, even while you ſit upon a throne."

So ſaying, Termoſiris preſented me with a flute of ſuch a mellow tone, that the echoes of all thoſe mountains that reſounded on every ſide, ſoon collected around me all the neighbouring ſwains. My voice acquired a melody divine: I found myſelf tranſported by a ſupernatural impulſe to ſing thoſe beauties with which nature has adorned the country. We paſſed whole days, and even part of the nights, in ſinging together. The ſwains, forgetting their cottages

cottages and flocks, ſtood motionleſs in pleaſing ſuſpenſe around me, while I poured forth inſtruction: nothing ſavage now appeared amidſt thoſe deſarts. All was agreeable and chearful: the very lands themſelves ſeemed to improve in proportion as the inhabitants were civilized. We often aſſembled to ſacrifice in the temple of Apollo, where Termoſiris officiated as prieſt: thither the ſwains repaired with crowns of laurel in honour of the god: while the ſhepherdeſſes went dancing all the way, adorned with chaplets of flowers, and bearing ſacred preſents in baſkets on their heads. After the ſacrifice, we formed a rural feaſt: our moſt delicate diſhes were compoſed of the milk of our goats and ſheep, which we ourſelves had milked, with freſh fruit gathered by our own hands, ſuch as dates, and figs, and grapes: the green turf ſerved us for ſeats; and the tufted trees afforded us a ſhade more agreeable than the gilded roofs of royal palaces. But the following adventure ſerved to render me completely famous among our ſhepherds. One day a hungry lion ruſhed upon the flock. Already he began a dreadful ſlaughter. I had nothing in my hand but my ſheep-hook, nevertheleſs I boldly advanced: the lion briſtling up his mane, diſcloſed his teeth and claws, and opened wide his throat all parched and inflamed: his blood-ſhot eyes ſeemed all on fire, while he laſhed his ſides with his long extended tail. I overthrew him on the plain: the light coat of mail, which I wore according to the cuſtom of the Ægyptian ſhepherds, ſecured me from his claws: three times I threw him on the earth, as oft he roſe again, and roared ſo loud that all the foreſts echoed with the ſound. At length I ſtifled him in my graſp, and the ſhepherds who were witneſſes of my victory, inſiſted upon my wearing the ſpoils of that terrible animal. The fame of this exploit, and the happy change I had effected among the ſhepherds, diffuſed itſelf thro' all Ægypt, and even reached the ears of king Seſoſtris. He was informed that one of the two captives, who were taken for Phœnicians, had recalled the golden age amidſt his almoſt uninhabita-

ble deſarts. He reſolved to ſee me; for he loved the Muſes, and his great heart was touched by every thing that could improve mankind. He ſaw and heard me with pleaſure: he diſcovered that Metophis had deceived him thro' avarice: he condemned him to perpetual impriſonment, and ſtripped him of all the wealth he ſo unjuſtly poſſeſſed. "How wretched are kings," ſaid he, "in being placed ſo far above the reſt of mankind! it is not often that they can ſee the truth with their own eyes; and they are ſurrounded by individuals who carefully hinder it from reaching the throne: it is the intereſt of every one to deceive the ſovereign; and each cloaks his own ambition under the appearance of zeal. They pretend to love the king, when in fact they have no attachment but to the riches which he beſtows: far from loving him, they, in order to obtain his favours, firſt flatter and then betray him." Seſoſtris in the ſequel, treated me with moſt tender friendſhip, and reſolved to ſend me home to Ithaca, with ſhips and forces ſufficient to deliver Penelope from the ſnares of all her lovers. The fleet was already equipped, and all our thoughts employed about the embarkation. I could not help admiring the ſudden turns of fortune, which ſuddenly raiſes thoſe whom it had before the moſt deeply depreſſed. My own experience inſpired me with hope that Ulyſſes would return to his kingdom at the long run, how tedious ſoever his ſufferings firſt might be. I likewiſe flattered myſelf with the opinion, that I ſhould ſee Mentor again, altho' he had been carried away into the moſt remote province of Æthiopia. While I delayed a little my departure, endeavouring to learn tidings of him, Seſoſtris, who was very much advanced in years, died ſuddenly, and his death re-involved me in freſh diſaſters. All Ægypt appeared inconſolable upon this occaſion: every family thought they had loſt their beſt friend, their protector, and their father. The old men lifting up their hands to heaven exclaimed: "Never before had Ægypt ſuch an excellent king: never more ſhall ſhe behold his fellow.

fellow. O ye gods! ye ſhould either not have ſhewn him at all to mankind, or never have deprived them of the bleſſing: wherefore ſhould we ſurvive the great Seſoſtris!" The young people on the other hand, obſerved: "The hopes of Ægypt are now blaſted: our fathers were happy in living under the protection of ſuch a worthy king: as for us, we have juſt ſeen enough of him to be ſenſible of the loſs we ſuſtain by his death." His domeſtics paſſed the night and day in lamentation. When his funeral obſequies were performed for forty days, the people from the moſt diſtant provinces flocked thither. Every individual was deſirous of ſeeing once more the body of Seſoſtris, that he might preſerve in his remembrance the idea of his ſovereign; and many wiſhed to be interred with him in the ſame tomb. What ſtill increaſed their grief for the loſs of him, was, that his ſon Bocchoris poſſeſſed neither his humanity towards ſtrangers, nor his taſte for the ſciences, nor his eſteem for virtuous men, nor his love of glory. His father's greatneſs had contributed to render him ſo unworthy to reign: he had been bred up in effeminacy and brutal pride: he counted men as nothing, believing that they were made for no other purpoſe but to ſerve him, and that he himſelf was of a ſuperior nature. He thought of nothing but how to gratify his paſſions, to diſſipate the immenſe treaſures that his father had ſaved with ſo much care; to oppreſs his ſubjects, and ſuck the blood of the unfortunate; in a word, to follow the flattering advice of ſome ſenſeleſs young men that ſurrounded him, while he removed with contempt all the ancient ſages who had enjoyed the confidence of his father. He was a monſter, not a king: all Ægypt groaned beneath his yoke; and altho' the name of Seſoſtris, ſo dear to the Ægyptians, induced them to bear with the weak and cruel conduct of his ſon, that ſon ran headlong to his ruin; and a prince ſo unworthy of the throne could not poſſibly reign for any length of time. For my part, I loſt all hopes of returning to Ithaca: but I remained in a tower on the ſea ſide near Peluſium, where our embarkation was to have taken

taken place if Seſoſtris had not died. Metophis having had the addreſs to obtain his diſcharge from priſon, and even to re-eſtabliſh his influence with the new king, ordered me to be confined in this tower, by way of revenging himſelf for his diſgrace, which I had occaſioned. I now paſſed my days and nights in a ſtate of profound melancholy. All that Termoſiris had predicted to me, and all that I had heard in the cavern, ſeemed now no other than an idle dream. I was plunged into an abyſs of the moſt exquiſite ſorrow. I contemplated the billows, as they came to laſh the foot of the tower where I was priſoner. I often amuſed myſelf with looking at the tempeſt-beaten ſhips which were in danger of being ſhattered among the rocks on which the tower was built. Far from pitying thoſe men threatened with ſhipwreck, I envied their condition. "In a little time," ſaid I to myſelf, "the misfortunes of their lives will end, or they will arrive in ſafety in their own country. Alas! as to me, I cannot hope for either part of that alternative" While I thus waſted myſelf in unavailing ſorrow, I perceived a ſeeming foreſt of ſhipmaſts. The ſea was covered with ſails inflated by the winds, while the water foamed beneath the ſtrokes of oars, innumerable confuſed cries aſſailed my ears on every ſide: I perceived on the ſhore a body of Ægyptians running to arms in a fright; while others ſeemed to advance as friends to meet that navy which approached the coaſt. In a little time I diſcovered that thoſe foreign ſhips were partly from Phœnicia, and partly from the iſland of Cyprus; for my misfortunes began to make me ſkilful in every thing that relates to navigation. The Ægyptians appeared divided among themſelves. I could eaſily conceive that the ſenſeleſs Bocchoris, had, by the violence of his conduct, occaſioned a rebellion of his ſubjects, and kindled the torch of civil war. I ſtood upon the top of the tower ſpectator of a bloody battle. The Ægyptians who had called the foreigners to their aſſiſtance, after having favoured their deſcent, attacked their countrymen, who were headed by the king

king in perſon. I ſaw that prince encouraging his men by his example, dreadful as the god of war. Streams of blood guſhed around him; his chariot wheels were dyed with purple gore congealed and foaming. Scarce could they make their way over the heaps of bodies which they had cruſhed to death. The young monarch was vigorous and handſome, of a proud and lofty mien, and his eyes ſparkled with fury and deſpair: he was like a beautiful horſe unbroke; his courage impelled him to ruſh forwards at random, for his valour was not regulated by wiſdom. He could neither rectify his faults, nor give diſtinct orders, nor foreſee the evils by which he was threatened, nor retain the good will of his people when he had the greateſt occaſion for their attachment. Not that he was deſtitute of genius: his capacity was equal to his courage; but he had never received the leſſons of adverſity. His diſpoſition, naturally good, had been poiſoned by the flattery of his maſters. He was intoxicated with his power and good fortune; and believed that all things ought to yield to his impetuous deſires. He was inflamed to rage by the leaſt ſhadow of oppoſition: then away with reaſon; he was tranſported beſide himſelf: his furious pride metamorphoſed him into a ſavage beaſt: he was at once abandoned by his natural good humour, as well as by his rational powers: his moſt faithful ſervants were compelled to leave him; and he loved none but thoſe who flattered his paſſions. Thus he raſhly took his reſolutions in extremes, ever contrary to his true intereſt: and obliged every man of ſenſe and virtue to deteſt his frantic conduct. For a long time his valour ſupported him againſt the multitude of his enemies; but at laſt he was overwhelmed: I ſaw him fall: a Phœnician javelin pierced his breaſt; the reins dropped from his hands; and he fell from his chariot under the horſes' feet. A Cyprian ſoldier cut off his head, and ſeizing him by his gory locks, expoſed it as a trophy to the whole victorious army. I ſhall all my life remember the diſmal ſight of that head flowing with blood; the eyes cloſed and extinguiſhed;

tinguiſhed; the viſage pale and diſfigured; the mouth half open, as if to complete the unfiniſhed words; and the haughty threatning air, which death itſelf could not efface. While I live, this picture will appear before my eyes; and if ever the gods grant me to reign, I ſhall not forget ſo fatal an example, that a king is only worthy to command, and happy in his power, in proportion as he himſelf ſubmits to the reſtraints of reaſon. Ah! how wretched is that man deſtined to reign for the good of the public, if he thinks he is maſter of ſo many lives for no other reaſon but to make them miſerable!

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus proceeds to relate that the ſucceſſor of Bocchoris, reſtoring all the Tyrian priſoners, he (Telemachus) was carried to Tyre on board the ſhip of Narbal, who commanded the Tyrian fleet; that this Narbal deſcribed to him their king Pygmalion, from whoſe avarice every thing was to be feared: that Narbal afterwards made him acquainted with all the regulations of the Tyrian commerce: that he was juſt going to embark on board a Cyprian veſſel, that he might ſail from the iſland of Cyprus to Ithaca, when Pygmalion diſcovering that he was a foreigner, reſolved to detain him captive: that when he was thus reduced to the brink of ruin, Aſtarbe, the tyrant's miſtreſs, had ſaved his life, in order to ſacrifice in his place a young man who had incurred her reſentment by treating her with contempt.

CALYPSO liſtened with aſtoniſhment to words fraught with ſuch ſagacity. What chiefly pleaſed her, was to find Telemachus ingenuouſly recounting the faults he had committed through precipitation and want of due attention to the advice of the ſage

Mentor. She diſtinguiſhed a ſurprizing magnanimity in this young man, who frankly owned his own errors, and ſeemed to have profited ſo much by his indiſcretion, as to become wiſe, provident, and modeſt. "Proceed, ſaid ſhe, my dear Telemachus, I am impatient to know how you quitted Ægypt, and where you found again the ſage Mentor, the loſs of whom you ſo juſtly regretted."

Telemachus thus reſumed the thread of his diſcourſe. "The moſt virtuous and loyal part of the Ægyptians happened to be the weaker ſide, and ſeeing their monarch ſlain, were conſtrained to ſubmit. A new king, called Termutis, was raiſed to the throne. The Phœnicians, together with the troops of Cyprus, retired, after having concluded an alliance with the new ſovereign. He on his ſide reſtored all the Phœnician priſoners, in which number I was included. Being releaſed from the tower, I embarked with the reſt, and hope once more began to dawn within my breaſt. The favourable wind already ſwelled our ſails; the rowers cleft the foaming billows: the vaſt ocean was covered with our ſhips; the mariners ſhouted with joy; the coaſt of Ægypt ſeemed to fly far behind us, and the hills and mountains diminiſhed gradually to our view. We now ſcarce beheld any thing but ſky and water, while the ſun riſing ſeemed to iſſue from the ocean with all his vivid fires: the tops of the mountains, ſtill viſible a little above the horizon, were gilded with his rays; and the whole ſky exhibiting an expanſe of deep azure, ſeemed to promiſe an happy voyage. Although I had been embarked as a Phœnician, I was not known to any one perſon on board. Narbal, who commanded the ſhip to which I was allotted, aſked me my name and country. "From what town of Phœnicia are you, ſaid he?" "I am not of Phœnicia, I replied; but the Ægyptians took me at ſea on board of a Phœnician veſſel: I have been detained captive in Ægypt as a Phœnician; under that name I have ſuffered a long captivity; under that name I am now delivered." "Of what country are you then?" reſumed Nabal. I

thus

thus replied: "I am Telemachus, the ſon of Ulyſſes, king of Ithaca in Greece; my father is one of the moſt renowned of all the kings who beſieged the city of Troy: but the gods have not granted him the favour of returning to his native country. I have ſought him in different parts of the world, but, like him, I am perſecuted by fortune; and you ſee in me an unhappy youth, who longs for nothing ſo much as the pleaſure of returning to his friends, and finding his father ſafe." Narbal ſurveyed me with ſurprize; and thought he perceived in me certain happy traits proceeding from the gift of heaven, which are not to be found in the common run of mankind. Naturally generous and ſincere, he was touched with my misfortunes, and ſpoke to me with a freedom and confidence inſpired by heaven, in order to ſave me from the moſt imminent danger. "Telemachus," ſaid he, "I do not doubt but you have told me the truth; I cannot doubt your veracity: that air of mildneſs and virtue ſo conſpicuous in your countenance, will not ſuffer me to harbour the leaſt ſuſpicion or diſtruſt. Nay, I perceive that you are beloved by the gods whom I have always ſerved, and that it is their pleaſure that I ſhould likewiſe love you, as if you were my own ſon. I will now give you ſome ſalutary advice, and require of you nothing but ſecrecy in return." "Fear not," ſaid I to him, "that I ſhall have any difficulty in keeping ſilence on every ſubject you ſhall pleaſe to communicate to me in confidence. Young though I be, I am grown old in the practice of never diſcloſing my own ſecrets; much leſs betraying on any account whatſoever, the ſecrets of other men." "How have you been able," ſaid he, "to accuſtom yourſelf to ſecrecy in ſuch early youth? I ſhould be glad to know by what means you acquired that good quality, which is the foundation of the wiſeſt conduct, and without which all other talents are vain and uſeleſs." "When Ulyſſes," I replied, "departed on his expedition to Troy, he ſet me on his knees and preſſed me to his breaſt, as I have been informed: having embraced me tenderly, he pronounced

pronounced theſe words, though I was then too young to underſtand them: "O my ſon! may the gods never grant me the pleaſure to ſee thee again; may the ſhears of the fates cut the thread of thy days, which is ſcarce yet formed, as the reaper with his ſickle cuts the tender opening flower; may our enemies prevail and cruſh thee under the eyes of thy mother, and even in my view, rather than that thou ſhouldſt one day be corrupted and abandon the paths of virtue! O my friends," added he, "I leave in your hands this child, ſo dear to my affection; watch over his infancy with care: if you love me, remove far from him the pernicious band of flatterers, teach him to gain a conqueſt over his paſſions: let him be like a young plant ſtill tender, which will take any bent in order to be improved. Above all things, uſe all your endeavours to make him upright, beneficent, ſincere, truſty, and ſecret. He that can lie is unworthy to be called a man; and the prince who cannot keep his own counſel, deſerves not to reign." I mention theſe words to you, becauſe care was taken to repeat them often in my hearing, until they penetrated to the very bottom of my heart. Nay to this hour I often repeat them to myſelf. My father's friends took care to exerciſe me betimes in the practice of ſecrecy. Even in my tender years, they communicated to me all the affliction they felt in ſeeing my mother expoſed to a great number of inſolent pretenders who wanted to eſpouſe her. From thenceforward I was treated as a reaſonable and truſty man. I was in private conſulted on affairs of the greateſt importance, and made acquainted with all the ſteps that were taken to remove thoſe troubleſome ſuitors. I was charmed with thoſe marks of confidence, in conſequence of which I thought myſelf already a man complete. Never did I abuſe their truſt: never did one word eſcape me that could diſcover the leaſt ſecret: thoſe pretenders often endeavoured to draw me into diſcourſe, hoping that a child could not poſſibly conceal whatever circumſtance of importance he might have heard: but I well knew how to anſwer them without

without lying, yet without telling them a tittle of that which it was my duty not to diſcloſe." Narbal then ſpoke to this effect. "You ſee, Telemachus, the great power of the Phœnicians, who are formidable to all the neighbouring nations by their numerous fleets. From the trade they carry on as far as the pillars of Hercules, they derive ſuch wealth, as ſurpaſſes that of the moſt flouriſhing nations. The great king Seſoſtris, who could never have vanquiſhed them by ſea, found great difficulties in ſubduing them by land, with his armies which had conquered all the Eaſt: he impoſed upon us a tribute, to the payment of which we did not long ſubmit. The Phœnicians were too rich and powerful to bear patiently the yoke of ſubjection. We vindicated our liberty, and death did not give Seſoſtris time to finiſh the war againſt us. True it is, we had every thing to fear, more from his wiſdom than his power; but that power devolving to his ſon, who was totally deſtitute of diſcretion, we concluded that we had nothing farther to apprehend. And, indeed, the Ægyptians, far from re-invading our country in an hoſtile manner, in order once more to ſubdue us, have been obliged to call us in to their aſſiſtance, in order to deliver them from that brutal, impious tyrant. Accordingly we have acted as their deliverers; and thus added glory to the liberty and opulence of the Phœnicians. But while we deliver others, we are ſlaves ourſelves. O Temachus! beware of falling into the hands of our king Pygmalion: he has bathed thoſe cruel hands in the blood of Sicheus his ſiſter Dido's huſband. Dido, enflamed with the deſire of revenge, eſcaped from Tyre with ſeveral ſhips; and being followed by the majority of thoſe who had any regard to liberty and virtue, ſhe has founded a noble city, called Carthage, on the coaſt of Afric. Mean while Pygmalion, tormented by an inſatiable thirſt after riches, becomes every day more and more miſerable and hateful to his ſubjects. To be wealthy at Tyre is criminal: avarice rendering him diſtruſtful,

truſtful, ſuſpicious, cruel, he perſecutes the rich, and fears the poor.

" It is ſtill more criminal at Tyre to be virtuous: for to ſuch Pygmalion thinks himſelf inſufferable on account of his baſeneſs and injuſtice; and as virtue condemns him, he hates and reviles her in return. Every thing diſturbs, frets, and diſquiets him; he is afraid of his own ſhadow, and ſleeps neither night nor day: to complete his miſery, the gods heap riches upon him which he dares not enjoy. What he covets in order to make him happy, is the very circumſtance that prevents his being ſo. As he regrets whatever he gives away, and is always afraid of loſing what he has, ſo he torments himſelf continually to increaſe his wealth. He is ſcarce ever ſeen, but is generally alone, immured in the moſt ſecret part of his palace, melancholy and dejected. Even his friends dare hardly approach him, for fear of becoming the objects of his diſtruſt; and a terrible guard with naked ſwords and pikes extended continually ſurround his palace. There are thirty apartments that have a communication one with another, with each an iron door, and ſix ſtrong bolts. In theſe he ſhuts himſelf up; nor is it ever known in which of them he ſleeps; but it is ſaid he never ſleeps two nights ſucceſſively in the ſame, for fear of being aſſaſſinated. He is a ſtranger to every ſweet enjoyment; and to friendſhip, the ſweeteſt of all: if any one exhorts him to indulge in pleaſure, he declines the attempt; ſenſible that joy flies far from him, and will not take poſſeſſion of his heart. His eyes that fiercely gleam with cruel fire, inceſſant roll about on every ſide: alarmed by the leaſt noiſe that ſtrikes his ear, he turns pale, and ſtands aghaſt; and black corroding care is ever painted on his wrinkled face. He ſpeaks little, ſighs often, fetching deep groans from the bottom of his heart, and unable to conceal the remorſe that preys upon his vitals. The moſt exquiſite diſhes can give him no pleaſure; and his children, far from being the objects of his hope, excite his fears, and thus become his moſt dangerous enemies: he has not been one

moment

moment during his whole life in ſecurity and free from danger, and it is only by making away with all thoſe whom he dreaded, that he hath hitherto preſerved himſelf. Fool! not to ſee that the cruelty, in which he truſts for his ſafety, will one day prove his ruin! Some one of his domeſtics, as diſtruſtful as himſelf, will not fail ſoon to deliver the world from ſuch a monſter. As for myſelf, I fear the gods; be the conſequence what it will, I will be faithful to the king whom they have ſet over me. I had rather loſe my own life than take away his, or even refuſe to aſſiſt in defending him. As for you, O Telemachus, beware of letting him know that you are the ſon of Ulyſſes; for as he would not doubt but that Ulyſſes on his return to Ithaca would give him a great ſum of money for your ranſom, he would certainly commit you to priſon."

When we arrived at Tyre, I followed Narbal's advice, and found that all he had told me was ſtrictly true. I thought it was hardly poſſible for a man to render himſelf ſo completely miſerable as Pygmalion appeared. A ſight ſo frightful and unuſual ſurprized me, and I ſaid to myſelf: "here is a man that flattered himſelf with the hopes of happineſs in the poſſeſſion of riches and abſolute power; theſe he has attained, and yet has made himſelf miſerable by them. Was he a ſhepherd, as I have lately been, he would be as happy as I then was; he would enjoy the innocent pleaſures of the country, and thoſe without remorſe, without the terror of either ſteel or poiſon. He would love mankind, and be beloved by them in his turn. Though he would not poſſeſs that prodigious wealth, which is of no more ſervice to him than as much ſand, ſince he dares not touch it, yet he would enjoy without conſtraint the fruits of the earth, nor feel the inconvenience of any real want. He does in appearance whatever he pleaſes, and yet this is far from being the caſe; for, he is a ſlave to his paſſions, and is continually preyed upon either by avarice, fear, or ſuſpicion. He ſeems to command all other men, and

yet

yet has not the command of himſelf. He has as many maſters and executioners, as he has violent and unruly paſſions." Theſe were my thoughts concerning Pygmalion, though I had never ſeen him; for he never appeared; all that was ſeen were thoſe lofty towers ſurrounded day and night with guards, in which he had ſhut himſelf up with his treaſures as in a priſon, and theſe were beheld with terror. I could not help comparing ſuch an inviſible king with Seſoſtris ſo humane, ſo acceſſible, ſo affable, ſo eager to ſee ſtrangers, ſo ready to hear every body, and ſo deſirous to dive into men's hearts in order to diſcover the truth, which is generally concealed from kings. "Seſoſtris," ſaid I, "dreaded nothing, and had nothing to dread; all his ſubjects had acceſs to him, for he regarded them as his children: but this man dreads every body, and with good reaſon; he is every moment expoſed to a violent death, tho' ſhut up in an inacceſſible palace, ſurrounded with guards: on the contrary, the good king Seſoſtris lived in ſecurity amidſt his numerous ſubjects, as a tender parent in his own houſe amidſt his family."

Pygmalion having given orders to ſend home the troops of the iſle of Cyprus, which had come to join his in conſequence of the alliance between the two nations, Narbal laid hold of that opportunity to ſet me at liberty. He made me paſs for one of thoſe ſoldiers when they were reviewed; for Pygmalion's jealouſy extended to the moſt trivial circumſtances. It is the foible of good-natured indolent princes to repoſe a blind, unlimited confidence in corrupt artful favourites; but the foible of this tyrant, on the contrary, was to diſtruſt men of the greateſt honour and integrity. As he was not capable of diſtinguiſhing honeſt and upright men who act without diſguiſe, ſo he had never ſeen any ſuch, they always keeping at a diſtance from princes of ſo odious a character. Then he found in thoſe whom he had employed ſince his acceſſion to the throne, ſo much diſſimulation, and treachery, ſuch execrable vices diſguiſed under the appearance of virtue, that he

he regarded all men as knaves and hypocrites. He thought there was no ſuch thing in nature as ſincerity and integrity, and conſequently conſidered all men as much of a piece. When he found a man falſe and corrupt he did not give himſelf any trouble to look out for a better, perſuaded the enquiry would be to no purpoſe. Nay, the good were accounted by him worſe than the moſt openly vicious; becauſe he looked upon them as equally abandoned, and more deceitful.

But to return to myſelf. I paſſed for a Cyprian, and by that means got off unſuſpected by the king, notwithſtanding his watchful jealouſy. Narbal trembled for fear, leſt I ſhould be diſcovered, as it would have coſt us both our lives. He was alſo extremely impatient to ſee us gone, notwithſtanding we were obliged to remain a long time at Tyre, in conſequence of contrary winds. This delay I laid hold of to make myſelf acquainted with the manners of the Phœnicians, a people ſo famous in all nations. I could not help admiring the happy ſituation of Tyre, in an iſland in the middle of the ſea. The neighbouring coaſt is extremely beautiful and pleaſant in conſequence of its fertility, the exquiſite fruits which it produces, the number of towns and villages that are almoſt joined one to another, and laſtly by the temperature of the climate; for it is ſcreened from the ſcorching ſouth winds by mountains, and fanned by the north wind that blows from the ſea. It lies at the foot of Lebanon, whoſe lofty top towering up to the ſtars is hid among the clouds: its brow is covered with everlaſting ice, and rivers ſwelled by ſnow fall with amazing rapidity from the rocks ſurrounding its ſummit. Lower down is ſeen a vaſt foreſt of ancient cedars, that ſeem to vie with the ground on which they ſtand for age, and whoſe lofty branches reach almoſt to the clouds; below the foreſt towards the bottom of the mountain are rich paſtures, in which are ſeen bulls lowing and roaming about, and ſheep with their tender lambs bleating and ſkipping upon the graſs: here likewiſe appear a thouſand ſtreams of water,

water, clear and tranſparent, gliding along. In fine, the foot of the mountain next to theſe paſtures is like a garden, in which the ſpring and autumn make their appearance together, the one with its flowers, and the other with its fruits. Neither the peſtilent breath of the ſouth-wind, that parches and burns up every thing, nor the boiſterous cold blaſts of the north have ever been able to tarniſh the lively colours of that garden. Near this delightful coaſt lies that iſland, on which the city of Tyre is built. That great city ſeems to float on the ſurface of the waters, and to be queen of the ſea. Merchants from all parts of the world reſort to it, nor are there any more renowned in the univerſe than its own inhabitants. Upon entering it, one is apt to imagine it is a city that appertaineth not to one people in particular, but to all nations in general, and the centre of their commerce. It is provided with two vaſt moles ſtretching out into the ſea like two arms, forming the harbour, which is ſecured againſt all winds. Here we ſee a foreſt of maſts, and ſuch is the number of ſhips, that ſcarce can any of the ſea be ſeen on which they float. All the citizens apply themſelves to commerce, nor do their great riches ever produce in them an averſion to the labour neceſſary to increaſe their ſtore. In every part of the city may be ſeen the fine linen of Ægypt, and Tyrian purple twice dyed, of marvellous beauty: and ſo durable is this double dye, that time cannot efface it: it is uſed only in cloth of fine wool, which they further adorn with gold and ſilver embroidery. They carry on a trade with all nations as far as the ſtraits of Cadiz; nay they have even penetrated into the ocean that ſurrounds the whole earth: they alſo navigate the Red Sea, by which they paſs to unknown iſlands, bringing home gold, ſpices, and divers animals, not to be met with elſewhere. I was never weary with ſurveying that great city, where all was in motion. There I ſaw none of thoſe idle curious men, who in Greece are continually either going in queſt of news to the forum, or gazing at the ſtrangers who arrive in the

port.

port. But there, on the contrary, they are conſtantly employed either in unloading their ſhips, tranſporting or ſelling their merchandize, laying them up in exact order in their warehouſes, and keeping regular accounts of what was owing to them by their correſpondents in foreign countries. As for the women, they too are never idle, but either ſpinning wool, making deſigns for embroidery, or folding rich ſtuffs. "Whence is it, "ſaid I to Narbal, "that the Phœnicians have engroſſed the whole commerce of the world, thus enriching themſelves at the expence of all other nations?" "The reaſon," he replied, "is obvious: our city, you ſee, is happily ſituated for commerce, and we have the glory of having invented navigation. The Tyrians were the firſt, if credit may be given to tradition from the moſt remote ages, who ventured to ſea in ſhips long before the age of Typhis and the Argonauts, ſo boaſted of in Greece. They were the firſt, I ſay, who had the courage to expoſe themſelves in a frail veſſel to the mercy of the winds and waves; to ſound the depths of the ocean; to obſerve the ſtars, as directed by the Ægyptian and Babylonian aſtronomers: in fine, to unite ſo many nations, whom the ſea had ſeparated. The Tyrians are induſtrious, patient, laborious, cleanly, ſober, and frugal; they have a well-regulated police; there is no diſcord nor diviſions among them; never was there a people more firm and ſteady, more candid, more loyal, more truſty, or more kind to ſtrangers. What I have ſaid," continued he, "without enlarging any further, will account for their having the empire of the ſea, and ſuch a flouriſhing commerce. Should diſcord and jealouſy once prevail among them; ſhould luxury and lazineſs get footing; ſhould the firſt men in the nation begin to deſpiſe labour and frugality; ſhould the arts ceaſe to be accounted honourable; ſhould good faith towards ſtrangers be no longer practiſed; ſhould the leaſt alteration be made in the regulations reſpecting a free trade; ſhould they neglect their manufactures, or forbear to advance the ſums neceſſary to bring their

their commodities, each in its kind, to perfection; you would ſoon ſee this power, that now is ſo much the object of your admiration, dwindle away to nothing." "But," ſaid I, "pray inform me of the proper methods of eſtabliſhing one day in Ithaca a like commerce?" "Make uſe," replied he, "of the ſame methods that are employed here; give a ready and kind reception to all ſtrangers; let them find in your havens ſecurity, convenience, and entire liberty; never ſuffer yourſelf to be blinded by avarice or pride. The true ſecret to gain a great deal, is never to graſp at too much, and to know how to loſe with judgment. Endeavour to gain the love of all ſtrangers: even overlook ſome miſbehaviour on their part: beware of exciting jealouſy by your haughtineſs: ſteadily obſerve the rules of commerce, and ſee that they be ſimple and explicit: accuſtom your people to adhere to them invariably; puniſh with ſeverity fraud in merchants, and even remiſſneſs and extravagance; theſe ruin commerce, by ruining thoſe who carry it on. But above all things beware of cramping trade in order to make it favour your particular views. Princes ought not to be concerned in trade, but leave the whole profits of it to their ſubjects, who take all the pains; by acting otherwiſe, they will diſcourage them. They will derive advantage enough from it, by the great wealth it will bring into their dominions. It may be compared to certain ſprings, which, if diverted from their old channel, ſoon become dry. It is the proſpect of gain and convenience alone that brings ſtrangers into a country. If traffic is rendered leſs commodious and advantageous to them than before, they withdraw themſelves inſenſibly, and never more return, becauſe other ſtates profiting by your imprudence, invite them to their country, and ſoon accuſtom them to think no more of you. I muſt even acknowledge to you, that the glory of Tyre itſelf has been for ſome time upon the decline. O! my dear Telemachus, had you ſeen it before the reign of Pygmalion, you would have been much more ſurpriſed. At preſent you ſee only the ſad remains of a grandeur that

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ſeems to be near an end. O wretched Tyre! into what hands art thou fallen! formerly tribute was brought thee by ſea from every nation in the world."

"Pygmalion dreads every thing both from ſtrangers and his own ſubjects. Inſtead of opening his ports according to ancient uſage to all nations, even the moſt remote, without the leaſt conſtraint, he inſiſts upon knowing the number of ſhips that enter them, and from what country, the names of all on board, the nature of their trade, the price and ſpecies of their merchandize, and the time they muſt remain at Tyre. But that is not the worſt part of his conduct, he often employs artifice to enſnare the merchants, and confiſcate their goods. He is perpetually plaguing thoſe of them that he ſuppoſes to be rich, and introducing under various pretexts new impoſts: he will be a merchant himſelf, though every body is afraid to have any connexion or dealings with him. Thus our commerce begins to languiſh and decline. Strangers by degrees forget the way to Tyre, though formerly ſo well known to them; ſo that if Pygmalion does not alter his conduct, our power and glory muſt ſoon paſs from us to a people better governed than we." I then aſked Narbal by what means the Tyrians had rendered themſelves ſo powerful by ſea, for I had a deſire to know every thing that regarded the good government of a kingdom. "We have," ſaid he, "the foreſts of Lebanon to ſupply us with ſhip-timber, and we carefully reſerve them for that uſe; they are never touched but for the public; and for the building of ſhips, we have the moſt expert and able workmen?" "How, or where," ſaid I, "did you find theſe workmen?" "They were formed," he replied, "by degrees in the country. When thoſe that diſtinguiſh themſelves in any art are properly rewarded, ſome individuals are always found, who carry them to the higheſt degree of perfection; for men of ingenuity and ability will always apply themſelves to thoſe arts to which the greateſt advantages are annexed. Here we ſhew a particular regard to thoſe who excel in the arts and ſciences

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that contribute to the improvement of navigation. We eſteem a good geometrician, or an able aſtronomer; nor is a pilot that is eminent in his way, neglected; nay, we do not think a good carpenter unworthy of our notice; on the contrary, he is well paid and well treated: dexterous rowers too are ſure of being conſidered according to their merit, and of being handſomely rewarded for their ſervices: they are well fed, and when ſick, carefully tended; and during their abſence, their wives and families are not forgotten. If they happen to periſh by ſhipwreck, their families are maintained by the public, and after having ſerved a certain limited time, they are entitled to their diſcharge. In conſequence of this treatment, we are never at a loſs for them when there is occaſion. Fathers are eager to breed their ſons to ſuch an agreeable calling, and therefore loſe no time, but begin as early as poſſible to teach them to handle the oar, to manage the tackle, and to brave the winds and waves. Thus it is that men are led without conſtraint or reluctance by good treatment and good order. Authority alone will never do, nor is a bare ſubmiſſion ſufficient; men's hearts muſt be won, and they muſt be made to find their account in a chearful compliance wherever their ſervice is wanted." After this converſation, Narbal ſhewed me all the magazines, arſenals, and artizans concerned in the building and equipment of ſhips. I begged of him a particular account of every thing, which I ſet down in writing, for fear I ſhould forget ſome material circumſtance. In the mean time Narbal, who knew Pygmalion, and loved me ſincerely, waited with impatience for my departure, being afraid I ſhould be diſcovered by the tyrant's ſpies, who were continually going about the city, day and night: but the winds ſtill prevented our embarking. While we were employed in attentively examining the harbour, and interrogating divers merchants, we ſaw one of Pygmalion's officers, advance towards us, who thus accoſted Narbal: "The king has been informed by one of the captains of the ſhips that came from Ægypt with you, that you brought a ſtranger with you,

you, who paſſes for a Cyprian: he hath ordered him to be apprehended, that he may learn with certainty of what country he is; and you muſt anſwer for him on pain of loſing your head." At that inſtant I was at a little diſtance, attentively examining the proportions of a ſhip which had been but lately built with ſo much ſkill and exactneſs in all her parts, that ſhe was reckoned the beſt ſailer that had ever entered the harbour, and aſking ſome queſtions of the builder concerning her. Narbal, diſconcerted and confounded, made anſwer: "I will go immediately in queſt of this ſtranger, who is of the iſle of Cyprus." But no ſooner had he loſt ſight of the officer, than he came running to advertiſe me of my danger. "My dear Telemachus," ſaid he, "what I but too certainly foreſaw, hath happened; we are undone. The king, whom diſtruſt haunts and tortures day and night, ſuſpects that you are no Cyprian; he hath ordered you to be arreſted; I muſt deliver you up to him, or loſe my head. O God! what ſhall we do! inſpire us with wiſdom to extricate ourſelves from our preſent danger. Telemachus, I am obliged to carry you to the king's palace, but be ſure to maintain you are a Cyprian, of the city Amalontum, the ſon of a ſtatuary of Venus, and I will declare that I formerly knew your father: perhaps, the king, without enquiring further into the matter, will let you go: this is the only expedient I can think of to ſave your life and mine." My reply to Narbal was this: "Do not give yourſelf any trouble, or run any riſk for the ſake of an unhappy wretch devoted to deſtruction; I am not afraid, my dear Narbal, of death, and I am under too great obligations to you, to ſuffer you to endanger your life on my account. I cannot prevail upon myſelf to tell a lie. I neither am a Cyprian, nor will affirm that I am. The gods are witneſſes of my ſincerity; they, if they will, preſerve my life; but I am determined not to ſave it by a lie." To this declaration Narbal replied: "There is nothing, Telemachus, criminal in ſuch a lie; the gods themſelves cannot condemn it: nobody will ſuffer by it, and it will ſave the lives of

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two innocent perſons; while the king is deceived merely to prevent his committing a heinous crime. You carry the love of virtue and the fear of wounding religion too far." "It is enough," ſaid I, "that falſehood is falſehood, to be unworthy of a man who ſpeaks in the preſence of the gods, and who ought to ſacrifice every conſideration to virtue. He who treſpaſſes againſt the truth, offends the gods, and even himſelf, by ſpeaking againſt his conſcience. Forbear, Narbal, to propoſe to me what is unworthy both of you and me. If the gods ſhall have pity on us, they can eaſily deliver us: if it is their will that we ſhould periſh, we ſhall then fall the victims of truth, and leave to mankind an example, that unblemiſhed virtue is to be preferred to long life. As for mine, it hath laſted already too long, ſeeing it hath been ſo wretched. It is for you alone, my dear Narbal, that I am concerned: alas! that your friendſhip for an unhappy ſtranger ſhould have occaſioned you ſo much trouble." In this manner we conteſted a conſiderable time, till at laſt we ſaw a man come running up to us out of breath. He was another of the king's officers, diſpatched to us by Aſtarbe. That woman was beautiful as a goddeſs; to the charms of her perſon ſhe joined ſome engaging qualities of the mind; being ſprightly, obliging, and inſinuating. But, notwithſtanding theſe deceitful charms, ſhe, like the ſyrens, had a cruel and malignant heart, the depravity of which ſhe knew how to diſguiſe by deep artifice and diſſimulation. By her beauty, her wit, her fine voice, and her ſkill in touching the lyre, ſhe had captivated the heart of Pygmalion, who, in conſequence of his blind paſſion for her, had forſaken his queen Topha, and ſtuck at nothing to gratify the deſires of the ambitious Aſtarbe. His love for that woman was almoſt as fatal to him as his exceſſive avarice; but notwithſtanding the violence of his paſſion for her, ſhe felt nothing but averſion and contempt for him. However, ſhe concealed her real ſentiments, and pretended to love him above all things, at the ſame time that ſhe hated him in the higheſt degree. There was at Tyre a young Lydian, named Malachon,

Malachon, of extraordinary beauty, but ſoft, effeminate, and debauched. He thought of nothing but how to preſerve the delicacy of his complexion, to adjuſt his fine flaxen hair that luxuriantly overſpread his ſhoulders, to ſcent himſelf with perfumes; to give a graceful air to his long flowing robe; and to chant his amours to the ſound of the lyre. Aſtarbe ſaw, and loved him to diſtraction; but he neglected her advances with diſdain, being paſſionately fond of another woman. Beſides, he was afraid of expoſing himſelf to the cruel jealouſy of the king. Aſtarbe ſeeing herſelf ſlighted, gave way to her reſentment. In her deſpair ſhe took it into her head that ſhe might be able to make Malachon paſs for the ſtranger, whom the king wanted to ſee, and whom, ſhe was told, Narbal had already brought to the palace. She actually perſuaded Pygmalion that Malachon was he; at the ſame time bribing all thoſe who might have undeceived him. As he had no regard for good men, and did not know how to diſtinguiſh them, thoſe about him were all mercenary and artful, ſtill ready to execute his ſanguinary and tyrannical commands. As they alſo dreaded the authority of Aſtarbe, they helped her to deceive the king, leſt, by refuſing, they ſhould incur the diſpleaſure of a haughty woman who had got entire poſſeſſion of his confidence. Thus Malachon, though known by the whole city to be a Cretan, was taken up inſtead of the ſtranger whom Narbal had brought from Ægypt with him, and clapt in priſon. Aſtarbe, in the mean time, afraid leſt Narbal ſhould go to the king, and diſcover the trick put upon him, ſent the officer immediately to Narbal with this meſſage. "It is Aſtarbe's pleaſure that you forbear telling the king who that ſtranger that you have with you, is; all that ſhe requires of you is ſilence; and ſhe promiſes to ſatisfy the king with regard to you: however, you muſt loſe no time in ſending away along with the Cyprians the young ſtranger, ſo that he may no more be ſeen in the city." Narbal tranſported with joy that he ſhould now be able to ſave both his

own life and mine, promiſed ſecrecy, and the officer ſatisfied with having gained my aſſent, returned to Aſtarbe to give an account how he had executed his commiſſion. Narbal and I could not help admiring the goodneſs of the gods in rewarding our ſincerity, and in protecting thoſe who hazard their lives for the ſake of virtue. We were ſtruck with horror at the thoughts of a king entirely delivered up to pleaſure and avarice. "That prince," ſaid we, "who is ſo extremely afraid of being deceived, deſerves to be ſo, and generally is ſo in the groſſeſt manner. He is diſtruſtful of the good, and beſtows an unreſerved confidence on miſcreants: he is the only perſon from whom the truth is hid. Obſerve Pygmalion, he is the ſport of a woman loſt to all ſhame. However, the gods make uſe of the inſincerity and falſehood of the wicked to ſave the lives of the good, who would rather die than utter falſehood." In the mean time we perceived the wind was changed and become favourable for the Cyprian fleet. "The gods," cried Narbal, "declare themſelves; they are determined to remove you out of all danger: fly then from this cruel and accurſed land. Happy he, who could follow you to regions the moſt unknown! happy he who could live and die with you! but my cruel deſtiny confines me to this unhappy country; I muſt be content to ſuffer with it, and perhaps to be buried under its ruins: it matters not, provided I always ſpeak the truth, and maintain in my heart an invariable love for what is juſt and right. As for you, my dear Telemachus, may the gods, who lead you as it were by the hand, beſtow upon you the moſt precious of all gifts, pure and unſpotted virtue, to the end of your days. May you live to return to Ithaca, comfort Penelope, and deliver her from thoſe inſolent ſuitors. May your eyes ſee, and your arms embrace the ſage Ulyſſes; and may he find in you a ſon no ways inferior to himſelf in wiſdom. But amidſt your happineſs forget not the unhappy Narbal, nor ever ceaſe to love me." When he had thus ſpoken, I embraced him and ſhed a flood of tears, without

without being able to make him any reply, my ſpeech was interrupted by heaving ſighs: our embraces were attended with a profound ſilence. He then accompanied me to the ſhip, and continued on the ſhore looking earneſtly at me, whoſe eyes were fixed on him, till we loſt ſight of one another.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Calypso interrupts Telemachus, that he may take some repose. Mentor reproves him in secret for having undertaken to relate his adventures, but at the same time bids him proceed in his recital since he had begun. Telemachus tells how he had a dream in his passage from Tyre to the isle of Cyprus, in which he saw Minerva protecting him against Venus and Cupid; that he afterwards imagined he saw Mentor, who exhorted him speedily to quit the isle of Cyprus: that when he awoke, the ship would have been lost in a storm, had he not taken the management of the helm himself, for that the Cyprians, being intoxicated with wine, were altogether incapable of saving her; that upon his arrival in the island, he had seen examples of the most dangerous and contagious nature; but that Hazael, a Syrian, whose slave Mentor was become, happening also to be there, had re-united the two Greeks, and carried them with him on board his ship to Crete; and that in the passage they had been highly delighted with seeing Amphitrite in her car, drawn by sea-horses.

CALYPSO, who had thus far heard Telemachus recount his adventures, with the utmost attention and transport,

tranſport, now interrupted him, that he might take a little repoſe. "It is time," ſaid ſhe, "that you refreſh yourſelf with a little reſt after ſuch immenſe fatigue. Here you have nothing to make you uneaſy; all is friendly and favourable. Let your heart then give way to joy; let it reliſh the quiet, and all the other gifts which the gods are going to pour down upon you. To-morrow, when Aurora with her roſy fingers ſhall begin to unlock the gilded gates of the eaſt, and the horſes of the ſun iſſuing from the briny waves, ſhall ſpread abroad the light of day, driving before them all the ſtars of heaven, you ſhall reſume the recital of your misfortunes. Your father is much your inferior in point of wiſdom and courage. Neither Achilles, who vanquiſhed Hector; nor Theſeus, who returned from the infernal regions; nor even the great Alcides, who delivered the earth from ſo many monſters, ever diſcovered ſuch fortitude and proweſs as you have diſplayed. May balmy ſleep make this night ſeem ſhort to you. But alas! how tedious will it ſeem to me! how ſhall I long to ſee you again, to hear you, to make you repeat what I already know, and to be informed of what I do not know! withdraw, my dear Telemachus, with the ſage Mentor, whom the gods have reſtored to you, withdraw into this retired grotto, which is furniſhed with every neceſſary for your repoſe. May Morpheus ſhed his gentle ſlumbers on your weary eyelids, tranſfuſe a divine balm into all your fatigued members, and ſend you pleaſant dreams; that, fluttering about you, may amuſe your ſenſes with the moſt agreeable images, and drive far from you every thing that might awake you too ſoon." The goddeſs herſelf conducted Telemachus into the detached grotto, which had as much the appearance of ruſtic ſimplicity, and was as agreeable as her own. A fountain iſſuing from one of the corners, produced a gentle murmuring that ſerved to invite repoſe. There were two beds of a ſoft verdure prepared by the nymphs, on which were ſpread two fine ſkins, on one that of a lion for Telemachus, and on the other that of a bear for Mentor. Before Mentor ſuffered ſleep to

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cloſe his eyes, he thus addreſſed himſelf to Telemachus: "The pleaſure of recounting the ſtory of your life, hath ſeduced your heart; you have charmed the goddeſs by your account of the dangers from which you have been delivered by your own courage and dexterity: thus have you more and more inflamed her paſſion; and prepared for yourſelf a more dangerous captivity. How can you expect that ſhe will ſuffer you to quit her iſland, now that you have filled her with joy and admiration by the recital of your adventures? the paſſion of vain glory hath betrayed you into this imprudence. She, having engaged to tell you ſtories, and to acquaint you with the fate of Ulyſſes, made ſhift to talk a long time without ſaying any thing to the purpoſe, and yet thereby induced you to inform her of all that ſhe wanted to know; ſuch are the arts of deceitful women who indulge their paſſions. When, O Telemachus, will you be ſo wiſe, as never to ſpeak out of vanity; but to conceal whatever tends to your own praiſe, when your intereſt does not require that you ſhould diſcloſe it. Others admire your wiſdom at an age, when the want of it would be pardonable; as for me, I cannot pardon you any thing; I am the only one who knows you, and who loves you ſo, as to adverti ſe you of all your faults. How far ſhort are you yet of your father's wiſdom!" "What then," ſaid Telemachus, "could I refuſe Calypſo the recital of my misfortunes?" "No," replied Mentor, "I do not diſapprove of your relating them, but then it ought to have been done ſo as to excite her compaſſion alone. You might very properly have told her how you were ſome time wandering from one place to another, ſome time a priſoner in Sicily, and ſome time in Egypt. This was all you ought to have told her. The reſt hath ſerved only to increaſe the poiſon that preys upon her heart. May the gods preſerve your's from the like infection." "But," ſaid Telemachus, with an humble ſubmiſſive accent, "what am I to do then?" "It is now too late," replied Mentor, "to conceal from her what remains of your adventures: ſhe already knows ſo much of them, that it is impoſſible

impoſſible to deceive her with reſpect to what remains; your reſerve would only ſerve to inflame her curioſity: proceed therefore to-morrow to give her an account of what further the gods have done in your favour, and learn another time to ſpeak more modeſtly of what you may have done deſerving in any meaſure of applauſe." Telemachus taking this wholeſome advice in good part, they both went to reſt. No ſooner had Phœbus ſpread abroad his firſt rays upon the earth, than Mentor, hearing the goddeſs call her nymphs in the wood, awoke Telemachus. "It is time," ſaid he, "to ſhake off ſleep; come, let us return to Calypſo: but be upon your guard againſt her deluſive words; beware of laying open your heart to her; dread the flattering poiſon of her praiſe. Yeſterday ſhe extolled you above your ſage father, the invincible Achilles, the renowned Theſeus, and Hercules exalted to a god. Was not you ſenſible how extravagant theſe praiſes were? did you believe what ſhe ſaid? be aſſured ſhe did not even believe it herſelf. She praiſes you for no other reaſon but becauſe ſhe looks upon you as a ſimpleton, and vain enough to ſuffer yourſelf to be impoſed upon by praiſes altogether diſproportioned to your actions." After theſe words of Mentor's, they went together to the place where the goddeſs waited for them. She ſmiled upon ſeeing them, diſguiſing, under an appearance of joy, the fear and uneaſineſs that preyed upon her heart; for ſhe foreſaw that Telemachus, being conducted by Mentor, would eſcape from her as Ulyſſes had done. "Come," ſaid ſhe, "Telemachus, make haſte and ſatisfy my curioſity; I thought all night that I ſaw you departing from Phœnicia, and following your deſtiny to the iſland of Cyprus: pray then let me know, without loſs of time, what befell you in that voyage." Upon this they all ſat down upon the graſs, that was interſperſed with violets, under the ſhade of a thick grove. Calypſo could not help continually eyeing Telemachus in a tender and paſſionate manner, nor being tranſported with indignation upon obſerving

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that Mentor narrowly watched her looks. All the nymphs leaned forward in ſilence, forming a kind of ſemicircle, the better to hear and ſee; and the eyes of the whole company were ſtedfaſtly fixed upon young Telemachus, who, bluſhing with a downcaſt look, thus, in a very graceful manner, purſued the ſtory of his adventures. "Scarce had the favourable breeze filled our ſails, when the coaſt of Phœnicia began to diſappear. As the manners of the Cyprians, with whom I now was embarked, were unknown to me, I reſolved with myſelf to obſerve in ſilence all that paſſed, and to act with the utmoſt diſcretion, in order to recommend myſelf to their eſteem. While I thus kept ſilence, a deep ſleep ſtole inſenſibly upon me; my ſenſes were all locked up and ſuſpended; a delightful quiet took poſſeſſion of my heart. In a moment I thought I ſaw Venus cleaving the clouds, and deſcending thro' the air in her chariot, drawn by two turtle doves. She appeared to me with all that ſuperlative beauty, that blooming youth, thoſe tender graces, that adorned her when ſhe ſprung from the froth of the ocean, and dazzled the eyes of Jupiter himſelf. She ſeemed to come with a rapid flight cloſe up to me, when laying her hand with a ſmile upon my ſhoulder, and calling me by name, ſhe thus addreſſed me, "Young Greek, you are now bound for my empire, and will ſoon arrive in that happy iſland, the native ſeat of pleaſure, mirth, and frolick. There you ſhall burn incenſe upon my altars, and there ſhall you ſwim in a ſea of delights. Open your heart to the moſt flattering hopes, and beware of reſiſting the moſt powerful of all the goddeſſes, who is diſpoſed to make you happy." At the ſame time I perceived the boy Cupid, flapping his wings, and fluttering about his mother. Although his countenance exhibited the tenderneſs, the ſprightlineſs, and graces of childhood, yet there was in his piercing eyes ſomething that frightened me, which I cannot deſcribe. He laughed when he looked at me; but his laughter was malicious, ſcornful, and cruel. From his golden quiver he drew the ſharpeſt of his arrows, bent his

his bow, and was going to let fly at me, when all of a ſudden Minerva appeared and covered me with her ægis. In the face of that goddeſs there was nothing of that effeminate beauty, or that amorous languiſhment, which I had remarked in the air and attitude of Venus. On the contrary, her beauty was modeſt, negligent, unaffected; her whole demeanor was noble, grave, ſtately, ſpirited and majeſtic. Cupid's arrow was not able to penetrate the ægis, but dropped upon the ground; at which he was ſo enraged, that he wept bitterly: he was aſhamed to ſee himſelf thus baffled. "Get you gone, cried Minerva, get you gone, raſh boy; never will you ſubdue any but effeminate ſouls, who are now more enamoured of your infamous pleaſures than of wiſdom, virtue, and glory." At theſe words, away flew Cupid in a rage, and Venus aſcending towards Olympus, at length diſappeared, after I had for a long time beheld her chariot with the two doves mounting in a cloud of gold and azure. Afterwards looking towards the ground, I found that Minerva was gone. Then methought I was tranſported into a delicious garden, ſuch as the Elyſian fields are deſcribed, in which I found Mentor, who thus accoſted me: "Away from this cruel land, this peſtilent iſle, in which they breathe nothing but pleaſure. The moſt reſolute virtue is in danger in it, and can ſave itſelf only by flight." The moment I ſaw him, I endeavoured to throw myſelf upon his neck, to embrace him; but I found that my feet would not move, that my legs failed me, and that my hands, when I ſought to lay hold of Mentor, graſped a ſhadow, which baffled all my efforts. Theſe, however, occaſioned my waking, when I perceived that this myſterious dream, was a warning from heaven. I found myſelf full of a determined reſolution againſt pleaſure, of diffidence in myſelf, and abhorrence of the effeminate life of the Cyprians. But what ſhocked me greatly, was, that I apprehended Mentor had loſt his life, and having croſſed the Stygian lake, was now in the happy retreat of the juſt. I was ſo affected by this thought, that I ſhed a flood

of tears. Being aſked the reaſon of it, I anſwered, that my weeping was not to be wondered at, being an unhappy ſtranger toſt about without any hope of ſeeing his native country again. In the mean time, all the Cyprians on board gave themſelves up to a fooliſh extravagant joy: the rowers, averſe to labour, fell aſleep upon their oars: the pilot forſook the helm, having on his head a crown of flowers, and in his hand a goblet which had been filled with wine, and which he had now almoſt emptied. He and all the reſt, maddened by Bacchus, ſung, in honour of Venus and Cupid, verſes that muſt have ſhocked all that had any regard for virtue. While they thus forgot the dangers of the ſea, a ſudden ſtorm began to envelop both the ſky and ocean. The fierce winds howled among the ſails, and the ſhip groaned under the gloomy waves that beat over her without ceaſing. Some times we rode upon the top of a lofty towering billow; ſometimes the ſea opening, ſeemed to precipitate us into the abyſs. In this condition we perceived, at no great diſtance, ſome rocks, againſt which the waves broke with a horrible noiſe. Then it was, that I found, by experience, the truth of what Mentor had often told me, namely, that effeminate men, devoted to pleaſure, have not courage or reſolution to face danger: for all the Cyprians, in the utmoſt deſpondency, wept like ſo many women. Nothing was to be heard but bitter wailings and lamentations, ſad reflections upon the pleaſures they were going to be deprived of, and vain ridiculous promiſes to ſacrifice to the gods, provided they would bring them ſafe to land. There was not a ſingle perſon on board who had reſolution enough left either to direct or execute the ſteps that were neceſſary for our preſervation. It then appeared to me high time to endeavour to ſave both myſelf and them: I therefore laid hold of the helm; for the pilot, being intoxicated with wine, and raving like a Bacchanal, was not in a condition to be ſenſible of the danger of the veſſel; I animated the deſponding ſailors, and gave orders to furl the ſails. The crew then vigorouſly plying their oars, we

paſſed

paſſed through among the rocks with the utmoſt hazard of our lives, and had a near view of death and all its horrors. This deliverance appeared like a dream to all thoſe whoſe lives I had ſaved, and they gazed on me with wonder and amazement. We arrived in the iſle of Cyprus in that month of the ſpring that is conſecrated to Venus. "That ſeaſon of the year," ſaid the Cyprians, "is peculiarly ſuited to the goddeſs; for it ſeems to animate all nature, and to give birth to pleaſures, as it does to flowers." When I arrived in the iſland, I found the air ſo mild and ſoft, as to render the body ſluggiſh and inactive, though it inſpired at the ſame time a gay frolickſome humour. I obſerved too, that though the country was naturally fertile and agreeable, it lay quite uncultivated, ſo averſe were the inhabitants to labour. On all hands I ſaw women and young girls, gayly dreſſed, going to the temple of Venus to devote themſelves to the ſervice of the goddeſs, ſinging her praiſes as they went along: grace, beauty, joy, and the love of pleaſure, were equally diſplayed in all their countenances; but there was too much affectation in their air: it had nothing of that noble ſimplicity, of that amiable modeſty, which is the greateſt recommendation of beauty. Every thing that I obſerved about theſe women diſguſted me: their ſtudied and effeminate airs, their gay, gaudy attire, their languid gait, their looks that ſtrove to catch the attention of the other ſex, their jealous emulation to excite the more violent paſſions; on all theſe accounts I could not help deſpiſing them: what was intended to attract my love and admiration, ſerved only to inſpire diſguſt. I was conducted to a temple of the goddeſs: ſhe has many in the iſland; for inſtance, at Cytherea, Idalium, and Paphos, where ſhe is particularly honoured. It was to that of Cytherea that I was conducted. It is built entirely of marble, and is an exact periſtile. It is a very majeſtic edifice, the columns being large and lofty: above the architrave and frize, on each ſide, are grand pediments, in which are repreſented in bas relief all the moſt

pleaſant

pleaſant adventures of the goddeſs. At the gate of the temple is continually to be ſeen a great crowd of people, come to make their offerings. No victim is ever ſlain within the ſacred precincts of the temple; nor is the fat of heifers and bulls conſumed by fire; nor is their blood ſhed on theſe altars. The beaſts to be offered are only preſented; and none can be ſo preſented but ſuch as are young, white, and without blemiſh. They are covered with fillets of purple embroidered with gold, and their horns gilt and adorned with odoriferous flowers. After having been preſented before the altar, they are conveyed to a particular place detached from the temple, and ſlaughtered for the entertainment and feaſting of the prieſts. All ſorts of perfumed liquors are alſo offered, and wine more delicious than nectar. The prieſts, who are clad in long white robes, with girdles, and fringes at the bottom of their robes, of gold, burn day and night on the altars the moſt exquiſite perfumes of the Eaſt, which form a cloud as they aſcend to heaven. All the columns of the temple are adorned with hanging feſtoons: all the veſſels uſed in ſacrificing, are of gold; and a ſacred wood of myrtles ſurrounds the edifice. None but young men and damſels of ſingular beauty can preſent the victims to the prieſts, or light the fire upon the altars; but a temple ſo magnificent is diſgraced by diſſoluteneſs and obſcenity. At firſt I could not behold theſe things without abhorrence, but that wore off inſenſibly. Vice no longer ſhocked me: every company inſpired me with a greater propenſity to debauchery, by rallying me upon my innocence; for my continence and modeſty ſerved only for ſubjects of mirth and ridicule to that abandoned people. They ſtuck at nothing to ſtir up my paſſions, to enſnare me, and to awaken in me a love of pleaſure. I found myſelf grow leſs firm and reſolute every day; the virtuous education I had received, was no longer able to ſupport me: all my good purpoſes were forgotten; I ſaw it would be impoſſible for me to reſiſt the evil that aſſailed me on all ſides; nay, I was even abſurd enough to be aſhamed of virtue.

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My caſe not a little reſembled that of a man ſwimming in a deep rapid river; at firſt he ſtems the torrent, and advances: but, if the banks are ſteep and rocky, ſo that he cannot climb, and reſt himſelf upon the ſhore; he grows tired by degrees; his ſtrength fails him; his wearied limbs become ſtiff, and he is carried away by the current; thus did my eyes become dim, my heart feeble and irreſolute, and I could neither recover the uſe of my reaſon, nor recall the memory of my father's virtues: ſo that the dream in which I fancied I had ſeen Mentor in the Elyſian fields, diſcouraged me quite from making any further efforts. A ſecret ſoothing languor took poſſeſſion of my ſoul. I was now enamoured of the agreeable poiſon that inſinuated itſelf from vein to vein, and penetrated to the very marrow of my bones. Nevertheleſs I could not help ſtill fetching deep ſighs, weeping bitterly, and roaring, in my phrenſy, like a lion. "O the wretchedneſs of youth!" cried I; "O ye gods, who cruelly ſport with men, why do ye make them paſs through that period of life, which is a ſcene of folly, or a raging fever? O that I were covered with grey hairs, bending with years, and upon the brink of the grave, like my grandfather Laertes! I would prefer death to the inglorious imbecility into which I am fallen." Scarce had I uttered theſe words, when my grief abated, and my heart, intoxicated by a fooliſh paſſion, ſhook off all regard to modeſty; in conſequence of which, I was overwhelmed with the deepeſt remorſe. During my diſtraction, I ran up and down the ſacred grove like a hind wounded by the huntſman: to eaſe her pain, ſhe traverſes the vaſt foreſts; but the arrow that wounded her, ſticking in her flank, purſues her ſtill; the deadly dart ſhe carries with her whereſoever ſhe flies. Thus did I run about to divert the thoughts of my ſituation, but nothing was able to alleviate my uneaſineſs. At that very moment I deſcried a good way off, under the thick ſhade of the wood, the figure of the ſage Mentor; but ſo pale, melancholy and auſtere did his countenance appear, that I did not

feel

feel any joy at the ſight. "Is it you then," cried I, "O my dear friend, my only hope? Is it you? Indeed! Is it you, your very ſelf? Does not a deluſive phantom impoſe upon my ſight? Is it you, Mentor? Or is it not your ſhade that ſtill preſents itſelf to my eyes? Are you not among the number of thoſe happy ſouls who enjoy the fruits of their virtue, and on whom the gods beſtow pure pleaſures and endleſs peace in the Elyſian fields? Speak, Mentor, are you ſtill alive? Am I ſo happy as to poſſeſs you, or is it only the ſhade of my friend!" As I ſpoke theſe words, I ran towards him all in a tranſport and out of breath; while he, without any emotion, waited for me, not advancing a ſingle ſtep. O ye gods! ſay, for you know how great was my joy, when my hands felt and touched him. "No," cried I, "it is not an empty ſhade; I hold him, I embrace my dear Mentor:" then I ſhed a flood of tears as I hung upon his neck, and claſped him in my arms, without being able to ſpeak; he, at the ſame time, regarding me with a melancholy air, and eyes full of tender compaſſion. At laſt I thus accoſted him: "Alas! whence come you? What dangers did you leave me to encounter during your abſence? And what could I now do without you?" Without replying to theſe my queſtions, "Fly!" ſaid he, with a terrible tone, "Away, loſe not a moment. This country produces nothing but poiſon; the very air you breathe is poiſoned; the contagious inhabitants cannot converſe together without communicating a mortal poiſon. Infamous effeminate pleaſure, of all the plagues that iſſued from Pandora's box, the moſt dreadful! here enfeebles men's hearts, and ſuffers no virtue to exiſt. Away then, without delay: look not even behind you as you fly, and baniſh this execrable iſland entirely from your thoughts." Thus he ſpoke, and immediately I perceived, as it were, a thick cloud diſſolve from my eyes and diſperſe, ſo that I beheld the pure light: a gentle joy, and an undaunted reſolution ſprung up again in my heart: it was a joy very different from that childiſh, effeminate delight

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with which my ſenſes had been intoxicated: the latter is a drunken, turbid joy, chequered with furious paſſions, and cutting remorſe; the former is a rational joy, fraught with ſomething bliſsful and divine. It is always ſerene, even, and inexhauſtible: the more it is indulged, the more delightful it is: it raviſhes the ſoul without diſquieting it. I then ſhed tears of joy, and found that nothing is ſo agreeable as to weep with ſuch ſenſations. Happy, ſaid I, are thoſe men who have beheld Virtue in all her charms! for they who ſee her, muſt love her, and they who love her, muſt be happy. "I muſt leave you," ſaid Mentor; "I cannot ſtay a moment longer: I have no more time to ſpare." "Ah, whither are you going?" ſaid I. "There is no part of the world ſo diſmal and uninhabitable, to which I will not follow you. Think not that you can eſcape from me; I will rather die in the purſuit!" As I ſpoke thus, I laid hold of him, and claſped him cloſe in my arms with all my ſtrength. "In vaid, ſaid he, do you attempt to detain me. You muſt know, I was ſold by the cruel Metophis to Æthiopians or Arabs. Theſe going to Damaſcus in Syria, about their commercial affairs, reſolved to diſpoſe of me, thinking to get a large ſum for me from one Hazael, who wanted a Greek ſlave to inſtruct him in the manners and ſciences of the Greeks; and indeed, Hazael purchaſed me at a very high price. In conſequence of what I told him relating to our manners, he had a curioſity to viſit the iſle of Crete, in order to ſtudy the wiſe laws of Minos. As we were on our way thither, the winds obliged us to put into the iſle of Cyprus. Conſtrained to wait till the weather grows more favourable, he is come to make his offerings in this temple: ſee, there he is, juſt coming out; the wind is now fair, it already ſwells our ſails: adieu, my dear Telemachus; a ſlave who fears the gods, will diligently attend upon his maſter. I am no longer at my own diſpoſal; if I was, I ſhould devote myſelf entirely to your ſervice. Adieu, forget not the toils of Ulyſſes, nor the tears of Penelope, and remember

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the juſt gods. O ye celeſtial powers, protectors of the innocent, in what a diſſolute country am I obliged to leave Telemachus!" "No, no," replied I, "my dear Mentor, it is not your fault if I am left here to periſh, rather than ſee you depart without me. Is this Syrian maſter of yours without any feelings? Was he ſuckled by a tygreſs? Will he tear you from my arms? He muſt either put me to death, or allow me to follow you. You yourſelf exhort me to quit the iſland, and yet you will not ſuffer me to go along with you. I will go and ſpeak to Hazael; perhaps my youth and my tears may excite his pity: as he loves wiſdom, and is going ſo far in queſt of it, he cannot have a ſavage, unfeeling heart. I will throw myſelf at his feet, embrace his knees, and not let him go, till he has granted my requeſt. My dear Mentor, I will make myſelf a ſlave, that I may be with you; I will offer myſelf as ſuch to your maſter: if he refuſes to accept my offer, I am undone, I cannot ſurvive it." At that inſtant Hazael called Mentor, and I fell down before him. He was ſurpriſed to ſee a perſon he did not know in that poſture. "What is the matter," ſaid he, "what would you have?" "Life," replied I; "for I muſt die, unleſs you permit me to accompany Mentor, who is your ſlave. I am the ſon of the great Ulyſſes, the wiſeſt of all the kings of Greece, who have been at the ſiege of the ſuperb city of Troy, famous through all Aſia. I do not mention my birth out of vanity, but only to inſpire you with ſome compaſſion for my misfortunes. I have been ſeeking my father all over the ſea, in company with this man, who was to me another father; but fortune, to fill up the meaſure of my woe, deprived me of him, and made him your ſlave; ſuffer me to be ſo too. If you really love what is juſt and right, and are going to Crete to learn the laws of the good king Minos, harden not your heart againſt my ſighs and tears. You ſee in me the ſon of a king, reduced to the neceſſity of petitioning for ſervitude as his only reſource. Some time ago in Sicily, I preferred death to ſlavery. But my firſt misfortunes were no more

more than the feeble eſſays of outrageous fortune: now I am in pain, leſt my offers of ſervitude ſhould be rejected. O ye gods! look upon my woes; O Hazael, remember Minos, whoſe wiſdom you admire, and who will judge us both in the realms of Pluto." Hazael regarding me with looks of goodnature and humanity, reached me his hand, and lifted me up. "I am no ſtranger," ſaid he, "to the wiſdom and virtue of Ulyſſes: Mentor has often told me what glory he had acquired among the Greeks; beſides that, ſwift-footed fame hath proclaimed his name to all the nations of the Eaſt. Follow me, ſon of Ulyſſes, I will be a father to you, till ſuch time as you meet again with him who gave you birth. Though neither the glory of your father, nor his and your misfortunes moved me, yet the friendſhip I have for Mentor would engage me to take care of you. It is true, I bought him as a ſlave, but I regard him as a faithful friend; by the money he coſt me, I gained a friend the moſt dear and the moſt to be valued of any I have on earth. In him I have found wiſdom, and to him I am indebted for the love I bear to virtue. From this moment I declare you both free, and I aſk nothing in return from either of you but your affection." Thus did I enjoy an inſtantaneous tranſition from the deepeſt diſtreſs, to the moſt tranſporting joy that any mortal can feel. I ſaw myſelf ſafe from a moſt dreadful danger; I was drawing near my own country; I had found a friend to aſſiſt me in getting thither, and had the conſolation and ſatisfaction to be in company with one who already loved me, purely from his love of virtue. In fine, I found every thing by finding Mentor, from whom I hoped never more to be ſeparated. Hazael proceeded towards the ſhore, and we followed his ſteps. We immediately embarked, and the rowers began to ply their oars: the ſea was ſmooth and calm; a light breeze played about our ſails, communicating an eaſy agreeable motion to the ſhip, ſo that we ſoon loſt ſight of the iſle of Cyprus. Hazael, impatient to know

know my ſentiments, aſked me what I thought of the manners of that iſland. I frankly owned to him the danger my youth had expoſed me to, and the diſtraction and conflict I had ſuffered in my mind. He was pleaſed with the abhorrence I expreſſed of vice, and thus exclaimed: "O Venus! I know by experience thy power, and that of thy ſon. I have burnt incenſe upon thy altars; yet I cannot help deteſting the infamous effeminacy of the inhabitants of thine iſle, and the monſtrous impudence with which they celebrate thy feſtivals." Then Mentor and he began to diſcourſe together of that ſupreme power that formed heaven and earth; of that infinite, unchangeable light, which though imparted to all, is never exhauſted; of that ſovereign, univerſal truth, which illuminates every mind, as the ſun enlightens every body. "The man," ſaid he, "who hath never ſeen that light, is as blind as the man that is born without the ſenſe of ſeeing. He paſſes his days in profound darkneſs, like thoſe to whom the ſun does not ſhine for ſeveral months of the year. He fancies that he is wiſe, though he is a fool: that he ſees every thing, though he is altogether blind; and he dies without having ever ſeen any thing: at leaſt, all he perceives is only a falſe and diſmal light, vain ſhadows and phantoms that have no reality. This is the caſe of all thoſe who are led aſtray by ſenſual pleaſure, or the deluſions of the imagination. There are none that deſerve the name of men, but thoſe who conſult, who love, and who are guided by that eternal reaſon. It is that which inſpires our good thoughts, and reproves our bad. To it we are indebted for our underſtanding, no leſs than our life: it is, as it were, a vaſt ocean of light, and our ſouls are a ſort of little rivulets, that iſſue from it, and that afterwards return to it, and are loſt in its immenſity." Though I was not yet able perfectly to comprehend the wiſdom of that diſcourſe, yet I felt from it ſomething of a pure and ſublime

lime pleaſure that I cannot deſcribe: my heart was warmed with it, and the truth ſeemed to me to ſhine through every word they pronounced. They proceeded then to talk of the origin of the gods, of heroes, poets, the golden age, the deluge, the firſt hiſtories of mankind, the river of oblivion in which the ſouls of the dead are plunged, the eternal puniſhments prepared for the impious in the black gulph of Tartarus, and that happy peace which the juſt enjoy in the Elyſian fields without any fear of forfeiting that bliſsful ſtate. While Hazael and Mentor converſed together in this manner, we beheld dolphins covered with a ſhell that ſhone like gold and azure. In their ſport and play they daſhed about the foaming billows. After them came the tritons blowing their trumpets of crooked wreathed ſhells. They ſurrounded the chariot of Amphitrite, drawn by ſea-horſes whiter than ſnow, which cleaving the briny waves, left behind them a vaſt furrow in the ſea. Their eyes were inflamed, and a ſmoke iſſued from their mouths. The car of the goddeſs was a ſhell of a wonderful figure; its whiteneſs ſurpaſſed that of ſnow, and its wheels were of gold. It ſeemed to fly upon the ſurface of the ſmooth waters. A great number of nymphs, crowned with flowers, ſwam behind the chariot; their fine hair hanging down their ſhoulders, and waving in the wind. In one hand the goddeſs held a golden ſceptre to awe the waves; with the other, ſhe embraced her ſon, the little god Palemon, whom, ſitting on her knees, ſhe ſuckled at her breaſts. Her countenance diſplayed a mild, yet majeſtic ſerenity, that made the boiſterous winds and all the black tempeſts fly before her. The tritons conducted the horſes, and held the gilded reins. Over the chariot a large canopy of purple floated in the air, gently ſwelled by the breath of a multitude of little zephyrs, who ſtrove to blow it along. In the air appeared Æolus, eager, reſtleſs, and impatient. His wrinkled, peeviſh countenance, his threatening voice, his thick hanging eye-brows, his diſmal, fierce, fiery eyes, in ſilence huſhed the

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ſtormy winds, and diſperſing every cloud. The unwieldy whales and other marine monſters, ſailed out from their profound grottos to ſee the goddeſs, making the briny waters ebb and flow with the breath of their noſtrils.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus relates that upon his arrival in the iſle of Crete, he underſtood that Idomeneus the king of it, to perform an indiſcreet vow he had made, had ſacrificed his only ſon: that the Cretans taking up arms to revenge his death, had obliged the father to quit the iſland. That after much perplexity and uncertainty, they were come to a reſolution to chuſe another, and were aſſembled for that purpoſe. Telemachus adds, that he was admitted into the aſſembly; that he bore away the prize, in divers games, and explained the queſtions that Minos had left recorded in his law-books; that the old men, who were the judges of the iſland, and the whole body of the people, in conſideration of his wiſdom, would have choſen him for their king.

AFTER having beheld this ſcene with admiration, we began to deſcry the mountains of Crete, which, however, we could hardly yet diſtinguiſh from the clouds and the billows. But we ſoon perceived the ſummit of Ida, towering above thoſe of the other mountains of the iſland, as much as the branching horns of an old ſtag in the foreſt over-top thoſe of the young fawns that follow in his train. By degrees

degrees we ſaw more diſtinctly the coaſts of the iſland, which appeared to our eyes like an amphitheatre. As much as Cyprus ſeemed neglected and uncultivated, ſo much did Crete bear the marks of culture and improvement, and of being adorned with all ſorts of fruits by the induſtry of its inhabitants. On all ſides we eſpied villages well built, ſuperb cities, and towns little inferior to them. We could not ſee a field, that did not bear the impreſſion of the hand of the diligent huſbandman. Deep furrows were every where left by the plough. Neither briars nor thorns, nor any other vegetables that uſeleſsly incumber the ground, were any where to be met with in that country. We viewed with pleaſure the deep vallies, where, in the rich paſtures along the brooks, were herds of cattle feeding and lowing; flocks of ſheep grazing upon the brows of the hills; vaſt plains covered with yellow grain, the rich preſents of the fruitful Ceres; and laſtly, mountains adorned with vines and grapes already coloured, that promiſed the vintagers a profuſion of the delicious gifts of Bacchus to baniſh the cares of man. Mentor told us that he had been in Crete before, and acquainted us with what he knew of it. "This iſland," ſaid he, "admired by all ſtrangers, and famous for its hundred cities, maintains with eaſe all its inhabitants, although they are almoſt without number. The reaſon is, becauſe the earth never fails to pour forth its riches upon thoſe who cultivate it. Its fertile boſom can never be exhauſted. The more people there is in a country, the greater plenty they enjoy, provided they are induſtrious: they never have occaſion to be jealous of one another. The earth, that kind mother, multiplies her gifts according to the number of her children, who are intitled to her produce by their labour. The ambition and avarice of men are the only ſources of their misfortunes. They covet every thing, and render themſelves unhappy by graſping at ſuperfluities: if they would live in a ſimple manner, and be content with ſatisfying their real wants, we ſhould ſee plenty, joy, peace, and union reign

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every where. Of this truth, Minos the beſt and wiſeſt of kings was fully ſenſible. Whatſoever you ſhall ſee in this iſland moſt worthy of your admiration, is the fruit of his laws. The education he ordained for children, renders their bodies hale and robuſt: they are inured betimes to a ſimple, frugal, and laborious life; ſenſual pleaſure of every kind is ſuppoſed to enervate both body and mind, and therefore no other is ever propoſed or recommended to them, but that of being invincible through virtue, and of acquiring a great ſhare of glory. They do not make courage conſiſt ſolely in deſpiſing death amidſt the dangers of war, but alſo in diſdaining exceſſive wealth, and effeminate pleaſures. Here three vices, which fall not under the cognizance of the laws in other countries, are ſeverely puniſhed, namely, ingratitude, diſſimulation, and avarice. As for pomp and luxury, they have no occaſion to take any meaſures to check them; for they are not known in Crete: there nobody is idle, and yet nobody aims at wealth; they all think themſelves ſufficiently repaid for their labour, by an agreeable regular life, in which they enjoy in peace and plenty all that is truly neceſſary. Neither rich furniture, nor coſtly attire, nor ſumptuous entertainments, nor gilded palaces are ſuffered there. Their garments are of fine wool and beautiful colours, but quite plain and without embroidery. Their meals are ſober and ſimple, little wine is drank; and the principal part of them conſiſts of good bread and fruits, which the trees themſelves, as it were, preſent, together with the milk of their cattle. At their greateſt entertainments, they eat only a little coarſe meat without any high ſauces: all their fineſt horned cattle are kept for the purpoſes of agriculture. Their houſes are neat, commodious, and elegant, but without any ornaments. The ſplendor and magnificence of architecture is not unknown there; but it is reſerved for the temples of the gods, and no man muſt preſume to have houſes like thoſe of the immortals. The riches of the Cretans conſiſt chiefly in health, ſtrength, courage, the peace and union of families,

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the liberty of all the citizens, the plenty of all neceſſaries, a contempt of ſuperfluities, a habit of induſtry, and abhorrence of idleneſs; an emulation in virtue, ſubmiſſion to the laws, and reverence towards the gods." I aſked him wherein the authority of the king conſiſted; and he anſwered: "His power over the people is abſolute: but ſtill he is ſubject to the laws. He is under no reſtraint in doing good, but his hands are tied up from doing wrong. The care of the people, the moſt important of all truſts, is committed to him by the laws, on condition that he be the father of his ſubjects. The intention of the laws is, that one man by his wiſdom and moderation ſhould promote the happineſs of ſuch numbers, and not that ſuch numbers by their miſery and abject ſlavery ſhould ſerve only to flatter the pride and luxury of a ſingle man. A king ought not to enjoy any pre-eminence above other men, except in regard to what is neceſſary to eaſe and ſupport him under the fatigue of buſineſs, and to impreſs the people with reſpect for him to whom the care and execution of the laws is entruſted. As to the reſt, the king ought to be more ſober, more averſe to luxury and effeminacy, more free from pride and pageantry, than any other perſon. He is not to have more wealth and pleaſure, but more wiſdom, virtue, and glory than other men. Abroad he is to defend his people, and command their armies; and at home is to be their judge, to render them wiſe, good, and happy. It is not for himſelf that the gods have made him king, but for his ſubjects, whoſe welfare he is to ſtudy, and to whom he owes all his time, all his attention, and all his affection. He is no farther worthy of being king, than as he forgets and diſregards his own private concerns, to devote himſelf entirely to the ſervice of the public. Minos did not deſire that his ſons ſhould reign after him, but upon condition that they obſerved theſe maxims: by which it appeared that he loved his people more than his own family. By ſuch wiſdom and moderation it was, that he rendered Crete ſo powerful and happy, and eclipſed the glory of all thoſe conquerors, who were for making

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the people ſerve only to promote their own glory, that is, their vanity. In fine, it was in conſequence of his juſtice, that he became one of the judges of the dead in the regions below." While Mentor entertained us with this diſcourſe, we had landed on the iſland: we viewed the famous labyrinth, built by the ingenious Dedalus, in imitation of the great labyrinth in Egypt. While we were examining that curious ſtructure, we ſaw the ſhore covered with people crowding to a place pretty nigh the ſea. We aſked one, named Nauſecrates, whither they were hurrying, and for what? who gave us the following account. "Idomeneus, ſaid he, the ſon of Deucalion, and grandſon of Minos, went along with the other kings of Greece to the ſiege of Troy. After that renowned city was taken, he embarked on board a ſhip in order to return to Crete, but met with ſo violent a ſtorm, that the pilot and all the experienced mariners thought ſhipwreck inevitable. Each individual had death before his eyes: each every moment beheld the watery abyſs that opened wide to ſwallow him; and each deplored his unhappy fate, without even the melancholy hope or conſolation of reſting after death, like thoſe ghoſts, who, in conſequence of ſepulture, traverſe the river Styx. Idomeneus lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, thus invoked Neptune: "O thou mighty god," cried he, "who preſideſt over the ſea, deign to hear me in my diſtreſs: if, notwithſtanding the fury of the waves, thou ſhalt grant me once more to ſee the iſle of Crete, I will ſacrifice to thee the firſt perſon that my eyes ſhall behold, after my arrival." Meanwhile his ſon, impatient to behold him, ran in haſte to meet and to embrace him at his return. Unhappy youth! he did not know that he was running headlong to his own deſtruction! His father, having weathered the ſtorm, arrived at the wiſhed-for haven, and returned Neptune thanks for having heard his vows: but he ſoon found what ſorrow and diſtreſs theſe ſame vows had brought upon him. A foreboding of the misfortune that was about to befall him, made him heartily repent of his raſh vow. He was afraid to go aſhore

among his own ſubjects, and trembled leſt he ſhould firſt ſee ſome of his deareſt relations. But the cruel pitileſs goddeſs Nemeſis, who never neglects to puniſh men, eſpecially proud haughty kings, impelled Idomeneus with a fatal inviſible hand. When he arrived, he durſt hardly lift up his eyes: he beholds his ſon! he ſtarts with horror, and recoils.—He throws his eyes around, in hopes of ſeeing ſome other perſon leſs dear, to be his victim, but in vain. Meanwhile his ſon throws himſelf on his neck, amazed at a reception ſo ill ſuited to his tenderneſs; and ſeeing him diſſolved in tears, "Alas! father," cried he, "whence proceeds your ſorrow? After ſo long an abſence, are you ſorry to find yourſelf returned to your own kingdom; and to make your ſon happy at ſeeing you again? What have I done? You turn your eyes from me, as if afraid to look at me!" To this addreſs the father made no reply for ſome time; but at laſt, after many ſighs and tears, he exclaimed: "Ah! Neptune, what did I promiſe you? how dear have you made me pay for delivering me from ſhipwreck! expoſe me again to the rocks and waves, and let them put an end to my unhappy days: but let my ſon live! O cruel god! here, receive my blood, but ſpare his life!" So ſaying, he drew his ſword, in order to ſheathe it in his own boſom: but thoſe who were about him, held his hand. The old Sophronimus, interpreter of the will of the gods, aſſured him, that he might ſatisfy Neptune, without putting to death his ſon. "Your vow," ſaid he, "was raſh and imprudent: the gods will not be honoured by acts of cruelty; beware of adding to the guilt and folly of your vow, that of fulfilling it againſt the laws of nature; offer a hundred bullocks white as ſnow to Neptune; make their blood flow round his altar, crowned with flowers; and burn ſweet incenſe in honour of the god." Idomeneus heard theſe words with down-caſt eyes, and without making any reply; his looks were full of fury: his pale and ghaſtly countenance changed colour every moment; and he was ſeen to tremble in every limb. Meanwhile his ſon addreſſed him in theſe words: "Here I am,

I am, father; your ſon is ready to ſubmit to death to appeaſe the god of the ſea; draw not down upon yourſelf his reſentment: I ſhall die contented, if by my death your life may be ſecured. Plunge your ſword, father, into my boſom, and do not be afraid to find in me a ſon that is unworthy of you, who dreads the ſtroke of death." At that inſtant, Idomeneus, quite beſide himſelf, and, as it were, torn by the infernal furies, to the amazement of all that were about him, plunges his ſword in the heart of his own child; he withdraws it all reeking and bloody in order to diſpatch himſelf, but was again prevented by his attendants. The youth ſinks down amidſt his flowing blood, and his eyes are covered with the ſhades of death; he opens them again, in queſt of light, but has no ſooner found it, than, unable to ſupport it longer, they are for ever cloſed.—As a fair lily in the field, cut from the root by the keen trenchant plough, hangs down its head, and is no longer able to ſupport itſelf; it loſes not at once that lovely white, that ſplendid hue which charms the eyes; but yet it lives no more, becauſe no longer nouriſhed by the foſtering earth. Thus was the ſon of Idomeneus, like a tender flower, mowed down even in his early days. His father was deprived of reaſon by an extacy of grief; he neither knew where he was, nor what he did, nor what he ought to do; he moves with trembling ſteps towards the city, ſtill calling for his ſon. In the mean time, the people, touched with compaſſion for the ſon, and ſhuddering with horror at the barbarous act of the father, exclaimed, that the juſt gods had abandoned him to the furies. Rage furniſhes them with arms; they ſnatch up ſtaves and ſtones; and diſcord blows a deadly poiſon into every heart. The Cretans, the wiſe Cretans forget the wiſdom they ſo much adore: they no longer reſpect the deſcendant of the ſage Minos. The friends of Idomeneus ſaw that there was no other way left to ſave him, but to carry him back to his ſhips, in which they embarked with him, put to ſea, and bore away at the mercy of the winds and waves. Idomeneus

recovering his ſenſes, thanks them for having forced him away from a country he had ſtained with the blood of his ſon, and in which he could no longer bear to live. They were conducted by the winds to the coaſt of Heſperia, where they have juſt founded a new kingdom in the country of the Salentines. Mean while the Cretans, having no king to govern them, came to a reſolution to elect a ſovereign who ſhould maintain the laws of Minos in their full vigour. The meaſures they adopted for that purpoſe were theſe: all the principal inhabitants of the hundred cities are here aſſembled. They have already begun to offer ſacrifices; and have engaged all the moſt celebrated ſages of the neighbouring countries to attend, in order to examine and determine which of the ſeveral candidates is moſt worthy of the crown. They have prepared public games, in which each candidate muſt be perſonally engaged; for the crown is to be the prize of him, who is pronounced ſuperior to all the reſt in the qualities both of body and of mind. They reſolve to have a king dexterous, ſtrong, and active, whoſe mind ſhould be adorned with virtue and ſagacity. Strangers of all countries are invited to put in for the prize." Nauſecrates, after having recounted to us theſe ſtrange events, "Strangers," ſaid he, "make haſte and join the aſſembly: you ſhall enter the liſts along with the reſt; and if the gods grant either of you the victory, he ſhall reign over this country." We followed him, though we had no ſort of ambition to gain the prize, but merely from a curioſity to ſee ſo extraordinary a ſpectacle. We ſoon arrived at a kind of circus, ſurrounded with a thick foreſt: in the middle was the arena or ſpot allotted for the combatants, round which, in the form of an amphitheatre, were ſeats of green turf, to accommodate the ſpectators, who were almoſt innumerable. When we arrived, we were received in a reſpectful manner; for there is not a people on earth that treat ſtrangers with more politeneſs and hoſpitality, than the Cretans. They provided us with ſeats, and exhorted us to enter the liſts as combatants. Mentor excuſed himſelf upon

upon his great age, and Hazael upon his ill ſtate of health; but my youth and vigour left me without excuſe. However, I caſt a look at Mentor, to ſee whether he approved of my engaging as a combatant, and I perceived that he wiſhed me to try my fortune. I therefore embraced the propoſal; and having undreſſed, the ſtreams of ſmooth and glittering oil were diffuſed over all my limbs: thus prepared, I mixed among the combatants. A whiſper ran through all the ſpectators, that the ſon of Ulyſſes was come to try to carry off the prize, and divers individuals, who had been at Ithaca, and ſeen me when a child, now recognized my features. The firſt was a wreſtling match. A Rhodian, about thirty-five years of age, excelled all thoſe who had encountered him: he was now in the prime of life and vigorous; his arms were brawny and nervous; on the leaſt motion, all the muſcles of his body ſwelled to view; and he was as nimble and active as he was ſtrong. He looked on me as not worth the vanquiſhing, and pitying me as a tender ſtrippling, was going to retire; but I ſtepped up, preſented myſelf for the conteſt, cloſing immediately, we locked each other ſo hard, that ſcarcely could we breathe. We ſtood ſhoulder to ſhoulder, foot to foot, every ſinew ſtrained, and our arms intertwined like ſerpents, each ſtriving to raiſe the other from the ground. Sometimes he tried to ſurprize me by puſhing to the right; ſometimes he exerted his whole force to wrench me to the left. While he plyed me thus, I puſhed him backwards with ſuch violence, that the ſinews of his loins gave way: he fell upon the ſand, and pulled me after him. In vain he ſtrove to get me under; in ſpite of all his efforts, I kept him down. Then all the people ſhouted: "Victory to the ſon of Ulyſſes!" I now aſſiſted the diſconcerted Rhodian to riſe. The conteſt with the ceſtus, was much more difficult, and doubtful. The ſon of a rich citizen of Samos, had acquired the higheſt reputation in this kind of combat. None of the reſt would venture to encounter him: I alone dared to hope for victory. He gave me at firſt ſuch dreadful blows on the head and ſtomach, that I vomited blood,

blood, and a thick cloud overſpread my eyes. I was now ſtaggering, and the Rhodian redoubling his blows, gave me no reſpite. At that inſtant, the voice of Mentor inſpired me with freſh courage and vigour. "Son of Ulyſſes," cried he, "will you ſuffer yourſelf to be vanquiſhed?" Shame and indignation ſupplied me with new ſtrength. I dexterouſly avoided ſeveral blows that would have brought me to the ground. At laſt, the Samian having miſſed his aim, and his arm being extended without effect, I ſurpriſed him in that inclining attitude. Perceiving him recoil, I raiſed my ceſtus high, that it might fall with the greater force; which he endeavouring to avoid, and thereby loſing his balance, gave me an opportunity of throwing him with eaſe. As ſoon as I ſaw him ſtretched at his full length on the ground, I offered to aſſiſt him in getting up; but he ſtarted up without help, all over ſmeared with blood and duſt. Though he glowed with ſhame, he would not venture to renew the combat. Then began the races with chariots, which were diſtributed by lot. It was mine to have the chariot with the heavieſt wheels, and the weakeſt horſes. We ſtarted; immediately a cloud of duſt aroſe, and enveloped the ſky. I ſuffered all the reſt, at firſt ſetting out, to get before me; and a young Lacedæmonian, named Crantor, diſtanced all the reſt: cloſe behind him was a Cretan, named Polycletes. Hippomacus, a relation of Idomeneus, and ambitious of ſucceeding him on the throne, giving his horſes, that ſmoaked with ſweat, the reins, hung over their floating manes; and ſo rapid was the motion of his chariot-wheels, that they ſeemed to have none at all, like the wings of an eagle cleaving the air. My horſes, by degrees, got wind and ſpirit; and I ſoon left behind me all thoſe that had ſtarted with ſuch eager impetuoſity. Hippomacus, the kinſman of Idomeneus, over-driving his horſes, the moſt vigorous of them fell down, and thereby put an end to his maſter's hopes of being king. Polycletes leaning too much over his horſes, could not ſtand a jolt of the chariot; he fell, and quitting the reins, thought himſelf happy in eſcaping with life. Crantor's

tor's eyes gleaming with rage to ſee me almoſt up with him, he redoubled his efforts. Sometimes he invoked the gods; promiſing them rich offerings; ſometimes he endeavoured to infuſe new life and ſpirit into his horſes. He was afraid leſt I ſhould get between him and the boundary; for my horſes being better managed than his, were upon the point of leaving him behind. He had now no other reſource but to block up the paſſage; and for that end reſolved to riſque running againſt the boundary, and accordingly broke one of his wheels. I then thought of nothing, but a dextrous turn that I might not be intangled in his diſorder; and in a moment he ſaw me at the end of our career. The people ſhouted once more: "Victory to the ſon of Ulyſſes! it is he whom the gods have deſtined to reign over us." We were then conducted by the wiſeſt and moſt illuſtrious among the Cretans to an ancient ſacred wood, ſecluded from the ſight of the profane; where the old men, whom Minos had ordained to be the judges of the people, and the guardians of the laws, ordered us to be brought before them. None but thoſe who had been combatants, were called or admitted. The ſages opened the books, containing a collection of all Minos's laws. I was ſtruck with awe and reverence when I appeared before theſe old men, whom age had rendered venerable, without deſtroying the vigour of their minds. They ſat with much order and gravity, each in his place; ſome of them had hoary locks, and ſome were almoſt bald. A ſolemn and ſerene wiſdom appeared in their countenances; they did not ſhew any indecent impatience to ſpeak; and ſaid only what they had before reſolved to ſay. When they differed in opinion, they urged their ſeveral ſentiments with ſo much moderation, that one would have thought they were all of one mind. The experience they had acquired in a long life, and their great application, enabled them to ſee far into every thing: but what contributed moſt to enlighten their judgment, was the tranquillity of their minds, now no longer ſubject to the follies and caprices of youth. Their conduct was entirely regulated by the dictates of wiſdom, and by the long practice

practice of virtue they had obtained ſuch an abſolute conqueſt of their paſſions and foibles, that they felt the calm and ſublime pleaſure of being always guided by reaſon. So much did I admire them, that I wiſhed it had been in my power to forego a part of my life, in order to arrive ſpeedily at ſo deſirable an old age. I lamented the unhappineſs of youth in being ſo much ſwayed by paſſion, and ſo unacquainted with ſuch a calm and enlightened virtue. The chief among theſe ſages opened the book of Minos. It was a large volume, generally kept in a perfumed box. Each of them kiſſed it in a very reſpectful manner; for they ſaid, that next to the gods, from whom all our good laws come, nothing ought to be held by men in ſuch veneration, as the laws, which are deſigned to render them good, wiſe, and happy. Thoſe who are charged with the execution of the laws, and the government of ſtates, ought always to ſubmit to the laws themſelves. It is the laws, and not men which ought to govern. Such were the ſentiments of theſe ſages. Three queſtions were then propoſed by the preſident, to be determined agreeably to the maxims of Minos. The firſt, was, Who, of all men, was the freeſt? Some ſaid that it was a king, whoſe authority was abſolute, and who had been victorious over all his enemies. Others maintained that it was he, whoſe wealth was ſuch, that he could gratify all his paſſions. Others again thought, that it was he who never married, and who ſpent his whole life in travelling from one country into another, without ſubjecting himſelf to the laws of any. It was the opinion of others, that it was a ſavage, who, living among the woods by hunting, was a ſtranger both to want and to government. Others fancied, that it was a man juſt made free, who, immediately after being eaſed of the yoke of ſervitude, is more ſenſible than any other of the value of liberty. There were others, who would have it to be a dying man, becauſe death delivered him from every grievance, and no man had any more power over him. When it came to my turn, I knew how to anſwer the queſtion immediately, not having forgot what I had ſo often heard from Mentor.

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"The freeſt man," ſaid I, "is he who can be free even in ſlavery. In whatever country or condition one is, he is perfectly free, provided he fears the gods, and them only. In a word, to enjoy entire freedom, is to bid defiance to fear, and every other paſſion, and to be ſubject to the gods alone and to reaſon." The old men looked at one another and ſmiled, not a little ſurpriſed to find my anſwer exactly the ſame as that of Minos. The ſecond queſtion propoſed was this: Who is the moſt wretched of all men? To this every one made ſuch anſwer as his underſtanding ſuggeſted. One ſaid, it is a man, who has neither money, health, nor title. Another alledged, it was one that had no friend. Others thought it was a man whoſe children were ungrateful and unworthy of him. An old man, who came from the iſle of Leſbos, ſaid: "Of all men, he is the moſt unhappy, who thinks himſelf ſo; for, miſery ariſes not ſo much from what we ſuffer, as from our want of patience, which adds to it greatly." Theſe words were applauded by the whole aſſembly, and every one thought the Leſbian would carry off the prize for that queſtion. I was aſked my opinion; and, accordingly to what Mentor had taught me, replied: "That the man of all others the moſt wretched, was a king, who thought himſelf happy in making others miſerable: he is doubly wretched, in being ſo blind as not to ſee his miſery; and of this he cannot be cured, for he is even afraid of knowing it. The truth cannot reach him through ſuch a crowd of flatterers. He is a ſlave to his paſſions, and altogether unacquainted with his duty. He never knew the pleaſure of doing good, nor the charms of pure virtue: he is unhappy, and deſerves to be ſo: his miſery encreaſes every day: he runs headlong to deſtruction, and the gods will at laſt plunge him in an eternal abyſs of miſery." Then the whole aſſembly acknowleged I had been more fortunate than the ſage Leſbian, and that my ſentiments coincided with thoſe of Minos. The third queſtion imported, which was eligible, a king victorious and invincible in war; or one without any knowledge or experience in the art of war, but well qua-

lified to govern a nation in time of peace? The king invincible in war was preferred by the greater part. "What ſignifies it," ſaid they, "having a king well verſed in the arts of peace, if he knows not how to defend his dominions in time of war? for, if that is the caſe, he will be vanquiſhed by his enemies, and his people enſlaved." There were ſome, on the other hand, who maintained, that the pacific prince deſerved the preference, becauſe, as he had an averſion to war, he would exert himſelf to the utmoſt to prevent it. It was further alledged in favour of the warlike king, that he would advance the glory of his people, at the ſame time that he extended his own, that he would make other nations ſubject to them; whereas a pacific king would habituate them to ſloth and inactivity. Being aſked my opinion, I replied thus: "A king who knows how to govern a people either in peace only, or in war only, and who is not qualified for both, is but half a king. But if a king, who underſtands nothing but war, is compared to a wiſe king, who, though unacquainted himſelf with the art of war, can yet, when there is occaſion, manage it by his generals; the latter undoubtedly is to be preferred. A prince, whoſe turn is intirely for war, would be always for extending his glory and dominions, and thereby would ruin his people. Of what advantage is it to any ſtate, that their king brings other nations under their yoke; if, at the ſame time, they themſelves are miſerable under his adminiſtration? Beſides, long wars always occaſion a number of diſorders: in theſe times of confuſion, even the conquerors are ſufferers. See how dear the taking of Troy hath coſt Greece; this country having been thereby deprived of its kings during the ſpace of ten years, and more. When war hath ſet a country all on fire, the laws, agriculture, and the arts droop and languiſh. The very beſt of princes, when they have a war to carry on, are obliged to give way to the greateſt of evils, namely, the conniving at licentiouſneſs, and employing bad men. How many miſcreants are there, whoſe audaciouſneſs muſt be rewarded in time of war, that would ſuffer condign puniſhment

puniſhment in peaceable times? Never had any nation a king fond of war and conqueſt, without ſuffering by his ambition. A warlike prince, intoxicated with the love of glory, is little leſs fatal to his own ſubjects, though victorious, than to the countries which he hath ſubdued. A ſtate cannot reap the benefit of its ſucceſs in war, if its ſovereign is not qualified for the adminiſtration of government in peaceable times. He is like a man, who ſhould not only be able to defend his own field, but alſo take poſſeſſion of that of his neighbour, and yet could neither till nor ſow, nor conſequently reap any harveſt: ſuch a king ſeems born to deſtroy, to ravage, and turn the world upſide down; not to make his people happy by a wiſe adminiſtration. Now let us turn to the pacific prince. He is not, indeed, qualified for making great conqueſts; that is, nature has not fitted or diſpoſed him to diſturb the repoſe of his people, by aſpiring at the conqueſt of other nations, to which he has no claim or right. But if he is well qualified to govern in peace, he will not be at a loſs how to ſecure his people from the attacks of their enemies. For he will be juſt, moderate, and eaſy with regard to the neighbouring ſtates: he will never do any thing that may tend to interrupt the harmony between him and them; and he will be faithful to his engagements. His allies therefore will love him: they will not entertain any jealouſy of him; but will repoſe an intire confidence in his virtue. If there is any of his neighbours of a turbulent, haughty, and ambitious diſpoſition; all the reſt, who for that reaſon are jealous of him, but not at all of the pacific prince, will aſſiſt the latter, to prevent his being cruſhed by the other. His probity, ſincerity, and moderation, make all his neighbours refer their differences to his deciſion: and while the enterpriſing prince is hated by all others, and continually expoſed to their confederacies and combinations, the other has the glory of being eſteemed their common father and protector. Such are his advantages, with reſpect to foreign affairs. With regard to domeſtic conſiderations, they are ſtill more conſiderable. As he is ſuppoſed well qualified to go-

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vern in peace, he muſt, in conſequence, govern by wiſe laws. He will reſtrain luxury and effeminacy, and all thoſe arts that ſerve only to foſter and promote vice: but he will cheriſh and encourage thoſe that are uſeful and neceſſary in life; particularly, he will make his ſubjects apply themſelves vigorouſly to agriculture, and thereby procure them plenty of all neceſſaries. The people being laborious, ſimple in their manners, plain and frugal in their way of living, and earning a ſubſiſtence eaſily by the culture of their lands, will multiply prodigiouſly. They will be almoſt without number, and at the ſame time healthy, ſtout, and ſtrong; not enervated by pleaſure, but invigorated by the exerciſe of virtue, averſe to luxury and ſloth, above the fear of death, ready to part with life rather than the liberty they enjoy under a wiſe king, who exerts himſelf to the utmoſt to ſupport the authority of reaſon. Should a neighbouring warlike prince attack this king, perhaps he would not find him very ſkilful in encamping an army, or drawing it up in order of battle, or in directing a ſiege; but he would find him invincible in numbers, in courage, in bearing fatigue with patience, and enduring poverty from habit; by his courage in time of action, and his virtue, which adverſity cannot ſubdue. Moreover, ſuch a king, if he wants experience to command his armies in perſon, will make choice of proper perſons for that purpoſe, without expoſing himſelf to any danger of loſing his authority. Beſides, he would be aſſiſted by his allies, and his own ſubjects, rather than fall under the dominion of a prince of a violent deſpotic temper, would ſupport him with their lives and fortunes. In fine, the gods themſelves would fight for him. Such would his reſources be amidſt the greateſt dangers. To conclude, a pacific prince, who is unacquainted with the art of war, is defective in his qualifications, ſince he cannot perform one of the principal functions of his office, namely, that of ſubduing his enemies; yet I maintain that he is far ſuperior to the warrior who is well verſed in military affairs alone, and has no capacity to conduct matters properly in time of peace." I perceived that theſe notions

notions were not reliſhed by many in the aſſembly; for the greater part of mankind, dazzled with the ſplendor of ſhining actions, prefer them to what is ſimple, calm, and ſolid, as the arts of peace and good government. However, all the old judges declared, that Minos was of the ſame way of thinking as I. Then the chief of them exclaimed: "I perceive that an oracle of Apollo, well known all over this iſland, is now accompliſhed. Minos having conſulted that god to know how long his deſcendants would reign, according to the laws he had enacted, was anſwered thus: "Thy offspring will ceaſe to reign when a ſtranger ſhall come into thy iſle, to put thy laws in force." We were apprehenſive leſt the meaning of this ſhould be, that a ſtranger would come and make a conqueſt of the iſland; but the misfortune of Idomeneus, and the wiſdom of the ſon of Ulyſſes, who underſtands the laws of Minos better than any other perſon, have diſcovered to us the true ſenſe of the oracle. Why do we then delay to offer him the crown, whom the fates have ordained to be our king?"

THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus relates that he refuſed the crown of Crete, in order to return to Ithaca: that he propoſed their electing Mentor, who likewiſe excuſed himſelf: that at laſt, the aſſembly importuning Mentor to chuſe for the whole nation, he acquainted them with what he had heard of the virtues of Ariſtodemus; who, in conſequence of that recommendation, was immediately proclaimed king: that Mentor and he then embarked for Ithaca; but that Neptune, to gratify Venus, whom they had offended, had wrecked their ſhip, when they were received by the goddeſs Calypſo in her iſland.

THE old men immediately quitted the ſacred grove, and the chief of them taking me by the hand, acquainted the people, who waited with impatience for their deciſion, that I had gained the prize. Scarce had he done ſpeaking, when a confuſed noiſe ran through the whole aſſembly. Every one ſhouted for joy. The whole coaſt, and neighbouring mountains, echoed with theſe words: "May the ſon of Ulyſſes, who reſembles Minos, reign over the Cretans." After waiting a while, I made a ſign with my hand, to intimate my deſire to be heard. In the mean time, Mentor

Mentor whiſpered thus in my ear: "Are you going to renounce your country? Will the ambition of being a king, make you forget Penelope, who longs for you as her only remaining hope; and the great Ulyſſes, whom the gods intended to reſtore to you?" Theſe words ſtung me to the heart, and fortified me againſt the vain deſire of a crown. But obſerving that a profound ſilence had now taken the place of tumult in the aſſembly, I thus addreſſed them: "O illuſtrious Cretans, I am not worthy of being your king. The oracle, that was mentioned, expreſsly declares, that the race of Minos will ceaſe to reign, when a ſtranger ſhall come into the iſland, and enforce the laws of that wiſe monarch. But it does not ſay that the ſtranger ſhall be king. It is not improbable that I may be the ſtranger meant by the oracle; ſince I have accompliſhed the prediction. I came a ſtranger into the iſland, and have ſhewn the true ſenſe and import of the laws, and I wiſh my explication may have the effect to make them reign under him whom you ſhall chooſe for your king. For my part, I prefer my country, the poor petty iſland of Ithaca, to the hundred cities of Crete, and all the glory and opulence of this kingdom. Allow me to fulfil my deſtiny: if I entered the liſts as a combatant in your games, it was not with any hope or view of being your king, but only to recommend myſelf to your eſteem and compaſſion, and in conſequence of that, be furniſhed with the means of returning ſpeedily to my native land. I had rather execute the commands of my father Ulyſſes, and adminiſter comfort to my mother Penelope, than be ſovereign of the whole univerſe. Thus, O Cretans, have I communicated to you my real ſentiments: we muſt part; but while I live, I will never forget my obligations to you. Yes, to his laſt breath ſhall Telemachus love the Cretans, and think himſelf no leſs concerned to promote their glory than his own." I had no ſooner done ſpeaking, than a confuſed noiſe enſued, like that of the waves of the ſea, rolling over one another in a ſtorm. Some ſaid: "Is it not a god under the form of a man?" Others affirmed, that they had ſeen me in other countries,

tries, and knew me again. There were others that would have compelled me to be king. At length, I reſolved to ſpeak to them again, and no ſooner did they perceive my deſign, than they all immediately forbore talking, not knowing whether I might not be going to accept of what I had before refuſed. I ſpoke to this effect: "Allow me, O Cretans, to diſcloſe my ſentiments to you. You are of all nations the wiſeſt: yet, methinks, there is a precaution dictated by wiſdom, which you overlook. It is not the man who argues beſt concerning laws, but he who is moſt ſteady and exact in the obſervance of them, whom you ought to chooſe for your king. As for me, I am young, and conſequently without experience, and expoſed to the violence of paſſion. At preſent, it is more proper that I ſhould learn, by obeying, how to command one day, than I ſhould command immediately. Let not then the man, who has gained the victory in the games in reſpect both of body and mind, be your choice; but he that has gained a conqueſt over himſelf; look out for a man who has your laws written in his heart, and who has made them the rule of his conduct through his whole life; let your choice be determined by actions, and not words." All the old men, charmed with what I had ſaid, and finding the applauſe and admiration of the people ſtill increaſing, thus accoſted me: "Since the gods do not permit us to hope to have you for our king, you will at leaſt aſſiſt us in finding one that will obſerve and enforce our laws. Know you any perſon capable of government with ſuch wiſdom and moderation?" "Yes," ſaid I, "and it is the man to whom I am indebted for all that you admire in me; it was his wiſdom, and not my own, that taught me all I have been ſaying to you; and the anſwers I have made to the ſeveral queſtions you propoſed to me, flowed from the ſame ſource." The eyes of the whole aſſembly were now fixed upon Mentor, to whom I directed them by taking him by the hand, when I made the above reply. I told them how careful he had been of me, while a child; from what dangers he had delivered me; what misfortunes had befallen me, when I did not follow his advice. Before, they had

had not taken any notice of him, by reaſon of his plain unadorned dreſs, his modeſty, his almoſt uninterrupted ſilence, and his cold reſerved air. But when they examined him more attentively, they diſcovered in his countenance ſomething great and reſolute: they took notice of the vivacity of his eyes, and the ſpirit he diſplayed even in the moſt trivial matters: they put ſome queſtions to him, which he anſwered in ſuch a manner as to excite their admiration, and induce them to make him an offer of the crown. He declined it without any emotion: he ſaid, he preferred the charms of a private life to the ſplendor of royalty; he obſerved that the beſt of kings were unhappy, in that they hardly ever did the good they wiſhed to do, and often, miſled by the artifice and importunity of flatterers, did the ill they wiſhed to avoid. He added, that if ſlavery was miſery, royalty was no leſs ſo, ſince it was only ſlavery diſguiſed. "A king," ſaid he, "depends on all thoſe whom he muſt employ to execute his orders, and maintain his authority. Happy they who are not obliged to wear a crown! it is to our country alone that we are bound to ſacrifice our liberty, when, for the public good, we are veſted with power and authority." The Cretans then, ſtill more ſurpriſed than before, aſked him, whom he would have them chooſe for their king. "I would have you," ſaid he, "chooſe one who knows you well, as he is to be your king; and who, notwithſtanding, is afraid to take the charge upon him. He that deſires to be a king, knows not what royalty is: and how is he like to diſcharge the duties of it, who is an utter ſtranger to its nature? He deſires it for his own ſake; but the man you ought to wiſh for, ſhould be one that accepts it for your ſake alone." The Cretans were all amazed to ſee two ſtrangers refuſe a crown, which the generality of mankind covet ſo much, and they had a great curioſity to know with whom they came into the iſland. Nauſicrates, who had conducted us from the port to the circus, where the games were celebrated, ſhewed them Hazael, with whom we came from the iſle of Cyprus. But their aſtoniſhment was

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ſtill much greater, when they underſtood that Mentor had been Hazael's ſlave, and that Hazael, ſtruck with his wiſdom and virtue, had made him his deareſt friend and counſellor; that this ſlave, now free, was the ſame who had juſt refuſed their crown, and that Hazael, from his love of wiſdom, was come from Damaſcus in Syria to make himſelf acquainted with the laws of Minos. The old men then addreſſed Hazael in theſe terms: "We dare not venture to propoſe to you the accepting of our crown, as we conclude, that your ſentiments are the ſame as thoſe of Mentor. You ſeem to deſpiſe men too much, to charge yourſelf with the government of them; nor do you value riches and the ſplendor of royalty enough, to purchaſe them with the toils inſeparable from government." Hazael replied: "Do not imagine, O Cretans, that I deſpiſe mankind. No, no; I know how noble and praiſe-worthy a thing it is, to labour to make them good and happy: but that labour is attended with great danger and trouble. The pomp and ſplendor annexed to it, are vain and frivolous, and can dazzle none but weak minds. Life is ſhort, and greatneſs inflames the paſſions more than it can gratify them: it was to learn how to be eaſy without theſe ſpurious bleſſings, and not how to attain them, that I came ſo far from home. Adieu. I have no thoughts but about returning to a life of privacy and retirement, where wiſdom may nouriſh my heart, and where the hopes, that we derive from virtue, of a happier life after death, may ſupport and comfort me under the infirmities of old age. Had I any thing further to wiſh for, it would be, not that I might be a king, but that I might never be ſeparated from theſe two men there." The Cretans then again applied to Mentor: "Tell us," ſaid they, "O thou, the wiſeſt and greateſt of all men, tell us, who we ſhall chuſe for king. We will not ſuffer you to depart hence, till you have told us who it is that we ought to make choice of." To this declaration he replied: "While I was in the crowd among the ſpectators, I obſerved a man

a man, who appeared quite calm and unconcerned. He was old, but vigorous. I aſked who he was, and was anſwered, that his name was Ariſtodemus. I afterwards heard them tell him, that his two ſons were in the number of the combatants; but he diſcovered no joy at the news; he ſaid, that as for one of them, he did not wiſh him the dangers that attend royalty; and that he loved his country too well ever to conſent to the other's being a king. By that ſpecimen, I perceived, that he had a rational affection for one of them, who was virtuous, and that he did not flatter the other in his irregularities. My curioſity being rouſed, I aſked, in what manner, the old man had ſpent his days. One of your countrymen made anſwer: "He carried arms a long time, and his body is covered all over with wounds: but his ſincerity, and averſion to flattery, rendered him diſagreeable to Idomeneus; and for that reaſon he did not carry him with him to the ſiege of Troy. He dreaded a man who would give him wiſe counſel, which he had not the virtue or reſolution to follow: he was even jealous of the glory that he would undoubtedly ſoon have acquired; he therefore forgot all his former ſervices, and left him behind him, poor, and deſpiſed by the worthleſs and undiſcerning, who value nothing but riches: yet, though he is poor, he is chearful and contented, and lives in a retired part of the iſland; where he cultivates his ſmall farm with his own hands. One of his ſons lives with him, and aſſiſts him in his labour; and the greateſt harmony ſubſiſts between them: their frugality and induſtry render them happy, having thereby plenty of every neceſſary that a plain ſimple way of life requires. The good old man diſtributes among the ſick poor of his neighbourhood, all that his ſon or himſelf can ſpare. He ſets all young people to work; exhorts, and inſtructs them: he determines all the differences in his neighbourhood, and is the father of every family around. He is unfortunate, however, in having one ſon, who will take none of his advice. He bore with him a long time, in hopes of reclaiming him; but

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was at laſt obliged to baniſh him from his houſe. This youth is extremely debauched and diſſolute, and has a fooliſh abſurd ambition. Such, O Cretans, was the information I received: how far it is true, you beſt can tell. But if he is ſuch as he is repreſented, what occaſion had you to ordain games, and aſſemble ſuch a number of ſtrangers? You have among you a man who knows you, and whom you know; who is acquainted with war, and who has manifeſted his courage, not only againſt darts and arrows, but againſt poverty and want; who ſcorned to acquire wealth by flattery; who loves labour and induſtry; who knows of what advantage agriculture is to a ſtate; who deteſts pomp and vain glory; who does not ſuffer himſelf to be miſled by a blind partiality for his children, but loves the virtue of the one, and condemns the vices of the other; in fine, a man who is already the father of his country. This is he whom you ought to make your king, if you really wiſh to ſee the laws of the ſage Minos duly enforced and executed." All the people cried—"It is true! Ariſtodemus is indeed ſuch as you have deſcribed him, and therefore deſerves the crown." Then the old men ordered him to be called. After ſome ſearch, he was found in the crowd, among the dregs of the people. When he was told that he had been pitched upon for king, he diſcovered no emotion at the news, but ſaid: "I will conſent to it, only upon three conditions. Firſt, that I ſhall be at liberty to reſign the crown after two years, if I cannot make you better than you are at preſent, and find you unwilling to ſubmit to the laws: ſecondly, that I be permitted to continue in my ſimple and frugal courſe of life: thirdly, that my children ſhall not be entitled to any rank or diſtinction; and that after my death, they ſhall be on the ſame footing with the other citizens, and treated according to their merit." He had no ſooner pronounced theſe words, than the air reſounded with ſhouts of joy. The chief of the old men, who were guardians of the laws, ſet the crown upon his head, and ſacrifices were offered to Jupiter,

Jupiter, and the other ſuperior gods. He made us preſents, noble and valuable indeed, but without the magnificence uſual among kings. He gave Hazael a collection of the laws of Minos, written by the hand of Minos himſelf, and a complete hiſtory of Crete, from the time of Saturn and the golden age; he ordered his ſhip to be ſtored with all the beſt ſorts of fruits that grew in Crete, but not in Syria; and offered to ſupply him with every thing that he might have occaſion for in his voyage. As Mentor and I were in haſte to be gone, he ordered a veſſel to be got ready for us with good rowers, ſome armed men, cloaths and proviſions. No ſooner were theſe ſteps taken, than the wind began to blow fair for Ithaca, but being againſt Hazael, he was obliged to wait. As we were now ready to go on board, he took his leave of us, as of friends, whom he ſhould never ſee again. "The gods," ſaid he, "are juſt; they are witneſſes of a friendſhip, that is not founded on intereſt: one day they will again bring us together, and in thoſe happy fields, where the juſt are ſaid to enjoy an eternal peace after death, ſhall our ſouls be reunited, never to be parted any more. O that my aſhes might in like manner be united to yours! as he ſpoke theſe words, a flood of tears ran down his cheeks, and his voice was ſtifled with ſobbing. He then accompanied us on board, while we were no leſs affected, and wept as bitterly as he. As for Ariſtodemus, he addreſſed us thus: "It is you, who have raiſed me to the throne: remember, in what a dangerous ſituation you have placed me. Pray to the gods to inſpire me with true wiſdom, and that I may as far ſurpaſs other men in moderation, as I do in power and authority. On my part, I pray, that you may be conveyed in ſafety to your native country; that the inſolence of your enemies may be humbled; and that you may ſee Ulyſſes reigning in peace with his dear Penelope. I have given you, Telemachus, a ſtout ſhip, full of rowers and armed men, which you may employ againſt thoſe wicked ſuitors that are ſo troubleſome to your mother. As for you, Mentor,

your wiſdom is ſuch, that I have nothing left to wiſh you. Adieu! live happy together; remember Ariſtodemus; and if ever the Ithacians ſhould want the aſſiſtance of the Cretans, you may depend upon me to my laſt breath. He then embraced us tenderly; we thanked him for his kindneſs, and ſhed many tears. The wind now ſwelling up our ſails, we promiſed ourſelves a happy voyage. We ſoon loſt ſight of the coaſt, and mount Ida appeared like a little hill, while, at the ſame time, the coaſt of Peloponneſus ſeemed advancing to meet us in the ſea. But all on a ſudden a black ſtorm overcaſt the ſkies, and rouſed all the billows of the main. The day was changed into night, and death preſented itſelf before our eyes. It was you, O Neptune, who, by your awful trident, excited all the waters of your vaſt domain. For Venus, to be revenged of us for having deſpiſed her even in her temple at Cytherea, had recourſe to that god; ſhe appeared before him in great affliction; her beautiful eyes were bathed in tears: at leaſt, I was told ſo by Mentor, who is well acquainted with divine matters. "Will you ſuffer," ſaid ſhe, "theſe impious wretches to make light of my power with impunity? the gods themſelves feel it; and yet theſe audacious mortals have dared to condemn every thing that is done in my iſland. They pique themſelves upon a wiſdom that is proof againſt all temptation; and love by them is accounted folly. Have you forgot that I was born in your empire? why do you then delay a moment to bury in your profound abyſs thoſe two men, whom I cannot endure?" She had no ſooner done ſpeaking, than Neptune lifted up his billows to the ſkies; at which ſhe laughed, thinking that we could not poſſibly avoid ſhipwreck. Our pilot, greatly alarmed, declared that it was not in his power to prevent our being driven by the fury of the winds againſt the rocks: a dreadful ſquall carried away our maſt, and immediately after we ſtruck on the rocks, the ſharp points of which entered the bottom of the ſhip. The water then ruſhed in on all hands, and the veſſel foundered:

while

while the mariners invoked the gods in moſt lamentable cries. As for myſelf, I embraced Mentor, ſaying, "Death, you ſee, is now at hand; let us meet it undaunted. The gods have delivered us from ſo many dangers, only that we might periſh to day. Let us die, Mentor, let us die. It is a comfort to me that I ſhall die with you; it would be in vain to attempt to ſave our lives in ſuch a tempeſt." Mentor replied: "True courage always finds ſome reſource. We ought not only to be ready to meet death, when unavoidable, with intrepidity, but likewiſe to uſe our utmoſt efforts to eſcape it. Let us then, both together, lay hold of one of theſe huge rowers' banks. While theſe men, in terror and perplexity, lament their fate, without endeavouring to find any expedient to ſave themſelves, let us not loſe a moment in trying to preſerve our lives. So ſaying, he ſeized a hatchet, and cuts away the maſt, which being already broke, and hanging down into the ſea, had laid the ſhip on her ſide; then puſhing it into the ſea, he ſprang upon it; gets amidſt the raging waves; thence calling me by name, and encouraging me to follow his example. As a huge tree aſſaulted by the united winds, ſtands firm and ſteady, fixed its roots profound, ſo that the ſtorm can only ſkake its leaves, thus did Mentor, calm and intrepid, ſeem to command both the winds and waves. I leaped into the ſea; and who would not have done it, encouraged as I was by him? We both then clung to the maſt, and it was of great ſervice, by affording us wherewithal to reſt upon: for without it, our ſtrength would have been ſoon exhauſted in ſwimming, and ſtruggling with the waves: but the raging of the ſea continually rolling it about, we were often plunged into the abyſs. We then ſwallowed the ſalt water in abundance, and great quantities of it ran from our mouths, ears, and noſtrils. Thus overturned, we were oft obliged to ſtruggle ſome time with the waves, before we could recover the maſt. Sometimes a lofty billow, like a mountain, breaking over us, we were under a neceſſity of graſping it with all our ſtrength, leſt, loſing our hold in ſuch a violent

ſhock,

ſhock, we ſhould not be able to retrieve the only ſupport on which our whole dependence was placed. While we remained in this dreadful ſituation, Mentor, who was as unconcerned as he now is, ſitting upon that turf, accoſted me thus: "Do you imagine, Telemachus, that your life is now at the mercy of the winds and waves? Do you imagine, they can deprive you of it, without the order or permiſſion of the gods? No, no; it is the gods who diſpoſe of every thing. It is the gods then, and not the ſea, that you ought to be afraid of. Was you at the bottom of the deep, the hand of Jupiter could bring you thence in ſafety. Was you in Olympus, and ſaw the ſtars under your feet, Jupiter could plunge in the abyſs, or throw you headlong into the diſmal flames of Tartarus." I heard, I admired theſe words of Mentor, which yielded me ſome comfort; but I was not enough maſter of myſelf, to make him any anſwer. It was now night, which we paſſed ſhivering with cold, and half-dead, neither ſeeing one another, nor knowing whither we were driven by the tempeſt. At laſt the wind began to abate, and the bellowing ſea might be compared to one who had been long in a high paſſion, but who, after his rage has ſubſided, feels only a gentle emotion, the remains of his former perturbation. Thus there remained in the ſea no other ſymptoms of the ſtorm, beſides a grumbling noiſe, and her billows were now no higher than ridges in a ploughed field. In the mean time, Aurora came to open the gates of heaven to Phœbus, and cheered us with the proſpect of a fine day. The eaſt was all on fire, and the ſtars, which had been ſo long hid from our eyes, made their appearance again, but fled immediately upon the approach of Phœbus. We deſcried the land at a diſtance, and the wind gently wafted us towards it. Hope began now again to ſpring up in my heart, and I looked about to ſee if I could diſcover any of our companions, but could not. It is likely they all gave way to deſpair, and were ſwallowed up in the deep, together with the ſhip. When we drew near the land, the ſea drove us againſt ſome pointed rocks, which would have been

been fatal to us, if Mentor had not preſented the end of the maſt to them, of which he made the ſame uſe, that an expert pilot does of a good helm. Thus did we avoid theſe frightful rocks, and found at laſt a ſmooth open beach, whither we ſwam, and landed on the ſhore. It was there that you, O mighty goddeſs, who inhabit this iſle, firſt ſaw us; and there it was you favoured us with an hoſpitable reception.

THE END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Calypſo, ſtruck with admiration of Telemachus and his adventures, uſes all the means ſhe can think of, to prevent his quitting the iſland, and to captivate his heart. Mentor, by his remonſtrances, enables Telemachus to baffle both the artifices of the goddeſs, and of Cupid, whom Venus had ſent to her aſſiſtance. Nevertheleſs, Telemachus and the nymph Eucharis become mutually enamoured of one another; which excites firſt the jealouſy, and afterwards the anger of Calypſo againſt the two lovers. She ſwears by Styx, that Telemachus ſhall quit her iſle. Cupid comes and comforts her, and engages her nymphs to go and burn the bark which Mentor had built; and to which he was then in a manner dragging Telemachus, in order to put him on board, and carry him off. Telemachus feels a ſecret joy at ſeeing the bark on fire; which Mentor perceiving, puſhes him into the ſea, and throws himſelf in after him, in order to ſwim to another ſhip, that was but a little way from the ſhore.

WHEN Telemachus had finiſhed the recital of his adventures, the nymphs, who had never taken their eyes off him all the time, and had been extremely

tremely attentive, now ſtared at one another. "Who," ſaid they to one another, greatly ſurpriſed, "are theſe two men, ſo much favoured by the gods? Were ever ſuch marvellous adventures heard of before? The ſon of Ulyſſes already ſurpaſſes his father in eloquence, wiſdom, and valour. What an air! what beauty! what ſweetneſs! what modeſty! nay, and what nobleneſs and magnanimity! if we did not know he is a mortal, we ſhould be apt to take him for Bacchus or Mercury, or even the great Apollo! but who is that Mentor, who has the appearance of a plain, ſimple, ordinary perſon; yet, upon a nearer view, there appears in him ſomething more than human?"

Calypſo could not hear them talk in this manner without betraying great uneaſineſs. She was continually gazing, one while at Mentor, and another at Telemachus. Sometimes ſhe would have the latter enter on the long ſtory of his adventures anew; then ſhe would begin to ſay ſomething, and immediately break off. At laſt, ſtarting up, ſhe took Telemachus haſtily by the hand, and conducted him all alone into a myrtle grove, where ſhe was extremely inquiſitive, in order to learn from him, whether Mentor was not a divinity under the form of a man. But Telemachus could not ſatisfy her curioſity; for Minerva had never diſcovered herſelf to him, whilſt ſhe accompanied him under the appearance of Mentor, on account of his youth. She did not, as yet, confide enough in his ſecrecy, to communicate to him her deſigns. Beſides, ſhe intended to put him to the proof, by expoſing him to the greateſt dangers; but had he known that Minerva was his attendant, that would have ſupported him, and the moſt alarming accidents would have made no impreſſion upon him. But as it was, he knew nothing of Mentor's being Minerva, and therefore all the artifice employed by Calypſo to diſcover it, was altogether ineffectual.

In the mean time, all the nymphs crowding about Mentor, were buſied in aſking him queſtions. One begged to know what happened to him in his travels

to Æthiopia; another was curious to learn what he had ſeen at Damaſcus; and a third aſked him if he was acquainted with Ulyſſes, before he went to Troy. He anſwered them all with good nature and affability, and expreſſed himſelf in a ſimple, yet graceful manner. Calypſo ſoon returned and joined them; and while the nymphs were gathering flowers, and ſinging to divert Telemachus, ſhe took Mentor aſide, to try if ſhe could engage him to make a diſcovery. Balmy ſleep does not more ſweetly ſteal upon the heavy eyes, and diffuſe its healing virtue through weary limbs, than did the flattering words of the goddeſs inſinuate themſelves to deceive and enſnare Mentor. But ſhe always found in him a certain ſecret energy, that repelled all her efforts, and baffled the force of her charms. Like a high towering rock, whoſe ſummit is hid among the clouds, and which the moſt furious winds aſſail in vain, did Mentor remain unſhaken in his purpoſes againſt all the attempts of the goddeſs. Sometimes he would make her fancy that ſhe ſhould be able to entangle him by her queſtions, and extract the ſecret from the inmoſt receſs of his ſoul. But, the moment ſhe fondly hoped her curioſity would be ſatisfied, all her hopes vaniſhed. What ſhe thought ſhe had a faſt hold of, in an inſtant ſlipped away: and ſome conciſe reply of Mentor, reinvolved her in all her doubts and uncertainty. Thus, ſhe paſſed days, ſometimes flattering Telemachus, ſometimes in endeavouring to detach him from Mentor, whom ſhe now deſpaired of inveigling into a confeſſion of the truth. She employed her moſt beautiful nymphs to kindle the flame of love in the heart of young Telemachus, and a divinity more powerful than herſelf came to aſſiſt her in obtaining her wiſh.

Venus, ſtill glowing with reſentment for the contempt which Mentor and Telemachus had ſhewn of the worſhip paid her in the iſle of Cyprus, was extremely mortified to find that theſe two raſh mortals had eſcaped the fury of the winds and waves, in the ſtorm raiſed by Neptune. She made heavy

complaints

complaints of it to Jupiter; but the father of the gods would not let her know that the ſon of Ulyſſes had been ſaved by Minerva, under the appearance of Mentor: he only ſmiled, and gave her permiſſion to ſearch new expedients for completing her revenge. Thus authorized, ſhe quitted Olympus, and mounted her chariot drawn by droves; but inſtead of ſteering her courſe for Paphos, Cythera, or Idalium, where ſweet perfumes are burnt on her altars, ſhe went and called her ſon, and thus accoſted him, while grief diffuſed new charms upon her lovely countenance. "Do you ſee, my ſon, theſe two men who deſpiſe both your power and mine? Who for the future will be our votaries? Go down with me to that iſland, and with thy arrows transfix theſe two unfeeling hearts, while I diſcourſe with Calypſo." She had no ſooner uttered theſe words, than cleaving the air in a golden cloud, ſhe preſented herſelf before Calypſo, who was then all alone by a fountain, at a conſiderable diſtance from her grotto. "Unhappy goddeſs!" ſaid ſhe, "you was deſpiſed by the ungrateful Ulyſſes; and now his ſon, ſtill more inſenſible, would treat you in the ſame manner: but Cupid himſelf is come to revenge you on him; I ſhall leave him with you; he will be among your nymphs, as the infant god Bacchus was formerly among the nymphs of Naxos, by whom he was nurſed. Telemachus will look upon him as no more than a child; he will entertain no ſuſpicion of him, though he will ſoon be made ſenſible of his power." Thus ſhe ſpoke, and immediately regained the gilded cloud from which ſhe had deſcended, leaving behind her an amſial odour, with which all Calypſo's groves were perfumed.

The god of love remained in the arms of Calypſo, who, though a goddeſs, found that the flame had reached her heart. To eaſe herſelf, ſhe gave him to the nymph who was next to her, named Eucharis. But alas! how heartily did ſhe afterwards repent of having thus diſpoſed of him. At firſt, nothing appeared more innocent, gentle, amiable, frank, and good-

humoured

humoured than that child. To ſee him always ſprightly, obliging, laughing, one would have thought that he never could be the occaſion of any uneaſineſs: but no ſooner was any confidence placed in his careſſes, than they were found to convey a kind of poiſon to the heart. The falſe malicious child employed thoſe arts only, in order to betray, and never laughed, but on account either of the miſchief he had done, or wiſhed to do. Mentor's ſeverity frightened him, ſo that he was afraid to go near him, having found him proof againſt all his arrows, and abſolutely invulnerable. As for the nymphs, all of them ſoon felt the flames that the treacherous Cupid had lighted up; but they carefully concealed the deep wounds that rankled at their hearts. In the mean time, Telemachus, ſeeing the child playing with the nymphs, was ſtruck with his beauty and good humour. Taking him up, he ſometimes hugged him in his arms, ſometimes dandled him on his knees. But he ſoon felt an uneaſineſs, the cauſe of which he could not diſcover; the more he ſought innocent amuſement, the more uneaſy he grew, and the leſs reſolution he had. "Have you obſerved," ſaid he to Mentor, "theſe nymphs? What a difference there is between them and the women of the iſle of Cyprus, whoſe want of modeſty made their charms diſguſting: but theſe immortal beauties diſplay an innocence, modeſty, and ſimplicity, replete with charms." While he ſpoke thus, he bluſhed, without knowing why he did ſo. He could not forbear talking; yet ſcarce had he begun, when he ſtopped ſhort, and could not proceed; and his converſation, upon the whole, was broken, obſcure, and often without any meaning at all.

Mentor's reply was this: "O Telemachus! the dangers to which you were expoſed in the iſle of Cyprus, were nothing, compared to thoſe, of which you have not at preſent the leaſt apprehenſion. Groſs impudence and undiſguiſed vice, excite abhorrence; and are therefore leſs dangerous than modeſt beauty. In loving it, we imagine we only love virtue, and thus are inſenſibly caught by the deluſive bait of a paſſion, which

which we are ſeldom aware of, till it is too late to get the better of it. Guard, my dear Telemachus, guard againſt thoſe nymphs, who only affect modeſty, that they may the more eaſily enſnare you. Guard againſt the dangers to which your youth expoſes you; but, above all, guard againſt that boy, who is really the god of love, though you know it not, and was brought hither by his mother Venus to take vengeance of you for deſpiſing her worſhip at Cythera. He hath ſhot his darts, not only into the heart of the goddeſs Calypſo, who is paſſionately in love with you, but likewiſe of all her nymphs: nay, he has not even ſpared you, O unhappy young man! though you are not ſenſible of the wound."

Telemachus often interrupted Mentor, and ſaid: "Why do we not fix our reſidence in this iſland? Ulyſſes muſt be dead: he muſt have been buried long ago in the ſea. Penelope, not ſeeing either him or me return, muſt have yielded to the ſolicitations of ſome of her ſuitors. Her father Icarus has, without doubt, compelled her to take another huſband. Shall I return to Ithaca, and ſee her engaged in new connexions, after having violated the faith ſhe plighted to my father? The Ithacians have forgot Ulyſſes. We cannot return thither without expoſing ourſelves to certain death, as Penelope's lovers have, no doubt, ſecured all the avenues of the port, that they may be ſure to deſtroy us at our return."

Mentor thus replied. "Behold the effects of a blind paſſion. We are very ingenious in finding arguments to defend it, but cannot or will not ſee thoſe that condemn our weakneſs. The only uſe we then make of our underſtandings, is, to deceive ourſelves, and ſtifle our remorſe. Have you forgot all that the gods have done, in order to reſtore you to your native country? How did you eſcape from Sicily? Did not the misfortunes you met with in Egypt, ſoon terminate in proſperity? What unſeen hand delivered you from all the dangers that threatened you in Tyre? After ſo many wonderful eſcapes, are you ſtill to learn, what the deſtinies have in reſerve for you? But what

do

do I ſay? You are unworthy of it. As for me, I will ſtay no longer here: I know very well how to retire from the iſland. Baſe, effeminate ſon of ſo wiſe and generous a father, lead here an indolent, diſhonourable life among women; and, in direct oppoſition to the will of the gods, do what your father counted unworthy of his name."

Theſe reproaches ſtung Telemachus to the heart; and excited in him both ſhame and ſorrow. He dreaded the diſpleaſure and departure of ſo wiſe a man, to whom he was ſo greatly indebted. But he was no longer the ſame man, in conſequence of the paſſion that was beginning to kindle in his heart; of which, however, he was not aware. "What then," ſaid he to Mentor, with tears in his eyes, "do you reckon the immortality offered me by the goddeſs, as nothing?" "Yes," replied Mentor, "I reckon as nothing whatever is contrary to virtue, and the will of the gods. Virtue calls you to your native country, to ſee Ulyſſes and Penelope, and forbids you to give way to a fooliſh paſſion; and it is the will of the gods, who have delivered you from ſo many dangers, to make your glory equal that of your father, that you ſhould quit this iſle. It is love alone, that ſhameful tyrant, that can make you wiſh to ſtay in it. Alas! what would immortality ſignify to you, without liberty, virtue, or glory? You would be only ſo much the more miſerable in being immortal."

To theſe reflections Telemachus replied only by ſighs. Sometimes he would have been glad that Mentor had carried him away by main force; at other times he wiſhed that he was gone, that he might not any more be upbraided with his weakneſs, by ſuch a rigid auſtere friend. By ſuch contrary thoughts as theſe was his heart agitated, and in a continual fluctuation, like the ſea, when it becomes the ſport of ſtormy winds. Sometimes he lay ſtretched and motionleſs upon the beach, ſometimes in the middle of ſome gloomy wood, weeping bitterly, and roaring like a lion. His eyes were ſunk, wild, and hollow, and he was become ſo meagre, pale, and diſpirited, that

that one would have been apt to take him for another perſon. His beauty, his vivacity, and his noble graceful air, now vaniſhed: in fine, his life decayed apace. As a flower, which blows in the morning, and diffuſes its ſweet perfumes all around, towards evening begins to fade and loſe its colour; its beautiful head drooping, and unable any longer to ſupport itſelf. Thus did the ſon of Ulyſſes draw near the gates of death.

Mentor, finding that Telemachus could not reſiſt the violence of his paſſion, formed, with great ſagacity, a ſcheme, to deliver him from ſo great a danger. He obſerved, that Calypſo was deeply enamoured of the youth; and Telemachus no leſs captivated by the young nymph Eucharis; for the cruel Cupid, in order to torment poor mortals, has ſo decreed, that a mutual paſſion is ſeldom found to take place between two perſons. He therefore reſolved to excite the jealouſy of Calypſo. Accordingly, one day when Telemachus was engaged to go a-hunting with Eucharis, he ſaid to Calypſo: "I find Telemachus is grown very fond of the chace; a diverſion which he never loved before. So enamoured is he of it, that he begins to loſe all reliſh for any other: he takes delight in nothing ſo much as foreſts, and the wildeſt mountains. Is it you, O goddeſs, who have inſpired him with this new taſte?"

Calypſo was extremely piqued at hearing this remark: and could not forbear giving vent to her chagrin. "That Telemachus," ſaid ſhe, "who was proof againſt all the pleaſures of the iſle of Cyprus, cannot reſiſt one of my nymphs, who has but a moderate ſhare of beauty. How can he have the aſſurance to boaſt of having performed ſo many wonderful exploits, he whoſe heart is enſlaved and enervated by pleaſure, and who ſeems to have been born only to lead an obſcure life among women?" Mentor, obſerving with pleaſure, that the heart of the goddeſs was diſtracted with jealouſy, ſaid no more at that time, leſt ſhe ſhould conceive a diſtruſt of him. Only he appeared melancholy and dejected. There-

fore, when ſhe ſaw any thing that made her uneaſy, ſhe was ſure to acquaint Mentor with it, and was inceſſantly making freſh complaints to him. But the hunting, of which Mentor had advertiſed her, drove her quite to diſtraction. She ſaw it was a contrivance of Telemachus to get rid of the other nymphs, and have an opportunity of ſpeaking to Eucharis alone. And now another hunting was propoſed, with the ſame view, ſhe imagined, as the firſt. But in order to defeat the youth's deſign, ſhe declared ſhe would be of the party: yet, immediately after, unable to check her reſentment, ſhe thus accoſted him. "Was it for this, O raſh young mortal, that thou came into my iſle, and thereby ſaved yourſelf from the wrath of the gods, and from periſhing in the ſtorm that Neptune had deſervedly brought upon you? Was it, I ſay, to ſlight my power, and the love I have expreſſed for you, that you came into this iſle, from which every mortal is excluded? O ye divinities of Olympus and Styx, give ear to an unhappy goddeſs! Deſtroy immediately this perfidious, impious, and ungrateful man. As you are more cruel and unjuſt than your father, may your ſufferings be greater and more laſting than his. No, no, may you never ſee again your native land, that poor wretched Ithaca, which, notwithſtanding, you have had the aſſurance to prefer to immortality; or rather, may you periſh in the midſt of the ſea, while you are beholding it at a diſtance, and may your body, after being the ſport of the waves, be caſt upon the ſhore of this iſland; may it never be buried, but may my eyes ſee it devoured by vultures. She too, whom you love, will ſee it, and will be diſtracted with the ſight, and her deſpair will yield me inexpreſſible pleaſure."

Calypſo's eyes, as thus ſhe ſpoke, were fiery and enflamed, her looks were fierce and gloomy, perpetually ſhifting from one object to another: her quivering cheeks were full of black, livid ſpots, and ſhe changed colour every moment: a death-like paleneſs often overſpread her countenance: but ſhe did

did not ſhed ſo many tears as formerly; rage and deſpair having, ſeemingly, dried up their ſource; only now and then a few drops might be ſeen ſtealing down her face: her voice was hoarſe, broken, and faultering. Mentor obſerved all theſe emotions, but forbore ſpeaking any more to Telemachus, whom he regarded as a patient given over by his phyſicians; yet he would often look at him with tenderneſs and compaſſion.

Telemachus was ſenſible how much he was to blame, and how unworthy the friendſhip of Mentor. He was afraid to open his eyes, leſt they ſhould meet thoſe of his friend, whoſe very ſilence, he ſaw, condemned him. Sometimes he had a ſtrong inclination to go and throw himſelf upon his neck, and profeſs his ſorrow, and repentance of his fault: but he was with-held, ſometimes by a falſe ſhame, and ſometimes by the fear of going farther than he had yet a mind to advance, in order to deliver himſelf from danger: for hitherto the danger ſeemed inviting; and he could not yet reſolve to diſengage himſelf from his frantic paſſion. The celeſtial gods and goddeſſes aſſembled, and in profound ſilence, fixed their eyes upon the iſland of Calypſo, to ſee who would prove victorious, Minerva or Cupid. Cupid by playing with the nymphs, had ſet the iſle all on fire; and Minerva, under the figure of Mentor, employed againſt the god of love, the jealouſy inſeparable from that paſſion. Jupiter reſolved to remain neuter, and be only a ſpectator of the combat.

Mean while, Eucharis, afraid leſt Telemachus ſhould get the better of his paſſion for her, employed a thouſand artifices to rivet his chains. The time appointed for the ſecond chace being come, ſhe dreſſed herſelf like Diana: ſo many new charms and graces had Venus and Cupid beſtowed upon her, that her beauty that day eclipſed even that of Calypſo herſelf. The goddeſs firſt looking at her, and then ſurveying her own image in the moſt tranſparent of her fountains, was quite aſhamed

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when ſhe obſerved the difference, and went and hid herſelf in the moſt ſecret part of her grotto, where ſhe ſpoke thus all alone.

" It was in vain then that I hoped to make a breach betwixt theſe two lovers, by declaring that I would accompany them. Shall I be as good as my word? Shall I go with them, and make my beauty ſerve for a foil to her's, and thereby contribute to her triumph? Shall the ſight of me have no other effect than to heighten the youth's paſſion for Eucharis? O unhappy goddeſs! what haſt thou done? No, I will not go, nor ſhall they go; I know very well how to prevent their pleaſure. I will go and find Mentor, intreat him to carry off Telemachus, and make the beſt of his way with him to Ithaca. But what do I ſay? What will become of me, when Telemachus is gone? Where am I? What yet remains to be done, O cruel Venus! Venus, you have deceived me; O what a perfidious preſent you ſent me! thou miſchievous boy, thou peſtilent Cupid! I laid open my heart to thee in expectation of being made happy by the love of Telemachus: but thou haſt plunged me into trouble and deſpair. My nymphs have rebelled againſt me, and my divinity will now ſerve only to make my miſery endleſs. O that I had it in my power to put an end to my woes by death! but Telemachus, ſince I cannot die, you muſt. I will be avenged of thy ingratitude; I will diſpatch thee, and that too before the eyes of thy beloved nymph. But I rave! wretched Calypſo! what is thy deſign? Wouldſt thou put to death an innocent youth, whom thou haſt plunged into an abyſs of miſery? For it was I, who lighted up the flame in the boſom of the chaſte Telemachus. What innocence! what virtue! what abhorrence of vice! what ſteadineſs and reſolution againſt infamous pleaſures! alas! that I ſhould have corrupted his heart: but otherwiſe he would have left me, and departed. Well! but muſt I not part with him at laſt? Or, ſhall I ſtill ſee him deſpiſing me, and living only to make my rival happy? No, no; I have

have no juſt cauſe of complaint! my ſufferings are no more than I deſerve. Begone, Telemachus; convey yourſelf far beyond the ſea; leave Calypſo comfortleſs, unable either to ſupport life, or find relief in death. Leave her, I ſay, inconſolable, overwhelmed with ſhame and deſpair, to paſs her days with thy proud paramour Eucharis." Having thus vented her ſorrows alone in her grotto, ſhe ſuddenly ſallied out, exclaiming: "Mentor, where are you? Is it thus you defend Telemachus againſt the aſſaults of vice, by which he is in danger of being overcome? While Cupid is active and watchful to ſeduce him, you are ſecure and aſleep. I cannot any longer bear ſuch baſe indifference. Will you always look on calmly and unconcerned, while the ſon of Ulyſſes is thus diſhonouring his father, unmindful of his high deſtiny? Was it to you or me that his parents committed the care of him? Shall I endeavour to cure him of his paſſion, and will you do nothing? Towards the extremity of this foreſt are large poplars, of which a ſhip may be built; it was of ſuch Ulyſſes built the ſhip in which he ſailed from this iſle. At the ſame place, in a deep cavern, you will find all the tools neceſſary for preparing and putting together the ſeveral parts of a veſſel."

Scarce had ſhe pronounced theſe words, than ſhe repented. Mentor did not loſe a moment, but going directly to the cavern, and finding the tools, he felled ſome poplars, and in one day fitted up a veſſel for the ſea. For ſuch is the power and diligence of Minerva, that ſhe requires but a ſhort time to execute the greateſt works.

Calypſo was now very much perplexed in her mind: on the one hand, ſhe wanted much to ſee how Mentor proceeded in his work; on the other, ſhe could not prevail on herſelf to relinquiſh the chace, and thereby leave Telemachus and Eucharis at full liberty. Her jealouſy would not ſuffer her to let the two lovers go out of her ſight: but ſhe contrived to turn the chace towards the place where ſhe knew

knew Mentor was at work. At length, ſhe heard the ſtrokes of the hatchet and hammer. She liſtened with great anxiety, and trembled at every ſtroke. And at that very inſtant too ſhe was uneaſy, leſt ſome ſign or ſome glance of the eye from Telemachus to Eucharis, ſhould have eſcaped her unobſerved.

In the mean time, Eucharis ſaid to Telemachus with a ſneer: "Are you not afraid leſt Mentor ſhould call you to an account, for preſuming to go a-hunting without him? How much you are to be pitied, in being ſubject to ſo rigid a maſter! his auſterity, it is impoſſible to mitigate; he affects an averſion to all ſorts of pleaſure, and cannot bear that you ſhould partake of any; your moſt innocent actions he charges on you as crimes. You was not to blame, in ſuffering yourſelf to be guided by him while you was not in a condition to conduct yourſelf; but after having diſplayed ſo much wiſdom, you ought not to allow yourſelf to be treated as a child."

This artful remonſtrance made a deep impreſſion upon Telemachus, and incenſed him againſt Mentor, whoſe yoke he reſolved to ſhake off. He was ſo much mortified, that he made no reply to Eucharis, and was afraid of ſeeing Mentor. In fine, the chace, which had paſſed in continual conſtraint on both ſides, being over, they returned by a corner of the foreſt, adjoining to the place where Mentor had been at work all day. There Calypſo ſaw the ſhip at a diſtance, in appearance quite finiſhed; and no ſooner did ſhe obſerve her, than a thick darkneſs, like that of death, overſpread her eyes. Her trembling limbs ſunk under her, and a cold ſweat broke out all over her body, ſo that ſhe was obliged to lean upon the nymphs about her: but Eucharis, among the reſt, offering her hand, ſhe puſhed her away, and at the ſame time darted at her a dreadful look.

Telemachus having obſerved the veſſel, but not Mentor, who, after having finiſhed his work, had retired; aſked the goddeſs who ſhe belonged to, and what ſhe was intended for? At firſt, ſhe could make

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no reply: but at laſt ſaid: "I ordered her to be built to carry Mentor home; you will no longer be under any conſtraint from that auſtere friend, who prevents your being happy, and is jealous of your becoming immortal." "Mentor is going to forſake me, I am undone! cried Telemachus. Eucharis, if Mentor forſakes me, you are the only perſon that I regard beſides." Theſe words eſcaped him in the tranſport of his paſſion, before he had time to reflect on the conſequences, and was immediately ſenſible of his error. All the nymphs were ſtruck dumb with ſurpriſe at what he had ſaid. Eucharis, bluſhing and in great confuſion, ſtood behind the reſt, and was afraid to ſhew herſelf. Yet, while ſhame glowed upon her countenance, joy dilated her heart. Telemachus was quite confounded, and, could not conceive how he could be ſo raſh and inconſiderate. What he had done, appeared to him like a dream, but at the ſame time gave him much uneaſineſs.

Calypſo, more furious than a lioneſs robbed of her whelps, traverſed the foreſt without minding any path, or knowing whither ſhe went. At laſt, however, ſhe found herſelf at the entry of her grotto, where Mentor was waiting for her. "Get out of my iſle," ſaid ſhe, "ye ſtrangers; you have robbed me of my tranquillity: away with you, fooliſh boy; and you, imprudent old man, you too ſhall know what it is to incur the reſentment of a goddeſs, if you do not immediately take him away. I will ſee him no more, nor ſuffer any of my nymphs to ſee him or ſpeak to him. I ſwear to it by Styx, an oath at which the gods themſelves tremble. But know, Telemachus, thy misfortunes are not at an end: ungrateful boy! thou ſhalt quit my iſle, only to be the prey of new diſaſters; and thou ſhalt live to regret Calypſo in vain: I'll be revenged! Neptune, ſtill incenſed againſt thy father, who offended him in Sicily, and ſolicited by Venus, whom thou haſt treated with contempt in the iſle of Cyprus, is preparing more ſtorms for thy devoted head. Thy father is not dead, and thou wilt ſee him again; but thou ſhalt ſee him, with-

without knowing who he is; nor ſhalt thou join him in Ithaca again, till after having been the ſport of the moſt cruel, unrelenting fortune. Go: may the celeſtial powers be my avengers! Mayeſt thou, hanging from a rock in the middle of the ſea, and blaſted by the thunder, in vain invoke Calypſo, who will be overjoyed at thy ſufferings."

Having thus vented her indignation, ſuch was the diſtraction and fluctuation of her mind, that ſhe was ready to take new reſolutions, directly contrary to the former. Cupid again excited in her heart a deſire to detain Telemachus. "Let him live," ſaid ſhe to herſelf, "let him continue here; perhaps, he will at laſt be ſenſible how much he is indebted to me. Eucharis cannot, like me, beſtow upon him immortality. O ſhort-ſighted Calypſo! you have ruined yourſelf by your oath: you are now faſt bound; and as you have ſworn by the waters of Styx, there remains no more hope for you." Nobody heard theſe words: but the furies appeared in her countenance, and all the poiſon of black Cocytus ſeemed to exhale from her heart.

Telemachus was ſtruck with horror at the ſight of her. This ſhe perceived, (for what is there that can eſcape the penetration of a lover?) and his horror ſerved only to increaſe her rage. As a bacchanal, who fills the air with howling until the lofty mountains of Thrace re-echo with the ſound, ſo did the goddeſs traverſe the woods with a dart in her hand, calling all her nymphs, and threatening to put to death whoever did not follow her. Terrified with this menace, they all ran after her together. Even Eucharis followed with tears in her eyes, looking at Telemachus, to whom ſhe no longer durſt ſpeak. The goddeſs ſhuddered when ſhe ſaw her among the reſt; and inſtead of being appeaſed by her ſubmiſſion, ſhe became more outrageous, finding that Eucharis's beauty was heightened by diſtreſs.

In the mean time, Telemachus, being left alone with Mentor, fell down before him, and claſped his knees; for he was afraid to embrace him otherwiſe,

or

or even to look at him. He ſhed a flood of tears, and would have ſpoke, but his voice faultered. Beſides he did not know what he ſhould ſay, or do, nor indeed what he was doing, or what he would be at. At laſt he exclaimed, "O Mentor! my true father, deliver me from ſo many woes. I am not able to prevail upon myſelf either to forſake you, or to follow you. Deliver me from ſo many woes: deliver me from myſelf, and put me to death."

Mentor embraces, comforts, and encourages him, and without flattering his paſſion, teaches him to ſupport his character. He addreſſed him thus: "Son of the ſage Ulyſſes," ſaid he, "whom the gods have ſo much loved, and ſtill regard, it is in conſequence of that regard you now ſuffer ſuch dreadful woes. He who is a ſtranger to his own weakneſs, and the violence of his paſſions, cannot be ſaid to be wiſe; as he is unacquainted with himſelf, and knows not what it is to diſtruſt himſelf. The gods have led you, as it were, by the hand, to the very brink of the precipice; to ſhew you the height of it, without ſuffering you to fall down. You may now learn what, without experience, you never would have comprehended. It would have been in vain, before to have talked to you of the deluſions of love, which flatters only to deſtroy, and which under an appearance of pleaſure, conceals the moſt exquiſite pain and uneaſineſs. The charming boy Cupid came attended with ſmiles, ſports, and graces. You ſaw him: and when he ſtole your heart, you was pleaſed with the theft. You induſtriouſly ſought pretences to render you inſenſible of the wound he had made in your heart. You endeavoured alſo to deceive me, while you flattered yourſelf, and you had no apprehenſion of any danger. Behold now the effects of your raſhneſs: you wiſh for death, and from that alone you hope relief. The diſtracted, deſpairing goddeſs raves like an infernal fury, and Eucharis is conſumed by a flame more inſupportable than the agonies of death. All the nymphs are ready from jealouſy, to tear one another in pieces, and theſe are the doings of the treacherous

cherous Cupid, who yet appears ſo innocent and engaging. Reſolve to be no longer a ſlave, and to act with your wonted courage and reſolution. How much do the gods love you, ſince they point out a way to you, by which you may eſcape from Cupid, and once more ſee your native land? Calypſo hath bound herſelf by oath to baniſh you from her iſle, and the ſhip is quite finiſhed and ready: why then do we delay a moment to quit this iſle, where virtue cannot inhabit."

So ſaying, Mentor took him by the hand, and pulled him towards the ſhore. Telemachus followed him with reluctance, continually looking behind, and gazing at Eucharis as ſhe withdrew. As he could not ſee her face, he marked her fine braided hair, her flowing robe, and noble mien. He would have thought himſelf happy, could he have kiſſed her footſteps. After he had loſt ſight of her, he liſtened attentively, fancying he heard her voice, and though he ſaw her no more, thought ſhe was yet before him. She was ſtill preſent to his imagination, and he even imagined he was talking to her, not knowing where he was, nor hearing Mentor, when he ſpoke to him. At laſt, waking as from a deep ſleep, he thus accoſted Mentor: "I am determined to go along with you, but I have not yet bid adieu to Eucharis. I would rather die, than depart in ſuch an ungrateful manner. Wait till I ſee her once more, and bid her an eternal farewel. At leaſt, ſuffer me to ſay thus much to her: "O nymph, the cruel gods, jealous of my happineſs, oblige me to depart: but ſooner ſhall they make me ceaſe to live, than ceaſe to remember you." O my father, either grant me this ſo reaſonable requeſt and conſolation, or put an end to my life this inſtant. No, I will neither abide in this iſland, nor abandon myſelf to love. It is not love, but only friendſhip and gratitude that my heart feels for Eucharis. Allow me to bid her only once adieu, and I will go along with you without any farther delay."

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"How much I pity you!" ſaid Mentor: "your paſſion is ſo violent, that you are not ſenſible of it. You pretend your heart is altogether unaffected, and yet ſay, you would rather die than not ſee her once more. Can you have the aſſurance to maintain, that love has not made a conqueſt of you, when you cannot bear the thoughts of parting from the nymph? You neither ſee nor hear any thing but her: to every thing elſe you are blind and deaf. Thus does a man in the delirium of a fever, ſay, I am not ſick. O Telemachus, how has love blinded you! you would have renounced Penelope, who longs for your return; Ulyſſes, whom it is decreed that you ſhall ſee again; Ithaca, where you are one day to reign; and the glory and high deſtiny, which it appears that the gods have in reſerve for you, by the many miracles they have wrought in your favour! all theſe great and good things would you have renounced, to live in diſhonour with Eucharis! and will you, after all, deny that you are in love with her? What is it then that makes you uneaſy? Why do you wiſh for death? How came you to ſpeak with ſuch emotion before the goddeſs? I do not accuſe you of falſehood and inſincerity, but lament your blindneſs. Fly, Telemachus, fly. It is only by flight that love is to be overcome. Againſt ſuch an enemy, to fear and to fly, is true courage; and to fly too, without deliberating, and without ever taking time ſo much as to look back. You have not, I hope, forgot with what care and anxiety I have watched over you ſince you was a child, and how many dangers you have eſcaped by following my advice: either be guided by me, or let me go, and leave you to yourſelf. Did you know how it grieves me, to ſee you run thus to ruin; did you know what I ſuffered, while I forbore ſpeaking to you; you would allow that the pangs of the mother which bore you, were ſhort of mine: I devoured my chagrin, and was ſilent, ſtill hoping that you would, of your own accord, repent and return to me. O my ſon, my dear ſon, comfort my heart,

and

and give me back again that which is dearer to me than life. Give me back Telemachus, whom I have loſt, and reſume again the command of yourſelf, which you have loſt. If your wiſdom ſhall get the better of your love, I ſhall live and be happy; but if love ſhall triumph over your wiſdom, Mentor cannot ſurvive."

While Mentor ſpoke thus, he was ſtill advancing towards the ſhore; and though Telemachus was not yet ſo much maſter of himſelf as to follow him of his own accord, yet he was calm enough to ſuffer himſelf to be led along without making any reſiſtance. Minerva ſtill diſguiſed under the figure of Mentor, by covering Telemachus with her ægis, though inviſible, and diffuſing a ray of divinity around, inſpired him with a ſpecies of fortitude and reſolution, that he had never experienced ſince he came into the iſle. They at laſt arrived at a part of the ſea-coaſt that was ſteep and craggy, a rock, continually beaten by the foaming waves. From the top of this, looking to ſee if the ſhip, that Mentor had built, was ſtill in the ſame place, they beheld a diſmal ſpectacle.

Cupid was extremely chagrined to find that the old ſtranger not only bid defiance to his darts himſelf, but had reſcued Telemachus from his ſnares. He wept with vexation, and went in queſt of Calypſo, who was roaming through the gloomy foreſts. At ſight of him ſhe ſhuddered; and found all the wounds in her heart began to bleed afreſh. Cupid accoſted her thus: "You are a goddeſs, and yet you ſuffer yourſelf to be overcome by a weak mortal, who is a priſoner in your iſle. Why will you ſuffer him to eſcape?" "O, miſchievous Cupid!" ſhe replied, "I will no longer liſten to thy pernicious counſels: it is thou who haſt robbed me of a profound and ſweet tranquillity, to plunge me into an abyſs of miſery. Nay, I cannot, if I would, liſten to thee; for I have ſworn by the waters of Styx, that I will let Telemachus go: and even Jupiter himſelf, with all his power, dare not infringe that tremendous oath. Telemachus,

machus, begone out of my iſle; and thou, miſchievous boy, take thyſelf likewiſe away; thou haſt done me more prejudice than he." Cupid, wiping away his tears, replied with an ironical and malicious ſneer: "Here is a mighty difficulty indeed! I do not deſire you ſhould break your oath, or oppoſe his departure: only oppoſe not me. Neither I, nor your nymphs, have ſworn by the waters of Styx, that we will let him go. I will perſuade them to ſet fire to that ſhip which Mentor has built in ſuch a hurry. His diligence, which ſurpriſed you, will ſignify nothing. He ſhall be ſurpriſed in his turn, and ſhall not have it in his power to deprive you of Telemachus.

Theſe flattering words inſpired the heart of Calypſo with freſh hope and joy. The ſame effect produced by the cooling zephyr, in refreſhing the panting flocks that faint beneath the ſummer's heat, on the banks of a tranſlucent ſtream, now flowed from his propoſal in ſoothing the anguiſh of the goddeſs. Her looks reſumed their ſerenity, her eyes their ſweetneſs; and the violent uneaſineſs that preyed upon her heart, was for a little while ſuſpended. She pauſed, ſmiled, and careſſed the gameſome, little god; and by thoſe careſſes brought new trouble on herſelf.

Cupid, glad that he had obtained her conſent, went next in queſt of the nymphs, in order to engage them in the deſign. They were diſperſed all over the mountains, like a flock of ſheep, purſued by famiſhed wolves, and driven far from the ſhepherd. Cupid brought them together, and accoſted them thus: "Telemachus is ſtill in your power. Haſte, burn the veſſel which the preſumptuous Mentor has built to convey him hence." They forthwith light the torches; and ran raging to the ſhore, ſcreaming aloud and toſſing their diſhevelled locks like baccha-nals. Already the curling flame aſcends and preys upon the veſſel, compoſed of dry, ſeaſoned timber, ſmeared with pitch; a cloud of mingled ſmoke and fire mounts upwards to the clouds.

From the ſummit of the rock, Telemachus and Mentor beheld the flames, and heard the ſhouting nymphs.

nymphs. Telemachus felt ſomething like joy on this occaſion; for his heart was not yet cured; and Mentor perceived his paſſion, like a fire ill-extinguiſhed, which breaks out from time to time, from underneath its aſhes, and fiercely ſparkles as it burns. "Now," ſaid Telemachus, "am I again entangled in the toils of love. No hope remains of being able to quit this iſle."

Mentor ſaw plainly that Telemachus was going to relapſe into all his former weakneſſes, and that there was not a moment to be loſt. He perceived a little out at ſea a ſhip at anchor, not daring to approach the iſland, as all the pilots knew it was inacceſſible to every mortal. The ſage conductor, without further heſitation, puſhed Telemachus into the ſea, as he ſat upon the edge of a rock, and threw himſelf headlong into the ſame abyſs. Telemachus, at firſt, being quite confounded and diſconcerted with the fall, was toſſed about by the waves, and ſwallowed bitter draughts of ſea-water. But, recollecting himſelf, and ſeeing Mentor holding out his arm to aſſiſt him in ſwimming, he thought of nothing now, but vigorouſly to cleave his way far from this fatal iſle.

The nymphs, who thought they held their captives ſafe, now ſeeing that they could not hinder their eſcape, broke out in furious exclamations. Calypſo, inconſolable, retired within her grotto, which echoed with her diſmal ſhrieks and lamentations. Cupid, finding his promiſed triumph changed into a ſhameful overthrow, ſprang upwards to the middle air, and with expanded wings flew to the Idalian grove; where his cruel mother waited his return. Her offſpring ſtill more cruel, conſoled himſelf by laughing with her for the miſchief they had done. In proportion as Telemachus advanced from the iſland, he found his courage and his love of virtue revive. "I now experience," ſaid he, "the truth of what you told me, and which, for want of experience, I could not believe; namely, that vice can only be conquered by flight. O my father, what love have the gods manifeſted to me, in granting me your

your advice and aſſiſtance! but I own, I deſerved to have been deprived of them, and left to myſelf. I now fear neither ſtorms, winds, nor ſeas. It is my paſſions alone I fear. Cupid alone is more to be dreaded than a thouſand ſhipwrecks."

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Mentor and Telemachus are kindly received on board the ſhip, which was from Tyre, and commanded by Adoam the brother of Narbal. The captain ſoon knew Telemachus again, and informed him of the tragical death of Pygmalion and Aſtarbe, and that Baleazar, whom the tyrant, his father, had diſgraced at the inſtigation of that woman, had been advanced to the throne. During an entertainment he gave Mentor and Telemachus, Achitoas ſung ſo charmingly, that he drew the tritons, nereids, and the other ſea-gods and goddeſſes about the ſhip. Mentor, taking a lyre, far excels Achitoas in playing upon it. Adoam then recounts the wonders of Bætica, deſcribing the mild temperature of the air, with other advantages and beauties of the country; where the inhabitants lead a calm, peaceable life, with a great ſimplicity of manners.

THE ſhip at anchor, towards which they ſwam, was from Phœnicia, and bound to Epirus, the people on board had ſeen Telemachus in the paſſage from Egypt to Tyre, but they could not recognize him amidſt

amidſt the waves. Mentor, having approached near enough the ſhip to be heard, raiſed his head above the water, and, with a loud voice, thus addreſſed himſelf to thoſe on board: "O Phœnicians, whoſe humanity is known to all nations, refuſe not to ſave the lives of two men, who expect it from your goodneſs. If you entertain any veneration for the gods, take us on board; we will accompany you whitherſoever you are bound." The maſter of the ſhip replied thus: "We will take you on board with pleaſure; we are not to learn, how much it is our duty to ſuccour ſtrangers in ſuch diſtreſs." Accordingly they took them on board. They were ſcarce admitted, when, their breath being quite exhauſted, they fainted away; having ſwam a great way, and ſtruggled hard with the waves. By degrees, however, they recovered their ſtrength and ſpirits, after having changed their cloaths, which were ſo thoroughly wet, that the water poured from them in abundance. As ſoon as they were in a condition to ſpeak, the Phœnicians crowded about them, impatient to hear their adventures; and the maſter addreſſed them in theſe terms: "How did you get footing in that iſland, from whence you came? It is ſaid to be inhabited by a cruel goddeſs, who ſuffers nobody to land in it. Beſides, it is ſurrounded with frighful rocks, againſt which the ſea beats furiouſly, ſo that there is no approaching it without being ſhipwrecked.

Mentor replied: "We were caſt upon it; we are Greeks, and the place of our nativity is Ithaca, which is not far from Epirus, whither you are bound. If you do not intend to put into Ithaca by the way, you are welcome to carry us to Epirus; we will find friends enough there to convey us to Ithaca, as it is not far off, and we ſhall always think ourſelves obliged to you, for our ſeeing again, what we long for above all things in the world."

Thus Mentor was the ſpeaker, and Telemachus kept ſilence, without taking offence; for the faultineſs of his conduct in the iſle of Calypſo, had made him much wiſer and more cautious than he was before. He was more ſenſible of his own weakneſs,

and ſaw how neceſſary it was for his happineſs, always to follow the ſage counſels of Mentor; ſo that when at any time it was not proper to aſk his advice, he conſulted his eyes, and endeavoured thereby to diſcover his ſentiments.

The Phœnician commander fixing his eyes upon Telemachus, thought he remembered to have ſeen him before, but could not recollect when or where. "Allow me," ſaid he, "to aſk you, if you remember to have ſeen me before, as I have a notion that I have ſeen you. Your face is ſo familiar to me, that it ſtruck me at firſt ſight; but I know not where I might have ſeen you: perhaps your memory is better than mine."

Telemachus replied with ſurprize and joy: "The ſight of you has the ſame effect upon me. I have ſeen you ſomewhere; I remember your features: but I cannot recollect whether it was at Tyre or in Egypt." Then the Phœnician, like a man, who, when he wakes in the morning, by degrees recollects the fleeting dream that had vaniſhed with his ſleep, exclaimed immediately: "You are Telemachus, for whom Narbal conceived a friendſhip, in our paſſage from Egypt. I am his brother; without doubt, he muſt have often ſpoke of me to you. I left you with him in Tyre, after our return from Egypt, being obliged to embark for the famous Bœtica, near the Pillars of Hercules, far beyond the ſea. Thus having had but juſt a ſight of you, it is no wonder if I could not eaſily recollect you." "I find," ſaid Telemachus, "you are Adoam. I had ſcarce an opportunity of ſeeing you at that time; but I know you by the converſation I had with Narbal. O what joy it gives me, that I can be informed by you concerning a man, that ſhall ever be dear to me! is he ſtill at Tyre? Is he not ſuffering ſome cruel treatment from the jealous, barbarous Pygmalion?" Adoam interrupted him, and replied: "Telemachus, be aſſured, fortune hath put you into the hands of one, who will take the utmoſt care of you. I will carry you to the iſle of Ithaca, before I go to Epirus; and you ſhall find as good a friend in Narbal's brother, as you did in Narbal himſelf."

As

As he ſpoke thus, perceiving that a breeze, which he waited for, was ſpringing up, he ordered the anchors to be weighed, the ſails to be hoiſted, and the oars to be plied. Then he retired to have ſome private converſation with Mentor and Telemachus, which he opened in this manner.

"I am now going, Telemachus, to ſatisfy your curioſity. Know then, that Pygmalion is now no more; the juſt gods have delivered mankind from that tyrant. As he truſted in nobody, ſo nobody could truſt in him; the good contented themſelves with lamenting and guarding againſt his cruelties, but would not be concerned in any deſign upon his life. On the other hand, the wicked thought they could not otherwiſe ſecure their own lives, but by putting an end to his. There was not a perſon at Tyre, that was not every day in danger of becoming an object of his jealouſy; but his guards were, in a particular manner, expoſed to this danger. For, as his life was in their hands, he dreaded them much more than others; and, upon the leaſt ſuſpicion, ſacrificed them to his fears. Thus, by endeavouring to ſecure his perſon againſt all danger, he expoſed it to the greateſt. His guards lived in continual apprehenſions, in conſequence of his jealouſy; and they had no other way to rid themſelves of that, than by cutting off the tyrant."

"The firſt, however, that formed a deſign to take away his life, was the wicked Aſtarbe, of whom you muſt have often heard. She being paſſionately in love with a rich young Tyrian, named Joazar, flattered herſelf with the hopes of being able to ſet him upon the throne. In order to ſucceed in this deſign, ſhe made the king believe, that his eldeſt ſon, named Phadael, from an impatience to mount the throne, had conſpired againſt his life; and ſhe procured falſe witneſſes to confirm the information by oath. The unhappy king, in conſequence of this intelligence, put his innocent ſon to death. The ſecond ſon, named Baleazar, was ſent to Samos, in order, as was pretended, to inſtruct himſelf in the manners and ſciences of Greece; but in reality, becauſe

Aſtarbe had told the king, that it was neceſſary to ſend him away, to prevent him forming connections with the malecontents. But, when the ſhip, in which the prince had embarked, had got out to ſea, thoſe that commanded on board, having been bribed by the cruel Aſtarbe, made ſhift to ſink her in the night; they threw the young prince into the ſea, and then ſwam to ſome foreign barks that waited to take them up.

"In the mean time, nobody was unacquainted with Aſtarbe's amours, but Pygmalion alone; who imagined that he was the only object of her love. Thus did that prince, otherwiſe ſo diſtruſtful, blindly repoſe an entire confidence in that wicked woman; and this was owing to the violence of his paſſion. In the mean time, his avarice prompted him to ſeek pretexts for putting to death Joazar, with whom Aſtarbe was ſo deſperately in love; and the deſire of getting poſſeſſion of the young man's wealth was his only motive.

"While Pygmalion was thus a prey to avarice, love, and diſtruſt, Aſtarbe was contriving how to make away with him. She was apprehenſive that he might, perhaps, have made ſome diſcovery with regard to her intrigues with Joazar: beſides, ſhe knew that avarice alone was ſufficient to determine him to take off that young man, and therefore ſhe reſolved to loſe no time, to be beforehand with him. The principal officers about the court, ſhe ſaw were ready to imbrue their hands in the king's blood; and ſhe heard every day of ſome new conſpiracy: however, ſhe was afraid to communicate her deſign to any individual, leſt ſhe ſhould have been betrayed. She reſolved therefore to take him off by poiſon, as the ſureſt and ſafeſt way. He had generally nobody at table with him, beſides her, and what he intended for his own eating, he dreſſed himſelf, as he could not truſt any other perſon. In order the better to conceal his diſtruſt, and that he might not be ſeen while he was dreſſing his victuals, he ſhut himſelf up in the moſt retired part of his palace; and thus was he obliged to forego almoſt all the pleaſures of the table,

ble, being entirely confined to ſuch diſhes as he knew how to prepare himſelf. Conſequently he was excluded from all paſtry and ragouts, prepared by the hands of profeſſed cooks; nay, he durſt not even make any uſe of wine, bread, ſalt, oil, milk, or other ordinary food, but was fain to content himſelf with the fruits which he gathered with his own hands in his garden, or pulſe which he had ſown and boiled for his own eating. His only drink was water, which he drew himſelf from a well in a corner of the palace, that had a door leading to it, the key of which he always kept. Whatever confidence he might ſeem to repoſe in Aſtarbe, he took care to guard againſt any ill deſigns ſhe might have: for he made her always firſt taſte whatever he was to eat or drink, that if he was poiſoned, ſhe might be ſo too; and not have any hopes of ſurviving him. But, having taken an antidote, which an old woman, who was the confidante of her amours, and, ſtill more wicked than herſelf, had furniſhed her with, ſhe was no longer afraid to give the king poiſon. The manner in which ſhe executed her purpoſe, was this. The old woman, whom I juſt now mentioned, all of a ſudden, made a noiſe at the gate, at the very inſtant they were ſitting down to table. The king, always apprehenſive of a deſign upon his life, was alarmed, and ran immediately to the gate, to ſee if it was faſt. In the mean time the old woman had retired, and the king was in great perplexity, not knowing what to make of it, and not daring to open the gate to ſee what was the matter. Aſtarbe endeavours to compoſe his fears, careſſing him, and preſſing him to eat; for ſhe had thrown ſome poiſon into his golden cup, while he went to the gate. Pygmalion, according to cuſtom, bid her drink firſt, which ſhe did without heſitation, truſting to the antidote. He then drank himſelf, and ſoon after ſwooned away. As Aſtarbe knew, that he would make no ſcruple to put her to death upon the leaſt ſuſpicion, ſhe immediately fell a-tearing her cloaths, and hair, and ſhrieking moſt hideouſly; ſhe embraced the dying king, and hugged him in her arms, ſhedding at the ſame time a flood of tears,

tears, which ſhe had at command, and coſt her nothing. At laſt, when ſhe ſaw that the king was, in appearance, ready to expire, and almoſt in the agony of death, to prevent all poſſibility of his recovering, and attempting to take away her life, ſhe paſſed in a moment from careſſes, and the ſtrongeſt outward marks of tenderneſs, to the moſt ſavage fury; for ſhe flew directly upon him, and ſtrangled him. Then taking the ring from his finger, and the diadem from his head, ſhe ſent for Joazar, and gave them to him; flattering herſelf, that all thoſe, who had been her adherents, would indulge her paſſion, and proclaim him king. But theſe, her adherents, were a ſet of mean, mercenary wretches, altogether incapable of a ſincere attachment. Beſides, they were deſtitute of courage, and dreaded the effects of the popular hatred, that Aſtarbe had drawn upon herſelf; and ſtill more, her own haughtineſs, diſſimulation, and cruelty. In fine, every one, for his own ſecurity, wiſhed, that a woman ſo profligate and abandoned, might be cut off.

"The palace, in the mean time, was become a dreadful ſcene of noiſe and tumult, people running about on all hands, and crying out: "The king is dead!" Some were ſtruck, as with a panic; while others ran to arms. However, every body ſeemed to be pleaſed with the news, though apprehenſive of the conſequences. The report of the king's death flew like lightning all over the vaſt city of Tyre, but there was not a ſingle perſon that regretted him; on the contrary, his demiſe was counted a deliverance, and occaſioned univerſal joy. Narbal received the news with great emotion. He lamented, like a good man, the infatuation of Pygmalion, in betraying himſelf, by a blind, implicit ſubmiſſion to the wicked Aſtarbe; and in chuſing rather to be an execrable tyrant, than to diſcharge the duty of his office, and be the father of his people. Then taking into ſerious conſideration the public danger, he reſolved to loſe no time, but to engage all good men to unite immediately in oppoſing Aſtarbe, whoſe tyranny would

would be ſtill more inſupportable, than that of the late reign.

" Narbal knew that Baleazar was ſtill alive; though he had been thrown into the ſea. Thoſe, who told Aſtarbe that he was dead, actually believed that he was ſo: but he had ſaved himſelf by ſwimming in the dark, and had been taken on board a bark by ſome Cretan merchants, who pitied his ſituation. He did not venture to return to his father's dominions, ſuſpecting that there was a deſign upon his life, and fearing no leſs the cruel jealouſy of his father, than the intrigues of Aſtarbe. He wandered about a long time in diſguiſe upon the coaſt of Syria, where the Cretan merchants had left him; nay, he was even obliged, for a ſubſiſtence, to turn ſhepherd. At laſt he found an opportunity to make known his ſituation to Narbal, to whom, as a man of approved virtue, he thought he ran no riſk in communicating the ſecret. Although Narbal had been ill-uſed by the father, he did not for that hate the ſon, or neglect his intereſts; but he took care of them, ſo as to hinder him effectually from violating the duty he owed his father; he even engaged him to bear his ſufferings with patience.

" Baleazar had wrote to Narbal in theſe terms: " When you think I may venture to come to Tyre, ſend me a gold ring, and I ſhall ſet out immediately after I receive the intimation." During the life of Pygmalion, Narbal did not think proper to ſend for him, as he would thereby have expoſed both the prince and himſelf to great danger, ſo difficult was it to elude the jealouſy and vigilance of Pygmalion. But no ſooner had that unhappy king made an exit ſuitable to his crimes, than Narbal diſpatched a meſſenger with the gold ring; upon the receipt of which, Baleazar ſet out directly, and arrived at Tyre when the whole city was in ſuſpence and fear, in regard to the perſon that ſhould ſucceed. He was ſoon recognized by the principal Tyrians, and the whole body of the people, who loved him much; not as the ſon of the late king, whom they all de-

teſted,

teſted, but on account of his own moderation and humanity. His misfortunes too recommended him greatly, and gave an additional luſtre to all his virtues, by melting every heart with compaſſion towards him. The chief citizens, the old men who compoſed the council, and the prieſts of the great goddeſs of Phœnicia, having been aſſembled by Narbal, Baleazar was declared king, and the heralds ordered to proclaim him. Then every place rung with joyful acclamations, which were heard even by Aſtarbe in the moſt ſecret part of the palace, where ſhe was ſhut up with her infamous paramour Joazar. All the wicked inſtruments which ſhe had employed during the life of Pygmalion, had now forſaken her; for the bad fear and diſtruſt the bad, and like not to ſee them veſted with power and authority; knowing, from the depravity of their own hearts, how much they would abuſe them, and how tyrannical they would be. But they can readily ſubmit to be governed by the good, hoping, at leaſt, to find in them moderation and lenity. Aſtarbe, therefore, had now no other adherents than certain accomplices in the moſt atrocious crimes, and who, for that reaſon, could expect no mercy.

"When an attempt was made to force the palace, theſe miſcreants made little reſiſtance, and ſoon betook themſelves to flight. Aſtarbe thought to eſcape in the diſguiſe of a ſlave, but was known by a ſoldier; and when ſhe was diſcovered and taken, it was with great difficulty that the enraged people were kept from tearing her in pieces. They had already begun to drag her through the mud of the ſtreets, when Narbal came and reſcued her out of their hands. Then ſhe begged to be allowed to ſpeak to Baleazar, fancying ſhe might dazzle him with the charms of her beauty, and make him believe that ſhe could diſcover ſecrets of importance. Baleazar could not refuſe her a hearing. At firſt, ſhe aſſumed ſuch a mild, modeſt air, as, together with her beauty, were ſufficient to diſarm the rage of her moſt inveterate enemies. She flattered Baleazar with the utmoſt delicacy and addreſs; took notice

notice how much Pygmalion had loved her; by whoſe aſhes ſhe conjured him to have compaſſion upon her; ſhe invoked the gods, as if ſhe had been a ſincere worſhipper of them, and ſhed a flood of tears, throwing herſelf at the ſame time at the king's feet. Then ſhe endeavoured to excite in his breaſt jealouſy and hatred againſt his moſt affectionate ſervants. She accuſed Narbal of having been engaged in a plot againſt Pygmalion, and of having tampered with the people, to get himſelf advanced to the throne, in prejudice of Baleazar: ſhe even charged him with an intention to poiſon that young prince, and forged calumnies of the like nature againſt every other virtuous Tyrian, hoping to find the heart of Baleazar no leſs ſuſceptible of diſtruſt and ſuſpicion, than that of Pygmalion had been. But that prince, ſhocked at her rancour and malignity, could not bear her any longer, and called his guards. By them ſhe was conducted to priſon; and ſome old men, eminent for wiſdom, had orders to make a ſevere ſcrutiny into her whole conduct.

"Upon her examination, it appeared, that ſhe had firſt poiſoned, and then ſtifled Pygmalion; and that her whole life had been a continual ſucceſſion of the blackeſt crimes. In conſequence of this conviction, ſhe was to have been ſentenced to ſuffer the puniſhment inflicted in Phœnicia only on the greateſt criminals; namely, to be burnt with a ſlow fire. But when ſhe found that ſhe had no mercy to expect, ſhe became outrageous, and raved like a fury. Then ſhe took the doſe of poiſon, which ſhe uſed always to carry about her, in order to make away with herſelf, in caſe ſhe ſhould be doomed to a death of lingering torment. Thoſe who attended her, perceived, that ſhe ſuffered the moſt excruciating pains, and ſignified their readineſs to give her what relief they could; but ſhe made them no anſwer, except by ſigns, intimating, that ſhe declined all aſſiſtance. They ſpoke to her of the vengeance of the gods, whom ſhe had offended; but, inſtead of diſcovering the penitence that her guilt

required, ſhe looked towards heaven with a kind of arrogance and contempt, as it were to inſult the gods.

" In her dying countenance were delineated impiety and rage, and there remained no traces of that beauty, by which ſuch numbers had been enſnared. Her charms were all vaniſhed, and ſo was the luſtre of her eyes; in which there appeared a ſavage wildneſs and fierceneſs, as they rolled in her head. Her lips were agitated with a convulſive motion, and her mouth gaped in a moſt frightful manner. Her countenance was ſhrivelled up, and hideouſly diſtorted; her body was all over pale, cold, and livid; and, though ſhe ſeemed ſometimes to recover ſtrength, ſhe quickly ſunk down again with ſhrieks and groans. At laſt, ſhe expired; leaving all thoſe who were about her in the utmoſt horror and amazement. Her impious manes went, without doubt, to thoſe diſmal regions, where the cruel Danaids are eternally drawing water in ſieves; where Ixion is for ever turning his wheel; where Tantalus, though up to the chin in water, in vain endeavours to quench extreme thirſt; where Siſyphus is inceſſantly employed in rolling a huge ſtone up a mountain, which always falls back again; and where the vulture will be eternally devouring the liver of Tityus, which grows up afreſh, as faſt as it conſumes.

" As ſoon as Baleazar found himſelf delivered from that monſter, he offered a great number of ſacrifices, as a thankſgiving to the gods. His behaviour, at the beginning of his reign, hath been very different from that of Pygmalion. He endeavours to make commerce flouriſh again, which was decaying every day more and more; he conſults Narbal in all matters of importance, but is not blindly led by him; for he will ſee every thing with his own eyes. He hears every advice and opinion which is offered, and then adopts that which appears to him moſt eligible. He is loved by his people, and thereby poſſeſſes a greater treaſure, than his father could amaſs by his avarice and cruelty; for there is not a family

family in his dominions that would not be ready, upon an emergency, to aſſiſt him with its whole ſubſtance: ſo that it is more at his diſpoſal, than if he took it from them by violence. He has no occaſion to take any meaſures for the ſecurity of his perſon; for he has the beſt of all the guards, and the moſt to be depended upon, namely, the love of his people. There is not one of his ſubjects that would not be ſorry for the loſs of him, and who would not riſk his own life to preſerve that of ſo good a king. He is happy, and ſo is his people. On the one hand, he is afraid of laying too great burthens on the ſubject; they, on the other, are afraid leſt they ſhould not make him an offer of what is ſufficient: and though he indulges them in the enjoyment of wealth and plenty, yet they are not thereby rendered idle or inſolent, but continue ſtill induſtrious; applying themſelves diligently to commerce, and adhering ſteadily to their ancient laws. Thus is Phœnicia arrived at the higheſt pinnacle of glory and grandeur; and it is to her young king that ſhe is indebted for all her proſperity.

"The adminiſtration of the government under the king, is chiefly in the hands of Narbal. O Telemachus, with what pleaſure would he load you with preſents, was you now his gueſt! how happy would he be in conveying you in a magnificent manner to your native land! muſt not I then be happy in having an opportunity to do what he would be over-joyed to do himſelf, I mean, to carry the ſon of Ulyſſes to Ithaca, and ſet him on the throne; on which he would acquit himſelf with no leſs wiſdom and dignity, than Baleazar diſplays at Tyre!"

When Adoam had finiſhed his narrative, Telemachus embraced him tenderly; extremely delighted both with the tidings he had communicated, and ſtill more affected with the kindneſs he had ſhewn him in his diſtreſs. Adoam then begged to be informed, how he had ventured into Calypſo's iſle. To ſatisfy him in this particular, Telemachus gave him an account how he had left Tyre; how he afterwards went to Cyprus; how he found Mentor again; and, toge-

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ther with him, viſited Crete; where games had been ordained for the election of a king, in place of Idomeneus, who had abandoned the throne; how Venus had been offended; how they had been ſhipwrecked; with what joy Calypſo had received them; how jealous ſhe had been of one of her nymphs; and how Mentor had thrown him into the ſea, when he diſcovered the Phœnician ſhip. After their curioſity was thus mutually ſatisfied, Adoam regaled them with a magnificent entertainment; and to manifeſt the more joy, and render it more complete, he united every pleaſure that could be enjoyed on the occaſion. While they were at table, where they were ſerved by young Phœnicians, clad in white, and crowned with flowers; the moſt exquiſite perfumes of the Eaſt were burnt. The ſeats of the rowers were filled with muſicians, who played upon the flute; and they were interrupted from time to time by Achitoas, who touched the lyre, and ſung in ſo raviſhing a manner, as would have charmed the gods, and even Apollo himſelf. The tritons, nereids, and the other marine gods and goddeſſes, and even the ſea-monſters, quitting their deep and humid grottoes, gathered round the ſhip, to hear ſuch exquiſite muſic. Some young Phœnicians, of ſingular beauty, and clad in linen whiter than the ſnow, danced a long time; firſt, according to the faſhion of their own country; then after that of Egypt; and laſtly, in the manner of Greece: and every now and then the ſound of trumpets was returned in echoes from diſtant coaſts. To enhance the pleaſure of this elegant entertainment, the night was ſtill; the ſea was calm, the trembling light of the moon played upon the waters, and the azure ſky was beſpangled with ſtars.

Though Telemachus, from his natural vivacity and ſenſibility, was much delighted with all theſe different objects, yet he durſt not diſcover an immoderate joy. Since the mortifying proof he had experienced in the iſle of Calypſo, how violent the paſſions of youth are, he was afraid even of the moſt innocent pleaſures, and the ſlighteſt indulgence. He was now, therefore, often looking at Mentor, with a view

a view to diſcover his ſentiments, in regard to theſe entertainments. Mentor was not ſorry to perceive his embarraſſment, but ſeemed at firſt to take no notice of it. At laſt, much pleaſed with his moderation, he ſaid to him with a ſmile: "I ſee what it is that you are afraid of, and I commend you for it: but ſuch fear may be carried too far. There is not a perſon living that wiſhes you more pleaſure than I; but it is ſuch as will neither intoxicate, nor enervate you. The pleaſures to be indulged, are ſuch as will unbend the mind, yet leave you in poſſeſſion of yourſelf; not ſuch as will bewitch and enſlave you. The pleaſures I wiſh you, are calm and ſerene; not ſuch as turn a man into a ſavage brute. You may now, with propriety, unbend your mind after the many hardſhips you have undergone, Enjoy the amuſements, then, that Adoam hath procured you, with gratitude and good-humour. Be joyful, Telemachus, be joyful. True wiſdom diſclaims all auſterity and affectation: all true pleaſure is derived from her: ſhe alone can make it genuine and durable; ſhe alone knows how to blend mirth and ſport with ſerious and important buſineſs; amuſement with application; and diverſion with labour; thus ſeaſoning and ſweetening both by a conſtant ſucceſſion. Wiſdom is not aſhamed, upon occaſion, to appear eaſy and chearful."

After this preamble, Mentor took a lyre, and played upon it in ſo maſterly a manner, that Achitoas, ſtung with jealouſy, and in a great confuſion, dropped his inſtrument: he changed colour; his eyes ſparkled with fire, and his ſhame and diſorder were ſo viſible, that they muſt have been obſerved by all that were preſent, had not their attention been engaged by Mentor's performance. Hardly durſt they venture to breathe, for fear of interrupting the ſilence, and loſing ſome of theſe divine touches; they were in pain too, leſt he ſhould ſtop too ſoon. Mentor's voice had nothing of an effeminate ſoftneſs in it, but was ſtrong, pliant, ſweet, and affecting.

He firſt ſung the praiſes of Jupiter, the father and king of gods and men; who, with a nod, ſhakes the vaſt univerſe. His next ſubject was Minerva, who

ſprung

ſprung from Jupiter's head; by which is meant the wiſdom that is formed therein, and which from thence deſcends to illuminate ſuch as are open to inſtruction. Mentor ſung her maxims with ſo affecting a voice, and ſo much piety, that the whole aſſembly thought themſelves tranſported to the higheſt ſummit of Olympus, and in the preſence of Jupiter, whoſe looks are more awful than his thunder. In the next place he ſung the unhappy fate of Narciſſus, who, being enamoured of his own beauty, and continually gazing at it in the fountain, pined away with grief, and was changed into a flower that bears his name. Laſtly, he ſung the tragical death of the beautiful Adonis, who was torn to pieces by a wild-boar; and whom Venus, who was paſſionately in love with him, could never reſtore to life, though ſhe complained of it bitterly to the gods.

All thoſe that heard him now burſt into tears, and even felt a ſort of pleaſure in weeping. When he had done ſinging, the Phœnicians ſtood amazed, and gazed at another: one ſaid, "It is Orpheus; it was thus that he tamed wild-beaſts, and drew the rocks and woods after him; it was thus that he charmed Cerberus, ſuſpended the pains of Ixion and the Danaids, and ſoothed the inexorable Pluto, ſo that he permitted him to take the beautiful Euridice with him from the infernal regions."

One exclaimed: "This is Linus, the ſon of Apollo!" another ſaid, he was miſtaken; for it was Apollo himſelf. Telemachus was no leſs ſurpriſed than the reſt; for he did not know, that Mentor could ſing and play upon the lyre in ſo maſterly a manner. Achitoas too, having had time to recollect himſelf, and to diſguiſe his jealouſy, began now to extol Mentor: but he bluſhed in praiſing him, and was not able to conclude his panegyric. Mentor, obſerving his confuſion, took up the diſcourſe, as if he would have interrupted him; and endeavoured to make him eaſy, by giving him all the praiſe that he deſerved. But Achitoas was not ſatisfied: for he perceived that Mentor ſurpaſſed him ſtill more in modeſty than in his talent for muſic. Mean while Telemachus

lemachus turned to Adoam: "I remember," ſaid he, "you mentioned a voyage you had made to Bœtica, after your return from Egypt. Bœtica is a country, of which ſuch wonders are told, as ſeem ſcarce credible. Be ſo kind as to inform me, what credit is due to theſe ſtories." "I will with pleaſure," ſaid Adoam, "give you an account of that famous country; it is deſervedly an object of your curioſity; for it even far exceeds what fame hath publiſhed concerning it." Accordingly, he thus began: "The river Bœtis runs through a fertile country, and the climate is always ſerene and temperate. From this river, which falls into the great Ocean, near the pillars of Hercules, where once upon a time, the impetuous ſea, breaking over its bounds, parted the land of Tarſis from the vaſt continent of Africa, does the country take its name. In it the golden age ſeems ſtill to exiſt: for the winters are mild: the cold north winds never blow; and in ſummer, the air is always cooled and tempered by refreſhing breezes that ſpring up about noon. Thus the whole year ſeems to conſiſt of ſpring and autumn, without any other intervening ſeaſon.

"The lands, both in the vallies, and wide extended plains, bear, every year, two crops; and the high-ways are lined with laurels, pomegranates, jeſſamines, and other trees, always green, and always in bloſſom. The mountains are covered with flocks of ſheep, whoſe fine wool is in great requeſt amongſt all nations; and there are ſeveral mines of gold and ſilver in the country. But, the inhabitants, ſimple in their manners, and happy in that ſimplicity, do not reckon them as any part of their wealth. They account nothing ſuch, that does not ſerve to ſupply the real wants of men. When we firſt began to trade with them, we found gold and ſilver employed for the ſame purpoſes as iron; as, for inſtance, to make plough-ſhares. Deſtitute of foreign traffic, they had no occaſion for money. They are all either ſhepherds, or huſbandmen. There are but few artificers to be ſeen in the country, for no other arts are allowed, but ſuch as miniſter to the real wants of life. The

inhabitants

inhabitants being moſtly huſbandmen and ſhepherds, and leading a ſimple, frugal life, have generally ſkill enough to perform themſelves all the handicraft work they have occaſion for.

" The women ſpin their wool, and make ſtuffs of it, exceeding white and fine; they bake the bread, and dreſs the victuals; which is attended with no great trouble, for their diet conſiſts chiefly of the fruits of the earth and milk; and but ſeldom of fleſh meat. Of their ſheep-ſkins they make a light ſort of ſhoes and ſtockings for themſelves, their huſbands, and children. They likewiſe make tents, either of the bark of trees, or of waxed leather. All the cloathing of the family is made and waſhed by them, and the houſes are kept extremely neat and clean. Their garments are eaſy to make; for in that mild climate they only wear a piece of fine light ſtuff, not ſhaped and adjuſted to the body, but wrapped about it in long folds, and in the form every one likes beſt, provided it be conſiſtent with modeſty.

" The only arts in which the men are employed, beſides the culture of their lands, and the tending of their flocks, are thoſe of working wood and iron. But of iron they make no great uſe, except for the implements of huſbandry. All the arts that have any relation to architecture, are to them entirely uſeleſs; for they never build any houſes. It diſcovers, they ſay, too great an attachment to the earth, to erect houſes upon it much more durable than ourſelves; to guard againſt the injuries of the air is ſufficient. As for the other arts in requeſt among the Greeks, Egyptians, and other polite nations, they deteſt them, as the inventions of vanity and luxury.

" When they are told of nations that have the art of raiſing magnificent buildings, of making gold and ſilver plate, ſtuffs enriched with embroidery and precious ſtones, exquiſite perfumes, delicacies for the table, and muſical inſtruments that breathe enchanting ſounds; their reply is this: " Theſe nations are very unhappy in having taken ſo much pains to corrupt themſelves; for theſe ſuperfluities enervate, intoxicate, and torment thoſe who poſſeſs them; while they

they tempt thoſe that are deſtitute of them, to have recourſe to violence and injuſtice to acquire them. Can a ſuperfluity that ſerves only to make a man vicious, be deemed a ſource of happineſs? Are the inhabitants of thoſe countries more healthy and robuſt than we? Are they longer lived? Are they more united? Do they enjoy greater liberty, tranquillity or contentment? On the contrary, they muſt be jealous of one another; mean, ſpiteful, and envious; and continually harraſſed by avarice, fear, and ambition; incapable of true, genuine pleaſure, as being enſlaved by ſo many imaginary wants, on the ſupply of which they make their happineſs depend."

"Such," ſaid Adoam, "are the ſentiments of theſe ſages; who are indebted to ſimple nature alone for their wiſdom and philoſophy. Our politeneſs is extremely ſhocking to them; and it muſt be owned, they have a great deal, though their manners are ſimple. The lands are not the property of individuals, but common to all; and every family is governed by its chief, who is in reality its king. Every father of a family may puniſh any of his children or grandchildren for any miſdemeanor; but, before he does ſo, he always takes the advice of the reſt of the family. But ſuch puniſhments are rare; for that happy country is the habitation of innocence, ſincerity, obedience to parents, and abhorrence of vice. It would ſeem, that Aſtræa, who is ſaid to have quitted the earth, and retired to heaven, is ſtill in this lower world, and concealed among that people. They have no occaſion for judges, being judged by their own conſciences. Every thing is common among them; and the fruit of the trees and of the earth is in ſuch plenty, together with the milk of herds and flocks, and the people are ſo ſober, and ſo eaſily ſatisfied, that there is no neceſſity to make any partition. Every family moves from one part of this charming country to another, after having conſumed the fruits and paſturage of the place where they had pitched their tents. Thus, having no oppoſite intereſts to purſue, they love one another with a brotherly affection, that is never interrupted. And, it

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is to their contempt of ſuperfluities, and deluſive pleaſures, that they are indebted for this their union, peace, and liberty. They are all free, and all equal; there being no other diſtinction to be found among them, but what reſults from the experience of the ancient ſages, or the uncommon wiſdom of ſome young men, who are not inferior to theſe ſages in conſummate virtue. In this happy country, the horrid, cruel voice of fraud, violence, perjury, chicane, and war, is never heard. Never did human blood ſtain the land; and even that of lambs but ſeldom. When they are told of the bloody battles, the rapid conqueſts and revolutions that happen in other nations, they are quite loſt in wonder and amazement. "What," ſay they, "are not mankind ſhort-lived enough by nature, but they muſt hurry one another to a premature death! life is ſhort, yet it would ſeem to appear to them too long. Was it to maſſacre, and make one another miſerable, that they were ſent into the world?"

"Again, theſe inhabitants of Bætica cannot conceive how conquerors, and ſuch as bring mighty empires under their yoke, come to be ſo much admired. What madneſs, ſay they, to place one's happineſs in ruling ſtrangers; a taſk ſo difficult and troubleſome, if it is performed according to the dictates of reaſon and juſtice! but how can they take pleaſure in compelling them to ſubmit to their government? It is all a wiſe man can be ſuppoſed to do, to ſubmit to govern a tractable people, over whom the gods have ſet him; or a people who ſolicit him to be their father and ruler. But to aſſume the government of a people by force, is to make one's ſelf very miſerable, to have the falſe glory of keeping them in ſubjection. A conqueror is a man, whom the gods, incenſed againſt mankind, have, in their wrath, ſent into the world, to ravage kingdoms, to ſpread far and wide terror, miſery, and deſpair; and to baniſh liberty from the earth. If a man is ambitious of glory, will he not find ſufficient, in ruling, with wiſdom, thoſe whom God hath committed to his charge? Does he imagine, that,

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to merit praiſe, he muſt become unjuſt, violent, proud, a tyrant, and an uſurper? War ought never to be thought of, but for the defence of liberty. Happy he, who is neither a ſlave himſelf, nor is madly ambitious of making ſlaves of others. Theſe mighty conquerors, of whoſe glory ſo much is ſaid, may be compared to rivers, which have overflowed their banks, and appear ſo majeſtic; though, at the ſame time, they have deſolated all thoſe fields which they ought only to have watered and fertilized." After Adoam had thus deſcribed Bætica and its inhabitants, Telemachus, who was charmed with the deſcription, put ſeveral queſtions to him. "Do theſe people," ſaid he, "drink wine?" "They never drink any," replied Adoam, "nor make any; not that they want grapes, for there is no country that produces better; but they are ſatisfied with eating them, as they do other fruits, and are afraid of wine, as tending to corrupt the human race. It is, ſay they, a kind of poiſon, that makes men mad; and though it does not kill them, it turns them into beaſts. Health and ſtrength may be preſerved without it; but thoſe who indulge it, not only endanger their health but their morals."

Telemachus then ſaid: "I ſhould be glad to know what are the rules in regard to marriage in that country." No man," ſaid Adoam, "muſt have more than one wife; and he muſt keep her as long as ſhe lives. The honour of the men, in that country, depends as much upon their fidelity to their wives, as the honour of the women in other countries depends upon their fidelity to their huſbands. In no nation are married perſons truer to one another, or more jealous of the honour of the marriage bed. The women are beautiful and agreeable, but without diſſimulation; modeſt and induſtrious. The conſequence of marriage in that country is a numerous iſſue, tranquillity, and unſpotted chaſtity. The huſband and wife ſeem to be but one perſon in two bodies, and each of them bears a part in all the cares and concerns of the family. The huſband manages every thing without doors,

doors, and the wife confines herſelf to the œconomy of the houſhold within: ſhe ſtudies to eaſe and comfort her huſband; and her whole ambition is to pleaſe him; thus ſhe gains his confidence, and engages his affection more by her virtue, than her beauty; and their mutual tenderneſs and attachment continue unimpaired till death. The people are long-lived, being ſubject to few diſeaſes, in conſequence of their ſobriety, moderation, and regularity. Old men may be ſeen aged a hundred, or a hundred and twenty years, who are ſtill hearty and vigorous."

"I have one queſtion more to aſk," ſaid Telemachus, "and that is, by what means they guard againſt wars with their neighbours." "Nature," ſaid Adoam, "hath ſeparated them from other nations; on one ſide by the ſea, and on the other by high mountains towards the north: beſides, the neighbouring nations reſpect them on account of their virtues. It hath often happened, that the neighbouring ſtates, when they could not amicably terminate their differences, have choſen them for arbitrators, and as ſuch, put them in poſſeſſion of the controverted territories and cities. As they never inſult or incroach upon their neighbours, theſe entertain no ſort of jealouſy of them. They cannot forbear laughing, when they are told of kings, who cannot agree in ſettling their frontiers. "Are they afraid," ſay they, "that the earth ſhould become too ſcanty for its inhabitants? There will always be more land than can be cultivated. As long as there are among us lands unoccupied and uncultivated, we would not even defend thoſe we poſſeſs, ſhould our neighbours think proper to ſeize them." As the people of Bætica are entirely free from pride, vanity, deceit, and all deſire of extending their territories, their neighbours have nothing to apprehend from them; and, indeed, as little to hope from attacking them; and therefore they never make the leaſt attempt againſt them. They would ſubmit to the loſs of their lives or their country, rather than be made ſlaves. They are equally incapable

capable of enſlaving others, and of being enſlaved themſelves; in conſequence of which diſpoſition, a profound peace ſubſiſts between them and their neighbours."

Adoam concluded with an account of the trade which the Phœnicians carried on with Bætica. "They were much ſurpriſed," ſaid he, "to ſee ſtrangers come by ſea from a country ſo remote; and they gave us liberty to build a city in the iſle of Cadiz. We were treated with great kindneſs, and had part of all their effects, without paying any thing for it. Further, they generouſly offered us gratis all the wool that they ſhould not have occaſion for themſelves, and actually ſent us a very valuable preſent of it. They take pleaſure in giving away their ſuperfluities to ſtrangers. As for their mines, they yielded them up to us without the leaſt heſitation; for they were of no uſe to them. They thought thoſe men had no great pretenſions to wiſdom, who, with ſuch infinite labour, penetrated into the bowels of the earth, in queſt of what could not make them happy, nor ſatisfy any real want." "Do not," ſaid they to us, "dig ſo deep into the earth; be contented with ploughing it, and it will yield you true riches, by ſupplying you with food: the fruits it will produce, are of more value than gold or ſilver, ſince it is to procure food for the ſupport of life, that theſe metals are coveted."

"We have often offered to teach them navigation, and to carry their young men with us to Phœnicia; but they would never conſent to their learning to live in our manner. "They would," ſaid they, "thereby learn to want whatever is become neceſſary to you. They could not diſpenſe with them; and would therefore quit the path of virtue, and take indirect methods to obtain them. They would become like a man, who had good legs, but who, by not uſing them, and being carried about like a ſick man in a chair, thinks at laſt he cannot live without that convenience. As for navigation, they admire the ingenuity and induſtry of it; but think it of dangerous tendency. "If," ſay they, "thoſe

" thoſe nations who practiſe it, have, in their own country, wherewithal to ſatisfy nature, what do they go to other countries for? For what do they ſeek more than is ſufficient to ſupply their real wants? They deſerve to periſh, who riſk their lives amidſt ſtorms and tempeſts, to glut the avarice of merchants, and flatter the paſſions of other men."

Telemachus liſtened to Adoam with infinite pleaſure; and was very glad to find that there was yet a people on earth, who, by following nature and right reaſon, were, at the ſame time, ſo wiſe, and ſo happy. " O how widely," ſaid he, " do the manners of theſe people differ from the ſilly, conceited, and affected manners of thoſe nations that are accounted the wiſeſt. To ſuch a degree are we ſpoiled and corrupted, that we can hardly believe, that a ſimplicity, ſo agreeable to nature, is any where to be found. We regard deſcriptions of the manners of ſuch a people, as entertaining fables; and they, on their part, may well regard ours as wild extravagant dreams."

END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Venus, ſtill breathing revenge againſt Telemachus, applies to Jupiter, to have him deſtroyed. But the fates, not allowing of that, ſhe goes and conſults with Neptune, how to prevent his reaching Ithaca, whither Adoam was carrying him. In order to this they employ a deceitful divinity to miſlead the pilot Athamas; who, while he imagined he was arrived at Ithaca, entered the port of the Salentines on full ſail. Idomeneus, the king of that people, receives Telemachus in his new city, where he was buſy in making preparations for a ſacrifice, to be offered to Jupiter, for ſucceſs in a war againſt the Mandurians. The prieſt, upon conſulting the intrails of the victim, promiſes Idomeneus great ſucceſs; and tells him, that he would be indebted for it to the two ſtrangers, who were juſt arrived.

WHILE Telemachus and Adoam were thus engaged in converſation, never thinking of ſleep, nor perceiving that the night was already half ſpent; a malicious, deceitful divinity carried them far from Ithaca, which the pilot Athamas endeavoured to make in vain. Neptune, though he favoured the Phœnicians,

Phœnicians, yet could not digeſt Telemachus's eſcape in the tempeſt, which had driven him upon the rocks in Calypſo's iſle. Venus was ſtill more exaſperated againſt him, for his having triumphed over Cupid, and all the powers of beauty. So violent was her chagrin, that ſhe bid adieu to Paphos, Cythera, Idalium, and all the honours which are paid her in the iſle of Cyprus. She could no longer bear the ſight of thoſe places in which Telemachus had made light of her power. She aſcends towards the bright Olympus, where the gods were aſſembled about the throne of Jupiter. From thence the heavenly bodies are ſeen revolving under their feet. This globe appears no bigger than a little mole hill, and the immenſe ſeas upon it, look like drops of water. The largeſt empires are but as grains of ſand upon the ſurface of it; and the vaſteſt multitudes, and moſt numerous armies, appear but as ants contending about a blade of graſs. The immortal gods make a jeſt of the moſt ſerious and important affairs, with which weak mortals are agitated, and count them no better than children's play. What men call grandeur, glory, power, and deep policy; in the eye of theſe ſupreme divinities, is nothing more than miſery and folly.

It is in this exalted region that Jupiter hath fixed his immoveable throne; his eyes penetrate the abyſs, and illuminate the darkeſt corners of the heart; as his ſmiles diffuſe joy and peace throughout the whole univerſe. On the other hand, when he ſhakes his awful locks, both the heaven and the earth tremble. Even the gods dazzled with the glory that ſurrounds him, cannot approach him without awe and dread.

The celeſtial divinities were then aſſembled around him, when Venus, adorned with every grace and charm, preſented herſelf before his throne. Her flowing robe diſplayed a greater and brighter variety of colours, than all the tints of Iris, when ſhe appears amidſt the dark gloomy clouds, to give notice to affrighted mortals of the ceſſation of tempeſts, and the return of fair weather. It was bound by that famous girdle, which is the ſeat of the graces. Her hair hung down with a graceful negligence behind,

tied

tied with a golden fillet. The gods were all ſtruck with admiration of her beauty, as if they had never ſeen her before; and their eyes were dazzled in the ſame manner as thoſe of mortals are, when, after a long night, the rays of Phœbus ſuddenly flaſh upon them. They looked at one another quite amazed, though they could hardly take their eyes off Venus. But they quickly perceived, that ſhe ſhed tears, and that grief was evidently expreſſed on her countenance. In the mean time, ſhe advanced towards the throne of Jupiter, with ſoft, but haſty ſteps; as a bird, in its rapid flight, darts through the immenſe ſpace of air. He beheld her with a ſoft complacent ſmile, and riſing, received her with a tender embrace. "My dear daughter," ſaid he, "what occaſions your uneaſineſs? I cannot behold your tears without emotion. Unboſom yourſelf to me without conſtraint. You are no ſtranger to my tenderneſs and indulgence." Venus replied in a ſoft accent, interrupted by deep ſighs: "Father of gods and men! can you, who ſee all things, be ignorant of the cauſe of my uneaſineſs? Minerva, not ſatisfied with having razed to the foundations the ſuperb city of Troy, which I defended, and with having revenged herſelf on Paris, who preferred my beauty to hers, conducts, over the whole face of the earth, by ſea and land, the ſon of Ulyſſes, that cruel deſtroyer of Troy. Telemachus is accompanied by Minerva; and this is the true reaſon, why ſhe does not now appear to fill her place, among the other divinities. She brought the raſh youth into the iſle of Cyprus, in order to affront me: there he ſlighted my power, and would not ſo much as deign to burn incenſe upon my altars. He teſtified an abhorrence of the feſtivals that are celebrated to my honour, and ſhut his heart againſt all the pleaſures of love. In vain did Neptune, at my requeſt, purſue him with winds and waves: for, after he had been caſt, by a dreadful tempeſt, upon the iſle of Calypſo, he triumphed over Cupid himſelf, whom I ſent thither on purpoſe to try to make an impreſſion upon his heart. Neither the youth nor charms of Calypſo, and her nymphs, nor the fiery darts of Cupid, have

been able to defeat the ſtratagems of Minerva, or prevent her carrying him off the iſland. Thus have I been baffled; and thus a boy hath triumphed over all my power!"

Jupiter, in order to aſſuage her grief, replied: "It is, indeed, true, my daughter, that Minerva defends the heart of that young Greek, againſt all your ſon's attacks, and has ſuch glory in reſerve for him, as no young man ever merited before. I am ſorry that he deſpiſed your altars, but I cannot ſubject him to your power. I conſent, from the love I bear you, that he continue ſtill to wander over ſea and land, far from his native country, expoſed to hardſhips and dangers of every kind; but the deſtinies do not admit of his periſhing, or being overcome by thoſe pleaſures, with which you allure mankind. Make yourſelf eaſy then, my dear daughter, and be contented with holding in your chains ſo many other heroes and immortals." In pronouncing theſe words, he indulged Venus with another ſmile, replete with majeſty and grace, a gleam that emulated the keeneſt flaſh of lightning, darted from his eyes. He then embraced her tenderly, diffuſing, at the ſame time, an ambroſial odour, that perfumed the whole extent of Olympus. The goddeſs could not but be ſatisfied with this mark of tenderneſs from the moſt mighty of all the gods. In ſpite of her grief and her tears, joy diffuſed itſelf through every feature: ſhe veiled her lovely countenance in order to conceal her glowing cheeks, and agitation. The whole aſſembly of the gods applauded what Jupiter had ſaid, and Venus went immediately in queſt of Neptune, to concert with him the propereſt methods of taking vengeance on Telemachus.

When ſhe repeated to Neptune what Jupiter had ſaid: "I knew," ſaid he, "before, the unalterable decrees of the fates: but, if we cannot plunge Telemachus in the abyſs of the ſea, let us, however, omit nothing that may contribute to make him miſerable, and retard his return to Ithaca. But I cannot conſent to the deſtroying the Phœnician ſhip, in which he is embarked; I love the Phœnicians. They are my

my peculiar people; and, above all other nations, cultivate my empire. By this means the ſea is become the bond of ſociety which holds the nations of the earth together. They are continually, in honour of me, offering ſacrifices upon my altars; they are juſt, ſagacious, and active in the proſecution of commerce; and they diffuſe plenty, and the conveniencies of life, all over the earth. No, goddeſs, I will not ſuffer one of their ſhips to be wrecked; but I will make the pilot miſtake his courſe, and ſteer wide of Ithaca, whether he is juſt now bound." Venus was ſatisfied with this promiſe, and laughed with a malicious joy; then mounting her flying chariot, ſhe returned to the flowery lawns of Idalium, where the graces, ſports, and ſmiles, teſtified how glad they were to ſee her again, by dancing around her on the flowers, with which that charming retreat is perfumed.

Neptune immediately diſpatched a deceitful divinity, reſembling a dream, except that dreams deceive only during ſleep; whereas, that divinity impoſes on the ſenſes of thoſe who are awake. This malicious god, amidſt an infinite number of winged flies, that flutter around him, went, and ſhed ſome drops of a ſubtle, faſcinating liquor, upon the eyes of the pilot Athamas, while he was attentively obſerving the moon ſhining bright, the courſe of the ſtars, and the coaſt of Ithaca, whoſe craggy rocks he deſcried at no great diſtance. From that moment, all he beheld, was mere illuſion. Neither the heaven, nor the earth that appeared to him, were real; and the ſtars ſeemed to have changed their courſes, and turned back. Olympus looked, as if it moved altogether by new laws, and even the earth appeared to be changed. The pilot, to amuſe him, had a falſe Ithaca continually preſented to his eyes, while he was departing farther and farther from the real coaſt. As he advanced, this phantom retreated, ſtill flying before him; ſo that he did not know what to think of it. Sometimes he imagined he heard the noiſe that is uſual in a port, and according to the orders he had received, was going to put into a little iſland that lies hard by

the other, in order to conceal the return of Telemachus from Penelope's lovers, his profeſſed enemies. Sometimes he was apprehenſive of the ſhelves which lie along that coaſt, and fancied he heard the waves roaring, and daſhing againſt them. Then, in a moment, the land ſeemed at a great diſtance, and the mountains appeared no bigger than the little clouds, that ſometimes darken the horizon, at the ſetting of the ſun. Thus was Athamas in great perplexity; and felt, in conſequence of the deceitful deity's illuſion, a kind of delirium, to which he had been hitherto a ſtranger. He even began to fancy that he was not awake, but aſleep, and dreaming. In the mean time, Neptune commanded the eaſt wind to ſpring up, in order to carry the ſhip to the coaſt of Heſperia. This wind obeyed the injunction with ſuch violence, that the veſſel ſoon reached the deſtined coaſt.

Aurora now began to uſher in the day, and the ſtars, which dread, and are jealous of the ſun's rays, were going to conceal their dull fires in the ocean, when the pilot thus exclaimed: "Now I can no longer doubt of it, we are almoſt cloſe up with Ithaca; now, Telemachus, give a looſe to joy, in an hour you will be bleſſed with the ſight of Penelope, and, perhaps, of Ulyſſes returned, and ſeated again upon his throne.

Telemachus, who before was faſt locked in the arms of ſleep, at this exclamation awoke, aroſe, embraced the pilot, and laid hold of the helm; ſurveying, at the ſame time, with eager attention, the neighbouring coaſt, though his eyes were yet hardly open. But, ſoon perceiving that it was not the coaſt of his native country, he fetched a deep ſigh. "Alas! where are we?" ſaid he. "This is not my dear Ithaca. You are miſtaken, Athamas, and ſeem to be but ill acquainted with this coaſt, which is far from my native land." "No, no," ſaid Athamas, "I cannot be miſtaken in the coaſts of that iſland. Have I not been often in your port? There is not a rock, how ſmall ſoever, that I am not acquainted with; even the coaſt of Tyre is not better known to me.

me. Do not you recollect that mountain, that advances towards us? Or that rock, that towers above the waters? Do not you hear the waves rolling and daſhing againſt theſe other rocks, that overhang the ſea, and threaten every moment to tumble into it? But do not you obſerve that temple of Minerva, which riſes to the clouds? See there the fortreſs and palace of your father Ulyſſes."

"You are under a miſtake, Athamas," replied Telemachus: "on the contrary, I ſee a coaſt pretty high, but flat; and a city, but it is not Ithaca. O gods! is it thus you ſport with wretched mortals!" While he pronounced theſe words, the charm ſuddenly diſſolved before the eyes of Athamas. He ſaw the coaſt ſuch as it really was, and acknowledged his miſtake: "I own it, O Telemachus," ſaid he; "ſome hoſtile divinity enchanted my eyes: I imagined I ſaw Ithaca, and had the image of it full and diſtinct before me; but this moment it vaniſhed like a dream. I now ſee another city, which is doubtleſs Salentum in Heſperia, founded by Idomeneus, who lately fled from Crete. I can diſcern the riſing walls as yet not finiſhed; and I perceive the harbour, the fortifications of which are not yet complete."

While Athamas was viewing the ſeveral edifices lately erected in this new city, and Telemachus deploring his misfortunes, the wind, that Neptune had raiſed, carried them on full ſail into a road, where they found themſelves ſafe, and at no great diſtance from the port.

Mentor, as he knew both Neptune's rage, and Venus's cruel artifice, only ſmiled at the miſtake of Athamas. When they were ſafe at anchor in the road, he thus addreſſed Telemachus: "Jupiter aims not at your deſtruction, but only proves you; and he proves you only in order to lead you to glory. Remember the labours of Hercules, and never loſe ſight of thoſe of your father. Whoever is incapable of ſuffering adverſity, is deſtitute of all greatneſs of mind. You muſt, by reſolution and patience, tire out the cruel fortune that perſecutes you. I dread

not

not ſo much the conſequences of Neptune's rage againſt you, as I did thoſe of the flattering careſſes of the goddeſs, in whoſe iſle you lately ſojourned. Why do we heſitate a moment to enter the port? The inhabitants of the place are Greeks, and conſequently friends: Idomeneus, having himſelf experienced the rigours of fortune, will be apt to feel for the unfortunate." They immediately entered the harbour of Salentum, into which the Phœnician veſſel was admitted without any difficulty; the Phœnicians maintaining a friendly intercourſe and trade with all the nations of the world.

Telemachus could not behold this infant city without admiration. As a young tender plant, nouriſhed by the gentle dews of night, feels the ſun's morning rays, by which it is adorned; it ſhoots up; opens its tender buds; expands its green leaves; and, when it blows, diſplays in its fragrant flowers, a thouſand charming colours, ſo as to diſcloſe new beauties every moment. So did the new-built city of Idomeneus flouriſh upon the margin of the ſea. Every day, and every hour it became more magnificent, and exhibited to thoſe at a diſtance on the ſea new ornaments of architecture towering up to heaven. The whole coaſt echoed with the noiſe of the workmen, and the ſound of hammers. Stones were ſeen ſuſpended in the air by ropes and cranes. At break of day, all the chiefs of the people attended, to animate and encourage them in the proſecution of their works; and even Idomeneus went about and gave orders himſelf, ſo that they advanced in a ſurpriſing manner. As ſoon as the Phœnician ſhip arrived, Telemachus and Mentor were received by the Cretans with marks of the ſincereſt friendſhip; and a meſſenger was immediately diſpatched to acquaint Idomeneus with their arrival. "What," ſaid he, "the ſon of Ulyſſes arrived, that dear friend of mine, that wiſe hero, through whom we at laſt laid Troy level with the ground! bring him hither, that I may let him ſee how much I loved his father."

Accordingly

Accordingly Telemachus was brought and preſented to him; when he told him his name, and begged his protection. Idomeneus, with a ſerene ſmiling countenance replied: "Though I had not been told who you was, I believe I ſhould have known you. In you I behold Ulyſſes himſelf; his piercing eyes, and ſtedfaſt look; his firſt appearance breathing cold reſerve, which yet concealed a rich fund of vivacity and elegance. I recognize that artful ſmile, that careleſs demeanour, that elocution ſo ſoft, ſo ſimple, yet inſinuating, which won aſſent ere caution had time to be upon its guard. Yes, you are undoubtedly the ſon of Ulyſſes, and you ſhall be mine alſo. O my ſon, my dear ſon! what accident hath brought you hither? Are you in queſt of your father? Alas! I can give you no account of him. Both he and I have been perſecuted by unrelenting fate: his misfortune conſiſts in not being able to find his country, and mine in finding it only to feel the heavy indignation of the gods." While Idomeneus ſpoke thus, he eyed Mentor attentively, as a man whoſe face he knew, though he could not recollect his name. Meanwhile, Telemachus, while the tears bedewed his cheeks, replied: "Pardon my grief, O King, which I am not able to ſuppreſs even now, when I ought to manifeſt nothing but joy and gratitude for your goodneſs and humanity. By the concern you expreſs for the loſs of Ulyſſes, you teach me to feel the misfortune of not being able to find my father. I have now been wandering in queſt of him a long time, from ſea to ſea. The offended gods do not permit me to ſee him again; nor to learn whether he hath been ſhipwrecked; nor to return to Ithaca, where Penelope languiſhes with the moſt eager deſire of ſeeing herſelf delivered from her importunate lovers. I thought to have found you in Crete, where I was informed of your cruel deſtiny, but never imagined I ſhould touch upon the coaſt of Heſperia, where you have founded your new kingdom. But fortune, that ſports with the miſeries of mankind, and keeps me wandering about in countries remote from Ithaca, hath

hath brought me at laſt upon your coaſt. Among all the evils fate hath detailed upon me, this is what I moſt willingly endure. If it detain me at a diſtance from my native country, I muſt alſo acknowledge it hath introduced, and made me known to the moſt generous of princes."

Idomeneus, hearing theſe words, tenderly embraced Telemachus; and, having led him by the hand to his palace, addreſſed him thus: "Who is that ſage old man that accompanies you? Methinks I have often ſeen him before." It is Mentor, replied Telemachus, the friend of Ulyſſes, who committed my infancy to his charge; a circumſtance from which you may conceive the extent of my obligations to his care and affection.

Idomeneus, at this intimation, advancing towards Mentor, took him by the hand, ſaying: "We have ſeen one another before. Do not you remember the viſit you made me at Crete; and the good advice you gave me? But I was then hurried away by the impetuoſity of youth, and the love of idle amuſements. There was a neceſſity for my being taught by misfortune, what I would not then believe. O, would to heaven I had given ear to your ſalutary counſels, moſt venerable ſage! but I obſerve with aſtoniſhment, that you are very little, if at all altered, in ſuch a long courſe of years! your complexion is as freſh, you walk as upright, and ſeem as vigorous as you was then; all the difference I perceive, is, that your hair begins to adopt a ſilver hue—."

"Great king," replied Mentor, "was I a flatterer, I would tell you in my turn, that you ſtill retained that glow of youth which animated your features before the ſiege of Troy. But I had rather run the riſk of offending you, than violate the truth: beſides, I perceive by your judicious diſcourſe, that you are averſe to adulation; and that there is no danger in ſpeaking to you with ſincerity. I muſt tell you then, that you are much altered, and that I ſhould hardly have known you again. I am well acquainted with the cauſe of that alteration; namely

namely, the repeated misfortunes you have undergone: yet you have ſtill been a gainer by theſe misfortunes, ſince they have taught you wiſdom. We have very little cauſe to be concerned for the wrinkles that take poſſeſſion of the forehead, while the heart improves and grows ſtronger in the exerciſe of virtue. Beſides, you muſt obſerve, that kings wear faſter than other men. In adverſity, the extraordinary fatigues both of body and mind, bring upon them an early old age. In proſperity, the pleaſures of an effeminate life waſte them much faſter than even the toils of war. Nothing ſo much impairs the health and conſtitution as immoderate pleaſure. Thus it happens, that kings in peace have pleaſures, and in war fatigues, that haſten the approach of old age, before the natural date of its arrival. A ſober, moderate, regular, active life, free from violent uneaſineſs and paſſion, maintains, in the conſtitution of a wiſe man, a youthful vigour; that otherwiſe is ever ready to vaniſh on the wings of time."

Idomeneus, charmed with Mentor's diſcourſe, would have heard him with pleaſure a long time, if he had not been called away to aſſiſt at a ſacrifice to Jupiter. He was followed by Mentor and Telemachus, and a great multitude of people, who ſurveyed theſe ſtrangers with great eagerneſs and attention. "There is a great difference," ſaid they to one another, "between theſe men. The younger has ſomething very ſprightly and amiable in his air and countenance; and his perſon is adorned with all the graces of youth and beauty; but it is a beauty neither languid nor effeminate: even in the tender bloſſom of early youth, he appears vigorous, hardy, and robuſt. The other, though much older, enjoys all his ſtrength and faculties unimpaired: at firſt ſight his mien ſeems leſs noble, and his look not ſo engaging; but, upon a nearer view, under the appearance of ſimplicity, one diſcovers marks of uncommon ſagacity and virtue, mingled with a ſtriking air of conſcious dignity. Doubtleſs, when the gods came down to the earth to converſe with

mortals, they aſſumed the forms of ſuch travellers and ſtrangers.

Meanwhile they arrive at the temple of Jupiter, which Idomeneus, who was deſcended from that god, had adorned in a very magnificent manner. It was encompaſſed with a double row of columns of jaſper, whoſe capitals were of ſilver, and incruſted all over with marble, repreſenting in bas reliefs Jupiter metamorphoſed into a bull; the Rape of Europa, and her paſſing through the waves to Crete. Jupiter ſeemed to be treated with reſpect, though under a ſtrange form. Beſides theſe, there was a repreſentation of the birth and youth of Minos, and alſo of his more advanced age, when he gave laws to the whole iſland, to make it flouriſh and proſper to all ages. There Telemachus alſo obſerved the principal events of the Trojan war, in which Idomeneus had acquired the reputation of a great warrior. Among theſe repreſentations of battles, he endeavoured to find his father, and at laſt diſcovered him ſeizing the horſes of Rheſus, whom Diomedes had ſlain; then diſputing with Ajax, the armour of Achilles, before all the Grecian chiefs aſſembled; and laſtly, deſcending from the belly of the fatal horſe, to ſhed ſuch torrents of Trojan blood.

Telemachus recognized him immediately by theſe renowned exploits, which he had often heard recounted, even by Mentor himſelf. The tears now began to trickle down his cheeks, his colour changed, and he ſeemed greatly affected. Idomeneus perceiving it, though Telemachus turned another way in order to conceal his emotion: "Do not be aſhamed," ſaid he, "to let us ſee how much you are affected by the glory and misfortunes of your father." In the mean time, the people flocked in crowds under thoſe vaſt porticos, formed by the double row of columns that ſurrounded the temple. There were two choirs of boys and girls, who ſung hymns in praiſe of the God who wields the thunder. Theſe young ſingers were diſtinguiſhed by the beauty and elegance of their perſons, and their fine hair that overſpread their ſhoulders. Their heads were

crowned

crowned with roſes, and perfumed; and they were all cloathed in white. Idomeneus, upon this occaſion, ſacrificed a hundred oxen to Jupiter, to render him propitious in a war he had undertaken againſt his neighbours. On all hands the blood of victims ſmoaked, while it flowed into large goblets of gold and ſilver.

The ancient Theophanes, who was prieſt of the temple, and beloved of the gods, during the ſacrifice, covered his head with the ſkirt of his purple robe. Then he conſulted the entrails of the victims that were ſtill panting. Finally, mounting the ſacred tripod, he exclaimed: "O ye gods! who are then theſe two ſtrangers, whom heaven hath ſent hither? But for them, the war we have undertaken would have proved fatal to us, and Salentum would have been laid in ruins before it was half finiſhed. I ſee a young hero, whom wiſdom leads by the hand; to ſay more is not permitted to mortal mouth."

While he pronounced theſe words, his eyes ſparkled, and his looks grew wild; he ſeemed to ſee other objects than thoſe that were before him; his countenance was bloated and inflamed; he was agitated by a tranſport of phrenzy; his hair ſtood on end, his mouth foamed, and his arms were extended and motionleſs: his hoarſe voice ſounded more than human; he panted for breath, and ſtruggled with the god, unable to reſtrain the divine ſpirit that poſſeſſed him.

"O happy Idomeneus," cried he, "what do I ſee? What misfortunes eſcaped? What profound peace at home, but abroad what battles! what victories! O Telemachus! thy exploits ſurpaſs thoſe of thy father; the proud enemy lies groaning in the duſt under thy ſword! the gates of braſs, and the inacceſſible ramparts fall at thy feet! O thou great goddeſs, whom his father ..... O young man! thou ſhalt behold at laſt." ..... Here his ſpeech failed in ſpite of all his efforts; and he ſtood entranced in ſilent aſtoniſhment.

The

The people were ſtruck with horror and amazement.—Idomeneus trembling in every limb, had not courage to deſire the prieſt to proceed. Telemachus himſelf was ſo ſurpriſed, that he could ſcarce comprehend what he had heard; nay, he could ſcarce believe his own ſenſes, that ſuch important oracles were really uttered. Mentor was the only perſon whom the divine ſpirit had not diſconcerted. "You hear," ſaid he to Idomeneus, "the will of the gods. With whatever nation you ſhall engage in battle, you ſhall come off victorious; and, for that ſucceſs, you will be indebted to the young ſon of your friend. Do not be jealous of him, but make the moſt of the advantages which the gods offer you by his means." Idomeneus, who had not yet recovered from his confuſion, in vain endeavoured to ſpeak: his tongue refuſed its office. But Telemachus, who was not ſo much diſturbed, ſaid to Mentor: "What can theſe laſt words mean: you ſhall again ſee? Is it my father, or only Ithaca? Alas! why did he break off thus, and leave me in greater uncertainty than I was in before. O Ulyſſes! O my father! is it you whom I ſhall ſee again? Shall this really come to paſs? But I flatter myſelf with vain hopes; cruel oracle! thou takeſt pleaſure in making ſport of an unhappy wretch; a word more would have made me completely happy." "Reſpect what the gods have been pleaſed to diſcloſe," ſaid Mentor, "and attempt not to diſcover what they have thought fit to conceal. A raſh curioſity deſerves to be diſappointed and puniſhed. It is an effect of the wiſdom and goodneſs of the gods, that the deſtinies of weak mortals are wrapped up in impenetrable darkneſs. It is an advantage to foreſee whatever is controulable by our will; but it is no leſs for our good and quiet to be ignorant of what is independent of our will, and of the fate for which we are reſerved by the decrees of heaven." Theſe words made an impreſſion upon Telemachus, though he could not ſuppreſs his curioſity without reluctance. On the other hand, Idomeneus being now come to himſelf, broke out in praiſes to almighty Jupiter,

who

who had ſent him the young Telemachus, and the ſage Mentor, to render him victorious over his enemies. After the ſacrifice, he entertained theſe two ſtrangers in a magnificent manner, and then addreſſed them in the following terms.

" I own that I was not ſufficiently acquainted with the art of government when I returned from the ſiege of Troy to Crete. You know, my dear friends, the tragical events that obliged me to quit that iſle; for, you have told me you were there ſince my departure. Yet, I may ſtill be happy, if theſe heavy calamities ſerve as leſſons to me, and teach me moderation. After bidding adieu to Crete, I traverſed the ſeas, like a fugitive purſued by the vengeance of gods and men. All my paſt grandeur now ſerved only to make my fall more diſgraceful and inſupportable. I fled for refuge with my houſhold gods to this deſart coaſt, which I found altogether uncultivated, over-run with briars and thorns, or foreſts as ancient as the earth itſelf, and rocks almoſt inacceſſible, which were the habitations of wild beaſts. I was ſain to be contented with a few ſoldiers, and others who were willing to ſhare my ill fortune, to take up my abode and ſettle on this uncultivated land, as I could not hope ever to ſee again that happy iſle, where the gods deſtined me to ſee the light, and afterwards to reign. Alas! ſaid I to myſelf, what a change! what a terrible example am I made to all thoſe who exerciſe the ſovereign power! I ought to be held up as a leſſon to all who reign, that they may take warning by my fate. They imagine they have nothing to fear, as being exalted ſo high above the reſt of mankind. Alas! it is on that very account they ought to fear. I was myſelf dreaded by my enemies, and loved by my ſubjects. I reigned over a powerful and warlike nation, and fame had wafted my name to the moſt remote nations. I had for my realm a fertile and pleaſant iſland; a hundred cities paid me an annual tribute out of their wealth; and I was acknowledged the deſcendant of Jupiter, who was born in Crete. I was beloved too, as the grandſon of the ſage Minos, whoſe laws had rendered

dered them ſo powerful and ſo happy. What elſe was wanting to complete my happineſs, but ſenſe to enjoy it with moderation? Pride, however, and the flattery to which I liſtened, have overturned my throne. And thus will all kings fall, who give a looſe to paſſion, and liſten to the voice of adulation. In the day-time I endeavoured to diſplay a chearful countenance, elate with hope, in order to keep up the ſpirits of thoſe who had followed my fortunes. Let us, ſaid I, erect a new city, that may conſole us for all that we have loſt. We have a noble example ſet us for ſuch an undertaking, by all the neighbouring nations. There is Tarentum riſing at no great diſtance: Phalantus, with a colony of Lacedæmonians, founded that new kingdom. There is another great city on the ſame coaſt built by Philoctetes, and named Petilia. A third colony planted there is called Metapontum. Shall not we imitate all theſe ſtrangers, whoſe fortunes reſemble our own? Our lot hath not been more calamitous than theirs.

"While I thus endeavoured to ſoothe the affliction of my companions, the moſt violent grief preyed upon my own heart. It was to me a conſolation to ſee the day at an end, and to be enveloped in the ſhades of night, that I might in freedom deplore my unhappy fate. A flood of bitter tears ran down my cheeks, and balmy ſleep was a ſtranger to my eyes. Yet next day I reſumed my labours with freſh ardour. Thus, Mentor, you may ſee how I came to look ſo old, and to be ſo much altered."

When Idomeneus had given this account of his misfortunes and ſufferings, he ſolicited the aſſiſtance of Mentor and Telemachus in the war in which he was engaged. "As ſoon," ſaid he, "as the war is over, you ſhall be tranſported to Ithaca. In the mean time, I will diſpatch ſhips to all countries, even the moſt diſtant, to make enquiry about Ulyſſes. I will find him out, and bring him home, into what part ſoever of the known world, either ſtorms, or the wrath of any god, may have conveyed him. Heaven grant he may be ſtill alive! As for you, I will ſend you home in ſome of the beſt ſhips ever built

built in the iſle of Crete, the wood of which actually grew upon mount Ida, where Jupiter was born. Ships of that ſacred wood cannot be loſt in the waves; for it is revered and reſpected even by the winds and rocks. Neptune, in his greateſt rage, dare not rouze his billows to aſſault it. Reſt aſſured, therefore, that you will happily and eaſily return to Ithaca; and that it will not be any longer in the power of any hoſtile divinity to keep you wandering over ſo many ſtormy ſeas. Beſides, the paſſage from hence is ſhort and eaſy. Send away the Phœnician veſſel that brought you hither, and let the only object of your thoughts be, the acquiring of the glory of eſtabliſhing Idomeneus in his new kingdom, and repairing his loſſes. Thus, and thus only, O ſon of Ulyſſes, will you be accounted worthy of your father. Should the inexorable deſtinies have already diſmiſſed him to the gloomy realms of Pluto, yet will all Greece, with joy, believe they ſee him revived in you."

Here Telemachus interrupting Idomeneus, "Let us," ſaid he, "ſend away the Phœnician veſſel. Let us take arms immediately, and attack your enemies: they are now ours alſo. If we were victorious, when we fought in Sicily for Aceſtes, a Trojan, and the enemy of Greece, ſhall we not be ſtill more ſucceſsful, as we ſhall be more hearty and more favoured by the gods, when we fight for one of the Grecian heroes, who took and deſtroyed the unjuſt city of Priam? Of this, the oracle we heard but juſt now, leaves us no room to doubt.

END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus informs Mentor of the occaſion of the war with the Mandurians. He tells him, that at his arrival, this people had ceded to him that part of the coaſt of Heſperia, where he had founded his city; and had themſelves retired to the neighbouring mountains: that ſome of them having afterwards been ill uſed by a party of his men, had deputed to him two old men, with whom he had ſettled articles of peace; that after an infraction of the treaty had been committed by ſome of his people who had been unacquainted with it, the Mandurians immediately prepared for war. While Idomeneus proceeded in his narrative, theſe Mandurians, who had been very expeditious in taking up arms, appeared all of a ſudden before the gates of Salentum. Neſtor, Philoctetes, and Phalantus, who Idomeneus ſuppoſed would have obſerved a neutrality, were found to be in arms againſt him among the Mandurians. Mentor goes from Salentum all alone, to propoſe to the enemy conditions of peace.

MENTOR, looking with a mild and pleaſant countenance at Telemachus, who diſcovered a noble ardour

ardour for the fight, addreſſed him thus: "Son of Ulyſſes, I am very glad to find you animated with ſuch a noble paſſion for glory; but then you ought to remember that it was by ſhewing himſelf to be wiſeſt and moſt moderate among them, that your father acquired ſo much among the Greeks at the ſiege of Troy. Achilles, though invincible and invulnerable, carrying terror and death wherever he charged, yet was never able of himſelf to reduce the city of Troy. He even periſhed under its walls, which triumphed over the conqueror of Hector. But Ulyſſes, whoſe valour was guided by prudence, carried fire and ſword into the very heart of Troy, and he it was who laid level with the ground thoſe proud lofty towers, that for ten years threatened deſtruction to the united forces of all Greece. As far as Minerva ſurpaſſes Mars, ſo far does cool, deliberate valour ſurpaſs the courage of headlong, blind ferocity. Let us then begin with informing ourſelves of the circumſtances of the war we are going to engage in. I decline no danger; but methinks, O Idomeneus, you ought firſt to ſatisfy us with reſpect to the juſtice of the war; then tell us with whom it is to be carried on; and laſtly on what forces and reſources your proſpect of ſucceſs is founded."

Idomeneus replied to this effect: "At our arrival upon this coaſt, we found it inhabited by a ſavage race, who roamed through the foreſts, and lived by hunting, and the fruits which the trees ſpontaneouſly produced. Theſe people, who are called Mandurians, were greatly ſurpriſed and alarmed at ſight of our ſhips and arms. They retired to the mountains: but our ſoldiers, going to view the country, and hunt deer, were met by ſome of theſe ſavage fugitives, whoſe chiefs accoſted them thus: "We quitted, for you, the pleaſant ſea-coaſt; ſo that we have nothing left but theſe almoſt inacceſſible mountains: of theſe, at leaſt, we might reaſonably expect you would leave us the free and undiſturbed poſſeſſion. We have found you ſtraggling up and down, and unable to defend yourſelves againſt us, ſo that we might, if we had a mind, cut you all to pieces; and even take

ſuch

ſuch precautions as would prevent your companions from having the leaſt intimation of your misfortune. But we will not embrue our hands in the blood of thoſe who are men like ourſelves. Go, and remember that you owe your lives to our humanity, and that it was a people, whom you call rude and ſavage, that treated you with ſo much gentleneſs and generoſity." Thoſe of our men, who had been diſmiſſed in this manner by theſe barbarians, returned to our camp and gave an account of what had happened to them. Our ſoldiers were greatly enraged and mortified, that Cretans ſhould owe their lives to a parcel of fugitives, who appeared to them to reſemble bears more than men. They went, therefore, a-hunting in greater numbers than before, and provided with all ſorts of arms. In a ſhort time they met and attacked the ſavages: the encounter was obſtinate and bloody, and the arrows fell thick on both ſides, as hail-ſtones in a field during a ſtorm. But at laſt the ſavages were obliged to retire to their craggy mountains, whither our men durſt not hazard the purſuit.

"In a little time after this tranſaction, theſe people deputed to me two of their wiſeſt old men, to ſue for peace. They brought me ſome preſents, conſiſting of the ſkins of wild beaſts, and the fruits of the country. When they had delivered theſe preſents, they addreſſed me thus: "O king, we have, you ſee, in one hand the ſword, and in the other an olive branch. (And they actually had both in their hands.) We offer you either peace or war, chuſe which you will. We, for our part, ſhould prefer peace. It was on that account we were not aſhamed to leave you in poſſeſſion of the pleaſant ſea-coaſt, which the ſun fertilizes, and which produces ſo many fine fruits. But peace is ſweeter than theſe fruits, and on that account we retired to theſe lofty mountains, which are always covered with ice and ſnow, and where neither the flowers of the ſpring, nor the rich fruits of autumn, are ever ſeen: we abhor that brutality, which, under the gaudy names of ambition and glory, madly ravages whole provinces, and ſheds the blood

blood of men, who are all brethren. If you are ambitious of this falſe glory, we envy you not, but pity you, and pray to the gods we may be preſerved from the like madneſs. If the ſciences, to which the Greeks apply themſelves ſo cloſely, and the politeneſs on which they value themſelves ſo highly, inſpire them with ſuch an abſurd, deteſtable ambition, we cannot but think ourſelves happy in being deſtitute of ſuch advantages. We will always glory in being ignorant barbarians, while, at the ſame time, we are juſt, humane, faithful, and diſintereſted; can be ſatisfied with a little, and deſpiſe that vanity and delicacy that cannot be gratified without wealth. The things we value are theſe; health, frugality, liberty, and vigour of body and mind; the love of virtue, the fear of the gods, a kind diſpoſition towards our neighbours, attachment to our friends, fidelity to all the world, moderation in proſperity, fortitude in adverſity, courage always boldly to ſpeak the truth, and abhorrence of flattery. Such is the people, whom we offer you for neighbours and allies. If the offended gods ſo far blind you, as to make you reject the offer of peace, you will find, when it is too late, that the people who are moderate and lovers of peace are the moſt formidable when obliged to engage in war."

"While theſe old men harangued in this manner, I could not help ſurveying them with inſatiable curioſity. Their beards were long, and uncombed; their hair ſhorter, but white; they had thick eyebrows, lively eyes, and a bold reſolute look; they ſpoke with gravity and authority, and their manners were ſimple and ingenuous. The furs, with which they were clad, were tied together about their ſhoulders; ſo that their arms being naked, we obſerved they were more brawny and muſcular than thoſe of our ſtouteſt wreſtlers. In anſwer to what they had propoſed, I told them I was deſirous of peace. Accordingly we agreed on ſeveral articles, with a ſincere intention to obſerve them; which we called all the gods to witneſs. Then, after having received ſome preſents from me, they returned home.

But

But the gods, who had driven me from the throne of my anceſtors, were not yet weary of perſecuting me. That very day, a party of our men, who had been hunting, and whom it was not poſſible ſo ſoon to apprize of the peace which had been concluded, met a conſiderable number of theſe barbarians, as they were returning with the two envoys from our camp, attacked them furiouſly, killed ſome, and drove the reſt into the woods. Thus the war was renewed. The barbarians thought they could not depend either upon our promiſes, or oaths. The better to enſure ſucceſs in this war, they have called to their aſſiſtance the Locrians, Apulians, Lucanians, Brutians, together with the inhabitants of Crotona, Neritus, and Brunduſium. The Lucanians come in chariots armed with ſcythes; the Apulians are clad, each with the ſkin of ſome wild beaſt which he hath ſlain. They are armed with huge knotty clubs, pointed with iron. Their ſtature is almoſt gigantic, and ſo robuſt are they in conſequence of the laborious exerciſes to which they are accuſtomed, that the very ſight of them is terrible. The Locrians, who came originally from Greece, ſtill retain ſomething of the manners of that country, and are more civilized than the reſt: but to the exact diſcipline of the Greeks they have joined the vigour and hardineſs of the barbarians; ſo that they are invincible. They uſe light bucklers made of ozier covered with ſkins, and ſwords of an immoderate length. The Brutians are ſwift of foot, and in running equal the ſtag or deer. They ſeem hardly to touch the graſs they run over, and the print of their feet is ſcarce viſible in the ſand. They fall upon their enemies like lightning, and diſappear as ſuddenly. The people of Crotona are dexterous bowmen. An ordinary man among the Greeks could not bend the bows commonly uſed by the Crotoniates; if they ſhould ever apply themſelves to our exerciſes, they would certainly carry off the prizes at the games. Their arrows are dipped in the juice of certain herbs, which, it is ſaid, grow on the banks of Avernus, and contain a mortal poiſon. As for the inhabitants of Neritus,

ritus, Meſſapium, and Brunduſium, they are remarkable for nothing but ſtrength of body and artleſs valour. At ſight of their enemy, they yell in a hideous frightful manner. They are pretty expert ſlingers, darkening the air, when they engage, with ſhowers of ſtones; but they fight without any order. Thus, Mentor, I have endeavoured to give you the ſatisfaction you required. You now know the occaſion of the war, and who and what our enemies are."

After this explanation, Telemachus, impatient for the fight, was going directly to take arms; but Mentor ſtopped him, and thus addreſſed Idomeneus: "I ſhould be glad to know, how it happens that the Locrians, who came originally from Greece, have joined the barbarians againſt the Greeks; and how it happens, that ſo many Greek colonies flouriſh on this coaſt, without having the ſame wars to maintain as you. O Idomeneus! you ſay that the gods are not yet weary of perſecuting you: but I ſay, they have not yet finiſhed your inſtruction. The many misfortunes you have undergone, have not yet taught you how to act in order to prevent a war. What you have ſaid yourſelf of the good faith of theſe barbarians plainly ſhews that you might have lived in peace with them: but pride and haughtineſs give riſe to the moſt dangerous wars. You might have exchanged hoſtages; and you might have eaſily ſent ſome of your officers along with their envoys to conduct them ſafely back to their country. Even after the war had broke out afreſh, you might have eaſily pacified them, by repreſenting to them, that thoſe by whom they had been attacked were ignorant of the alliance which had been concluded. You ſhould have offered them all the ſecurity they could deſire, and threatened to puniſh thoſe with the utmoſt ſeverity who ſhould be guilty of the leaſt infraction of the treaty. But, pray what hath happened ſince the war was renewed?" "I thought," replied Idomeneus, "it would be ſtooping too low, to endeavour to pacify theſe barbarians, who had now muſtered all their people that

were

were able to carry arms, and ſent to implore the aſſiſtance of all the neighbouring ſtates, in whom they excited a hatred and jealouſy of us. I reſolved, therefore, as the moſt prudent ſtep I could take, immediately to make ſure of certain paſſes in the mountains which were but ſlightly guarded. We got poſſeſſion of them without any difficulty, and conſequently have it in our power to lay waſte their country. I have fortified them with towers, from whence the garriſons can eaſily overpower with darts all that attempt to enter our country from the mountains. On the other hand, we can invade their country whenever we have a mind, and ravage their principal ſettlements. Hence, with forces far inferior, we can reſiſt that innumerable multitude of enemies that ſurround us. And now it is become very difficult to bring about a peace betwixt us: for we cannot evacuate theſe forts, without expoſing ourſelves to their incurſions; and they look upon them as citadels, built with a view to inſlave them."

Mentor made this reply to Idomeneus: "You are a wiſe king, and deſire to have the truth told you without diſguiſe. You are not one of thoſe weak men, who are afraid of it, and who, as they have not the greatneſs of mind to own and correct their errors, employ all their authority to ſupport the faults they have committed. Know then, that theſe barbarians gave you an admirable leſſon, when they came to ſue for peace. Was it from a ſenſe of their weakneſs that they made it their requeſt? Did they want courage, or reſources wherewith to maintain the war againſt you? You ſee they do not, ſince they are ſo brave a people, and ſupported by ſo many formidable neighbours. Why did not you imitate their moderation? But a falſe ſhame, and falſe notions of honour, led you into this error and misfortune. You was afraid of making your enemy proud and inſolent, but you was not afraid of making them too powerful, by bringing ſo many ſtates to unite againſt you, in conſequence of your haughty, unjuſt conduct. What purpoſe can theſe forts, of which you boaſt ſo much, ſerve, but that of laying all your neighbours under

a neceſſity

a neceſſity either of deſtroying you, or being themſelves deſtroyed, to prevent their being made ſlaves? You erected them, with a view to ſecure you againſt all danger, and yet you have thereby expoſed yourſelf to the greateſt. The beſt bulwarks to a ſtate are juſtice, moderation, good faith, and the confidence of your neighbours, that you are incapable of encroaching upon their territories. The ſtrongeſt walls may be demoliſhed by many unforeſeen accidents, and fortune is very capricious and inconſtant in war. But the love and confidence of your neighbours, when once they have experienced your moderation, ſecure your dominions from being ſubdued, and almoſt from being attacked. But if they ſhould be attacked by an unjuſt neighbour, all the reſt, who are intereſted in protecting them, immediately take arms for their defence. Thus ſupported by ſo many ſtates, who would have found it their intereſt to eſpouſe your cauſe, you would have been much more powerful than theſe forts can make you; which, in fact, render your misfortunes irretrievable. If you had taken care at firſt, not to give any umbrage to your neighbours, your new city would have flouriſhed in a happy peace, and all the nations of Heſperia would have referred their differences to your deciſion. But let us now conſider, how you are to act for the future, in order to repair paſt errors. You told me, I think, that there were ſeveral Greek colonies ſettled upon this coaſt. Theſe, I ſhould imagine, would be inclined to aſſiſt you. They cannot have forgot, either the great name of Minos, the ſon of Jupiter, or your exploits at the ſiege of Troy, where you diſtinguiſhed yourſelf ſo much among the other chiefs in the common cauſe of Greece. Why then do not you endeavour to engage theſe colonies to arm in your defence?"

"They have all," replied Idomeneus, "taken a reſolution to ſtand neuter. They had, it is true, ſome inclination to aſſiſt me; but the promiſing appearance of this city, from its foundation, alarmed them. Theſe Greek colonies, as well as the other ſtates were apprehenſive that we had a deſign upon their

their liberty. They were perſuaded, that if we ſhould ſubdue theſe ſavages of the mountains, we would be ambitious of extending our conqueſts ſtill farther. In ſhort, they are one and all againſt us. Even thoſe who are not avowedly againſt us, yet would be glad to ſee us humbled: ſo that jealouſy has not left us a ſingle ally."

"What an extremity!" exclaimed Mentor: "by aiming at appearing too powerful, you have ruined your power; for, while abroad, you are the object of the hatred and jealouſy of your neighbours, you exhauſt yourſelf at home in the efforts and preparations neceſſary to maintain a war againſt them. O unhappy, doubly unhappy Idomeneus, whom ſuch a dangerous ſituation hath but half inſtructed! muſt you fall a ſecond time to learn to foreſee the dangers that threaten the greateſt kings? But leave me to act for the beſt: meanwhile, give me a particular account of theſe Grecian cities."

"The chief," replied Idomeneus, "is Tarentum; it was founded three years ago by Phalantus, who, for that end, aſſembled in Laconia a great number of young men, the offspring of thoſe wives, that, during the war of Troy, had forgot their abſent huſbands. When the huſbands returned, the wives thought of nothing but pacifying them, and diſavowing their faults. Hence that great number of young men, who were born out of wedlock, being diſowned both by father and mother, became extremely licentious and abandoned. But the magiſtrate interpoſing and checking theſe diſorders, they made choice of Phalantus, a bold, intrepid, ambitious, artful man, for their conductor, came and ſettled on this coaſt, and of Tarentum have made a ſecond Lacedæmon. On another part of the coaſt, but in the neighbourhood, hath Philoctetes, who gained ſo much glory at the ſiege of Troy, by carrying thither the arrows of Hercules, built the city Petilia; leſs powerful indeed, but better governed than Tarentum. Finally, we have, at no great diſtance from us, Metapontum, which was founded by the ſage Neſtor, and his Pylians." "What," ſaid Mentor,

Mentor, "have you Neſtor in Heſperia, and yet could not engage him in your intereſts? Neſtor, who ſaw you ſo often encounter the Trojans, and was then your friend?" "I loſt him," replied Idomeneus, "by the artifice of thoſe people who are barbarians only in name. They had addreſs enough to perſuade him that I wanted to bring all Heſperia under my yoke." "We will undeceive him," replied Mentor. "Telemachus ſaw him at Pylos, before he had made any ſettlement on this coaſt, and before we had made any conſiderable voyage in queſt of Ulyſſes. He cannot have yet forgot that hero, nor the love and regard he expreſſed for his ſon: but the difficulty will be, to remove his jealouſy. It is the umbrage you have given your neighbours that hath lighted up this war, which can be quenched only by removing the cauſe. But I ſay once more, leave that taſk to me."

Here Idomeneus was ſo much affected, that he immediately embraced Mentor, but was not able to ſpeak. At laſt, however, he made ſhift to pronounce theſe words. "O wiſe old man, ſent by the gods to repair all my faults! I own, I ſhould have been offended with any others who had ſpoke to me with the ſame freedom; and that no one elſe could have perſuaded me to make an offer of peace: for I had taken a reſolution either to periſh, or ſubdue all my enemies. But it is better to liſten to your ſage counſels, than obey the dictates of my own unruly paſſions. O happy Telemachus! you never bewilder yourſelf as I have been bewildered, while you have ſuch a guide and inſtructor! Mentor, you ſhall command on this occaſion! you poſſeſs all the wiſdom of the gods. Not even Minerva herſelf could have given more ſalutary advice. Go, promiſe, negotiate, make all the conceſſions you think proper; Idomeneus will approve of every ſtep you take."

While this converſation paſſed between Mentor and Idomeneus, their ears were ſuddenly invaded by a confuſed noiſe of rattling chariots, neighing horſes, and frightful ſhouts of men, intermingled with the warlike ſound of trumpets echoing from hill to dale.

The cry was now: "The enemy is at hand! they have fetched a great compaſs, to avoid the guarded defiles in the mountains: they are coming to beſiege Salentum." The women and old men were ſtruck with conſternation: "Alas!" ſaid they, "did we quit our dear country, the fertile Crete, and follow an unhappy king acroſs ſo many ſeas, to found a city, that will ſoon be laid in aſhes as Troy was!" From the walls but lately built were ſeen glittering in the ſun all over the plain, ſo as to dazzle the eye, the helmets, cuiraſſes, and bucklers of the enemy. The plain too was covered all over with briſtling pikes, as the fields of Enna in Sicily are in ſummer by a rich crop which Ceres is preparing to reward the toils of the huſbandman. Already all thoſe chariots armed with ſcythes appeared; and the ſeveral nations engaged in the war were eaſily diſtinguiſhed.

Mentor, in order to view their diſpoſition, aſcended an high tower, and was followed by Idomeneus and the ſon of Ulyſſes. Scarce had he reached the top, when he deſcried on one ſide Philoctetes, and on the other Neſtor, with his ſon Piſiſtratus. Neſtor was eaſily diſtinguiſhed by his venerable old age. "What!" exclaimed Mentor, "you thought then, O Idomeneus, that Philoctetes and Neſtor would be ſatisfied with not affording you aſſiſtance! lo, there they are in arms againſt you; and, if I am not deceived, theſe troops that march ſo ſlowly, and in ſo good order, are the Lacedæmonians, commanded by Phalantus; ſo that all your neighbours, without exception, are your enemies, though you had no intention to make them ſo." So ſaying, Mentor deſcended haſtily from the tower, and repairing to one of the city gates on that ſide towards which the enemy was advancing, he commanded the guards to open it; and Idomeneus, ſtruck with the majeſty of his demeanour, durſt not aſk what he intended. Mentor made a ſign with his hand, that nobody ſhould preſume to follow him, and advanced towards the enemy, who were amazed to ſee a ſingle man approach their army. While yet at a diſtance, he held

held up to them an olive-branch in token of peace; and, when near enough to be heard, he deſired that all the chiefs might be aſſembled. Immediately they did aſſemble, and he harangued them thus: "Ye generous men, aſſembled here from various ſtates, that flouriſh in the rich Heſperia, I know you are come hither only in order to maintain your common liberty. Your zeal is laudable; but allow me to propoſe a method by which you may eaſily preſerve your liberty and the glory of your people, without the effuſion of human blood.

"Neſtor, ſagacious Neſtor, whom I perceive in this aſſembly, you are not ignorant how fatal war is, even to thoſe who undertake it with juſtice on their ſide, and under the protection of the gods. War is one of the greateſt calamities with which the gods afflict mankind. You never can forget what Greece ſuffered by the ten years ſiege of the ill-fated Troy. What diviſions among the chiefs! what reverſes of fortune! what ſlaughter of the Greeks by the hand of Hector! what diſaſters in all the principal cities, occaſioned by the war, and the long abſence of the kings. Of theſe, ſome in returning ſuffered ſhipwreck at the promontory of Caphareum, and others were murdered in the arms of their conſorts. O ye gods! it was in your wrath then that you armed the Greeks for that famous expedition. O people of Heſperia! may the gods never grant you ſo fatal a victory. Troy, it is true, is laid in aſhes: but it would have been better for Greece that it had been ſtill in being, and in all its glory, and that the effeminate Paris were ſtill carrying on his infamous intrigues with Helen. You, Philoctetes, who were ſo long unhappy, and forſaken in the iſle of Lemnos, do you not dread the return of the like calamities, in ſuch another war? I know too, that the Lacedæmonians were not without a ſhare of the diſaſters occaſioned by the long abſence of the princes, officers, and ſoldiers, that went to the ſiege of Troy. O ye Greeks, who are now ſettled in Heſperia, all of you are come hither only by a train of thoſe calamities which the Trojan war produced." After this

preamble, Mentor advanced towards the Pylians; and Neſtor, who now recognized him, advanced at the ſame time to meet and ſalute him as a friend. "O Mentor," ſaid he, "I greatly rejoice to ſee you again. A great many years are elapſed ſince I firſt ſaw you in Phocis; you was then but fifteen years old, yet, even then, I foreſaw you would one day be the wiſe man you have approved yourſelf in the ſequel. But what accident hath brought you to this part of the world? What is the expedient you have to propoſe for putting an end to this war? We were all deſirous of peace; it was the intereſt of us all to deſire it: but Idomeneus laid us under a neceſſity of attacking him; for we could not otherwiſe have preſerved our independency. He hath violated every treaty made with his neighbours. Peace with him, would, in effect, be no peace at all: it would only afford him means to diſſolve our confederacy, which is our only ſecurity. He hath plainly ſhewn his ambitious deſign of bringing all his neighbours under the yoke, and left them no other expedient to defend their own liberty, but that of overturning the new kingdom which he hath founded. By his inſincerity and breach of good faith, we are reduced to the neceſſity of either accompliſhing his deſtruction, or of ſeeing ourſelves enſlaved by his ambition. If you know of any expedient that will ſecure his performance of the articles that ſhall be agreed upon, ſo that we may hope for a laſting peace, all the different nations you ſee here will gladly lay down their arms, and readily acknowledge your ſuperior wiſdom."

Mentor thus replied: "Sage Neſtor, you know that Ulyſſes entruſted to me the care of his ſon Telemachus. The young man, impatient to know what was become of his father, viſited you at Pylos, and you received him with all the friendſhip he could expect from his father's faithful friend; you even gave him your own ſon for his conductor. He afterwards made ſeveral long voyages to Sicily, Egypt, Cyprus, and Crete. The winds, or rather the deſtinies, have driven him upon this coaſt, in his purpoſed

purpoſed return to Ithaca: and I hope we are come very ſeaſonably, to ſpare you the horrors of a bloody war. It is no longer Idomeneus, but Telemachus and I, who will be anſwerable for the performance of all the articles to which we ſhall agree."

While Mentor thus communed with Neſtor in the midſt of the confederate troops, Idomeneus, Telemachus, and all the Cretans in arms, kept their eyes fixed on him from the walls of Salentum. They were eager to diſcover how Mentor was received, and would have been glad to hear what paſſed between theſe two ſages, Neſtor had been always thought to have the moſt experience and eloquence of all the kings of Greece. It was he, who, during the ſiege of Troy, checked and tempered the fierce wrath of Achilles, the pride of Agamemnon, the haughtineſs of Ajax, and the impetuoſity of Diomede: the words of perſuaſion, gentle and inſinuating, dropped like honey from his mouth. His voice alone was liſtened to by all thoſe heroes: all was ſilence and attention as ſoon as he opened his mouth; and there was none beſides him who could ſoothe the rage of diſcord in the camp. He began to feel the infirmities of chilling old age: but his words were ſtill replete with energy and wiſdom. He recounted paſt events, that youth might profit by his experience. His manner was ſtill graceful; but his narrative a little tedious and circumſtantial.

This old man, ſo much admired by all Greece, ſeemed to have loſt all his dignity of elocution, when Mentor appeared. His old age ſeemed quite faded and oppreſſed, when compared with that of Mentor, in whom time itſelf ſeemed to reſpect the ſtrength and vigour of natural conſtitution. Mentor's words, though grave and ſimple, were animated with that vivacity and force, which thoſe of Neſtor had, in a great meaſure, loſt. All he ſpoke was perſpicuous, nervous, and conciſe. He never made any repetitions; he never mentioned any circumſtance that was not abſolutely neceſſary to illuſtrate the ſubject which was to be diſcuſſed. If he was obliged to ſpeak more than once upon the ſame point,

point, in order to inculcate or perſuade, he always made uſe of new figures and oppoſite modes of compariſon. He poſſeſſed a certain fund of ſprightlineſs and good humour, when he thought proper to adapt himſelf to the occaſion, and wanted to inſinuate ſome important truth. Theſe two men, ſo venerable for age and wiſdom, afforded a very intereſting ſpectacle to all the different nations then aſſembled. While theſe allies, the enemies of Salentum, were preſſing cloſe on one another, in order to enjoy a nearer view of their perſons, and hear the tenour of their wiſe diſcourſe; Idomeneus and his people expreſſed the utmoſt eagerneſs and curioſity to diſcover, by their looks and geſtures, the nature of their conference.

THE END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus ſeeing Mentor in the midſt of the allies, is deſirous to know what paſſed between them. He therefore cauſes one of the gates of Salentum to be opened, and goes directly to Mentor; and his preſence contributes to induce the allies to accept of the terms of peace which that ſage had offered on the part of Idomeneus. The kings all enter Salentum as friends, and Idomeneus ratifies all the articles that had been agreed on. Both ſides give hoſtages, and a ſacrifice is offered for both, between the city and the camp, as a confirmation of the treaty.

MEANWHILE, the impatient Telemachus, withdrawing privately from the crowd that ſurrounded him, ran to the gate by which Mentor had gone forth, and, with an air of authority, commanded it to be opened. In a moment Idomeneus, who thought he was ſtill ſtanding by him, is ſurpriſed to ſee him advancing over the fields towards Neſtor. Neſtor recogniſes him, and haſtens to receive him, though with

with a ſlow and heavy pace. Telemachus, throwing his arms about his neck, holds him faſt locked in his embrace without being able to ſpeak. At laſt, however, he exclaimed: "O my father, for I am not afraid to call you ſo, my misfortune in not being able to find my real parent, and the goodneſs I have already experienced at your hands, give me a ſort of right to call you by that tender name. My father, my dear father, I have the happineſs to ſee you once more! O that I could thus behold Ulyſſes! Could any thing comfort me for the want of him, it would be to find in you ſuch another."

At theſe words, Neſtor could not refrain from tears; and he felt a ſecret joy when he ſaw them trickle with unſpeakable grace adown the cheeks of Telemachus. The beauty, engaging mien, and noble confidence of this youth unknown, who traverſed without fear ſo many troops of armed foes, aſtoniſhed all the allies. "Is not this," ſaid they, "the ſon of the old man who hath been parleying with Neſtor? Without doubt, for the ſame wiſdom appears in both, notwithſtanding the great diſparity of their ages. In the one, wiſdom is only in bloſſom; but in the other, ſhe bears fruit in plenty and perfection." Mentor, ſeeing with pleaſure how tenderly Neſtor received Telemachus, and reſolved to lay hold of this favourable diſpoſition, "Behold," ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to Neſtor, "the ſon of Ulyſſes, "ſo dear to all Greece, and ſo dear to you in particular, O venerable Neſtor! Behold, I ſurrender him as an hoſtage, and the moſt valuable pledge we can offer for the good faith of Idomeneus. You may well believe, I would not wiſh, that the ſon ſhould be loſt, as well as the father, and that the unhappy Penelope ſhould have occaſion to reproach me with having ſacrificed her ſon to the ambition of the new king of Salentum. Such a ſurety having come of his own accord, to offer himſelf; or rather the gods, who love peace, having ſent him, I ſhall proceed, O ye nations, ſo various, here aſſembled, to lay before you overtures for eſtabliſhing a laſting peace."

At

At the mention of peace, a confuſed noiſe was heard to run through all the ranks. All theſe different nations were fired with indignation, thinking all the time they were kept from fighting, entirely loſt, and that the deſign of theſe conferences was only to abate their ardour, and rob them of their prey. The Mandurians, eſpecially, were extremely incenſed that Idomeneus ſhould hope to deceive them once more. They often endeavoured to interrupt Mentor, fearing leſt, by his ſagacity, he ſhould perſuade their allies to deſert them. They even began to be ſuſpicious of all the Greeks in the aſſembly. This jealouſy Mentor perceived, and reſolved to improve, in order to introduce diſcord and diviſion among them. "I own," ſaid he, "the Mandurians had reaſon to complain, and to demand ſome ſatisfaction for the wrongs they had ſuffered: but there is no good reaſon why the Greeks, who plant colonies on this coaſt, ſhould be hated or ſuſpected by the ancient inhabitants of the country. On the contrary, the Greeks ought to ſtand by one another, in order to ſecure good treatment from the reſt of mankind. At the ſame time they ought to be moderate, and never unjuſtly invade the territories of their neighbours. I know that Idomeneus hath had the misfortune to give you umbrage, but all your jealouſies may be eaſily removed. Telemachus and I offer ourſelves as hoſtages, to anſwer for that prince's good faith, and to remain with you till all the promiſes made in his behalf ſhall be duly performed. What provokes you moſt, O ye Mandurians," cried he, "is, that the Cretan troops have ſeized by ſurprize the paſſes of the mountains, ſo as to be able, in ſpite of all your efforts, as often as they pleaſe, to make irruptions into that part of the country to which you retired, leaving them to take poſſeſſion of the champaign ſea-coaſt. The high towers, then, which the Cretans have built and garriſoned, to command the paſſes of the mountains, are the true cauſes of the war. Anſwer me, is there any other?"

Then the chief of the Mandurians ſtepping forward, ſpoke to this effect: "What have we not done to avoid this war? The gods are witneſſes for us, that we never reſigned the hopes of peace, until we loſt it without reſource thro' the reſtleſs ambition of the Cretans, and their rendering it impoſſible for us any longer to rely upon their oaths and engagements. Infatuated nations! to reduce us to the hard neceſſity of taking a deſperate reſolution againſt them, and of deſtroying them, in order to ſave ourſelves. While they keep poſſeſſion of theſe paſſes, we muſt always conclude that they have a deſign to invade our country, and enſlave our people. If they really intended to live in peace with their neighbours, they would be ſatisfied with what we, of our own accord, relinquiſhed to them, and would not ſeek to ſecure a paſſage into a country, on whoſe liberty they had no ambitious deſign. But, believe me, O venerable ſage, you do not know their real character. As for us, we have learned it to our coſt. Ceaſe then, O ſtranger, beloved of heaven, to oppoſe a juſt and neceſſary war, without which Heſperia can never hope for a laſting peace. O ungrateful, cruel, and deceitful nation, whom the offended gods ſent hither to diſturb our peace, and to puniſh us for our offences! but after you have puniſhed us, O ye gods, you will alſo be our avengers. Your juſtice will not be leſs conſpicuous in puniſhing our enemies, than in chaſtizing us."

At theſe words the whole aſſembly appeared in commotion. Mars and Bellona ſeemed to ſtalk from rank to rank, lighting up in their breaſts anew the flame of war, that Mentor endeavoured to extinguiſh. He thus reſumed the thread of his diſcourſe.

"Had I nothing to offer but promiſes, you might reject them with diſtruſt; but what I offer is ſolid and already aſcertained. If you do not chuſe to accept of Telemachus and me for hoſtages, I will procure for you twelve of the moſt conſiderable and moſt valiant Cretans. But it is juſt that you alſo ſhould give an equal number; for, though Idomeneus

neus is ſincerely deſirous of peace, he deſires it without fear or meanneſs. He deſires it, as you ſay you did, from moderation and wiſdom; but not from the love of an effeminate life, nor from a daſtardly weakneſs, at the proſpect of dangers inſeparable from war. He is prepared either to conquer, or to die; but he prefers peace to the moſt glorious victories. Though he would be aſhamed to diſcover any fear of being conquered, yet, he is afraid of being unjuſt, and not aſhamed to profeſs himſelf ready and willing to correct his errors. Though prepared for war, yet he offers you peace, and that without pretending haughtily to impoſe conditions: for he makes no account of a peace that is founded on conſtraint. He deſires ſuch a peace, as may pleaſe all parties, extinguiſh all jealouſy and diſtruſt, and put an end to all animoſities. In fine, Idomeneus is animated by ſuch ſentiments as I am ſure you would wiſh him to entertain. The only remaining difficulty is to perſuade you of his ſincerity, and even that difficulty will be eaſily ſurmounted, if you will hear me coolly and diſpaſſionately.

"Hear then, ye people famed for valour, and ye chiefs ſo wiſe and ſo united, what I have to offer you on the part of Idomeneus. It is not fit that he ſhould have it in his power to invade when he pleaſes the country of his neighbours; nor is it reaſonable that they ſhould have that advantage over him. He conſents, therefore, that the forts built to ſecure the paſſes ſhall be garriſoned by neutral troops. Although you, Neſtor, and you, Philoctetes, are Greeks by birth; yet you have upon this occaſion declared againſt Idomeneus. You cannot, therefore, be ſuſpected of partiality in his concerns. What touches you is the general intereſt, peace, and liberty of Heſperia. Be you yourſelves the depoſitaries and guardians of thoſe paſſes which have occaſioned the war. It is no leſs your intereſt to prevent the native inhabitants of Heſperia from deſtroying Salentum, a new Greek colony, like that which you yourſelves have planted, than to reſtrain Idomeneus from invading the territories of his neighbours.

Hold

Hold ye the balance even between him and them. Inſtead of carrying fire and ſword among a people, whom you ought to love, aſſume the glorious character of mediators and peace-makers. To theſe offers, you will ſay, you ſhould have no objection, could you be aſſured that Idomeneus would fulfil them with honour and good faith: I ſhall, therefore, endeavour to ſatisfy you in that particular.

"The hoſtages which I mentioned will be a ſecurity to both ſides, till ſuch time as you are put in poſſeſſion, by way of depoſit, of all paſſes. When the ſafety of all Heſperia, and even of Salentum and Idomeneus, ſhall be at your mercy; will you then be ſatisfied? Of whom can you be jealous for the future, of yourſelves? You cannot truſt Idomeneus; and yet ſo far is he from deſiring to deceive you, that he is willing to confide in you.—Yes, he is willing to truſt you with the life, liberty, and repoſe of himſelf and his people! If you, indeed, deſire no more, as you pretend, than a ſafe and advantageous peace; ſuch a peace I now offer as precludes every pretence for rejecting it. But, I tell you again, do not imagine that it is owing to fear that Idomeneus makes you theſe offers. It is prudence, and his regard to juſtice, that induce him to take this reſolution, without giving himſelf any concern, even ſhould you impute to weakneſs, what is the effect of virtue. At firſt, he was in the wrong; and he glories in acknowledging his miſconduct by the voluntary advances he now makes towards an accommodation. It is weakneſs, it is vanity, and groſs ignorance of one's own intereſt, to hope to be able to conceal one's faults by perſiſting in them with pride and obſtinacy. He who acknowledges his faults to his enemy, and offers to atone for them, ſhews himſelf incapable of repeating the ſame errors, and demonſtrates that his enemy has every thing to fear from a conduct ſo wiſe, in caſe he ſhould reject his offers of peace. Take care then, that by ſo doing, you do not give him an opportunity of charging you, in his turn, with being in the wrong. Should peace and juſtice now

ſolicit

ſolicit in vain, they will certainly have their revenge. In that caſe, Idomeneus will have the gods, whom before he had reaſon to fear were offended at him, on his ſide, and Telemachus and I will fight on the ſide of juſtice. I take all the gods, celeſtial and infernal, to witneſs the fair and juſt propoſals I have made."

As he pronounced theſe laſt words, Mentor lifted up his arm, to ſhew the ſeveral nations there aſſembled the olive-branch, which he held in his hand as a ſignal of peace. The chiefs, who ſtood near him, were dazzled and amazed at the divine fire that ſparkled in his eyes. He appeared with an air of majeſty and authority, far ſuperior to that which diſtinguiſhes beyond any thing of the greateſt among the ſons of men. There was a force and magic in his words that rendered them altogether irreſiſtible. They reſembled thoſe charms, which, in the dead of night, controul the moon and ſtars, appeaſe the ruffled ſea, ſilence the winds and waves, and avert the moſt rapid rivers in their courſe.

Mentor, in the midſt of thoſe furious nations, reſembled Bacchus ſurrounded by fierce tygers, which, forgetting their natural cruelty, and tamed by the irreſiſtible power of his eloquence, came and licked his feet, and fawned upon him, in token of ſubmiſſion. At firſt, the whole army was huſhed in profound ſilence. The chiefs looked at one another, as they could neither reſiſt his eloquence, nor conceive who he was; and the troops ſtood all motionleſs, with their eyes fixed upon him. They were afraid to ſpeak, leſt he ſhould have yet ſomething to ſay, and they ſhould prevent his being heard; and, though they could not conceive what he might have to ſay further, yet they were ſorry he had done ſpeaking. All that he had hitherto ſaid, was, in a manner, engraved upon their hearts. By ſpeaking, he gained both their love and their aſſent; and every one diſcovered the utmoſt eagerneſs and attention to catch every word that fell from his mouth.

At

At laſt, after a pretty long ſilence, a gentle murmur was heard ſpreading itſelf on all hands. It was not now the confuſed harſh noiſe occaſioned by rage and indignation; but, on the contrary, a ſoft, gentle murmur. There was a ſerenity and ſatisfaction viſible in every countenance. The Mandurians, who, but a little before were ſo much enraged, now felt themſelves inſenſibly diſarmed; and the fierce Phalantus, with his Lacedæmonians, were amazed to find their own hearts ſo mollified. Nor were the other nations, that compoſed the army of the allies, leſs favourably diſpoſed. Philoctetes in particular, who had ſuffered ſo much by war, was ſo overjoyed at the proſpect of peace, that he could not refrain from tears. Neſtor was ſo much affected with what Mentor had ſaid, that he could not utter one word; but embraced him tenderly. And all the multitude, as if by concert, exclaimed: "O venerable ſage! you have diſarmed us quite,—peace! peace! now happy peace ſhall be reſtored!"

A little after this exclamation, Neſtor was going to ſpeak; but the whole army, impatient for peace, and apprehenſive that he was about to ſtart ſome new difficulty, cried out again, Peace! peace! nor could they be ſilenced till all the commanders had joined them in the cry.

Neſtor, perceiving it would be in vain to attempt to make a regular ſpeech, ſaid only, "You ſee, Mentor, how powerful the words of the wiſe and virtuous are. When wiſdom and virtue ſpeak, they eaſily triumph over all the paſſions. Our juſt reſentment is now changed into a ſincere deſire of amity and peace, and we accept of that which you have offered." At the ſame time, all the chiefs immediately held out their hands, to ſignify their conſent and approbation.

Then Mentor haſtening to the gate of Salentum, ordered it to be opened, and ſent word to Idomeneus to come out directly, without the leaſt heſitation or fear. Neſtor, in the mean time, embracing Telemachus, "Amiable ſon of the wiſeſt of all the Greeks," ſaid he, "may you be as wiſe, and more

happy

happy than your ſire: but have you never yet made any diſcovery with reſpect to his fate? The remembrance of your father, whom you greatly reſemble, hath contributed to ſtifle our indignation. "Philantus, though naturally fierce and hard-hearted, and though he never ſaw Ulyſſes, yet could not help ſympathizing with his misfortunes, and thoſe of his ſon. And now they were preſſing Telemachus to relate his adventures, when Mentor returned with Idomeneus, attended by all the Cretan youth.

At ſight of Idomeneus, the indignation of the allies was re-kindled anew: but Mentor ſmothered the flame, juſt ready to blaze out. "Why," ſaid he, "do we delay concluding this ſolemn treaty, of which the gods will be witneſſes and guarantees? Should any impious wretch ever dare to violate it, may the gods take vengeance on him; and while thoſe nations that are innocent, and have been true to their engagements, live in peace and ſafety; may all the horrible calamities of war overtake that execrable, ambitious, perjured prince, who ſhall break the ſacred bands of this accommodation. May he be deteſted both by gods and men; may he never enjoy the fruits of his perfidy; may the furies, under the moſt hideous figures, drive him to deſpair and diſtraction: may he fall unpitied, without hope of ſepulture! may his body be a prey to dogs and vultures, and may he in the infernal regions and profound abyſs of Tartarus ſuffer more cruel tortures than Tantalus, Ixion, and the daughters of Danaus. But rather may this peace be laſting, like the rocks of Atlas that ſupport the canopy of heaven; may all nations revere it, and reap the fruits of it, from generation to generation: may thoſe who made it be held in eſteem and veneration by our lateſt poſterity; may this peace, founded on juſtice, and good faith, be the model of all thoſe that ſhall henceforth be concluded in any part of the world; and may all thoſe ſtates who ſhall, for the future, reſolve to make themſelves happy by re-eſtabliſhing peace and friendſhip,

friendſhip, propoſe for their imitation the people of Heſperia."

After this ſolemn atteſtation, Idomeneus and all the other kings ſwore to fulfil the articles of the peace, as they had been agreed upon, and twelve hoſtages were reciprocally given. Telemachus, at his own deſire, was one of thoſe whom Idomeneus pledged: the allies, however, would not conſent that Mentor ſhould be another, but inſiſted on his remaining with Idomeneus, to ſuperintend his conduct and that of his counſellors, till the treaty ſhould be executed in its full extent. Between the city and the army of the allies, were ſacrificed an hundred heifers, and as many oxen, white as ſnow, whoſe horns were gilded and adorned with flowers. The frightful bellowings of the victims, as they fell under the ſacred knife, were re-echoed from the neighbouring mountains, and the reeking blood guſhed out in rivulets on every ſide. Abundance of exquiſite wine was poured in libations, and the aruſpices conſulted the intrails of the victims, while they were ſtill panting. The ſmoke of the incenſe that was burnt by the prieſts upon the altar, formed a thick cloud; and the ſweet odour of it perfumed the air all around.

In the mean time, the ſoldiers on both ſides, no longer regarding one another as enemies, began mutually to relate their adventures, to enjoy themſelves after their toils, and to taſte already the ſweets of peace. Divers individuals, who had followed Idomeneus to the ſiege of Troy, recognized ſome of thoſe belonging to Neſtor, who had ſerved in the ſame war. They tenderly embraced one another, and mutually recounted all that had happened to them, ſince the ſack and deſtruction of that proud city, the moſt magnificent in all Aſia. Having adorned their heads with chaplets of flowers, they laid themſelves down upon the graſs, and made merry with the wine that was brought from the city in large veſſels, to celebrate ſo happy a day.

Mentor, in the midſt of their exultation, ſuddenly harangued them to this effect: "O ye kings and commanders,

commanders, here aſſembled! your ſeveral nations for the future will be but one, under different names and governors. Thus it is, that the juſt gods, who formed and love the human race, would have them united in an everlaſting bond of perfect amity and concord. All mankind are but one family diſperſed over the face of the whole earth, and all nations are brethren, and ought to love one another as ſuch. May ſhame and infamy overtake thoſe impious wretches who ſeek a cruel unnnatural glory, by ſhedding the blood of their brethren, which they ought to regard as their own. War, it is true, is ſometimes neceſſary: but it reflects diſgrace on human nature, that it ſhould be unavoidable on certain occaſions. O ye kings! do not ſay that it is deſirable for the ſake of acquiring glory; for true glory cannot exiſt independent of humanity. Whoever gratifies his paſſion for glory, at the expence of humanity, is a proud monſter, and not a man: and the glory that he acquires muſt be falſe; for true glory can be acquired only by moderation and goodneſs. His ridiculous vanity may be flattered; but when people diſcloſe their real ſentiments in private, they will always ſay: "His claim to glory is the more abſurd, as it is founded on lawleſs and unjuſt ambition." Men ought not to admire or eſteem him, ſeeing he made ſo little account of them, and was ſo prodigal of their blood, to gratify a brutal vanity. Happy the king, who loves his people, and is beloved by them; who truſts his neighbours, and is truſted by them; who, far from making war upon them, prevents their going to war with one another, and who makes the happineſs his ſubjects enjoy under his government, to be envied by all other nations. Take a reſolution then, O ye who govern the moſt powerful cities of Heſperia, to meet together from time to time, let there be a general aſſembly every three years, when all the kings here preſent may attend, to take a new oath, inviolably to obſerve the engagements now contracted; to confirm the treaty, and deliberate on their common intereſts. While you continue united, you will enjoy at home in this delightful

delightful country, glory, peace, and plenty; and abroad you will be found invincible. Nothing but diſcord, that infernal fury, that cauſes ſuch diſtraction and confuſion among men, can diſturb or interrupt the happineſs that the gods prepare for your acceptance."

To theſe remarks old Neſtor thus replied: "You ſee by the facility with which we have embraced the proffered peace, how far we are from making war through motives of vain glory, or any unjuſt deſire to aggrandize ourſelves at the expence of our neighbours. But what is to be done, when it is our misfortune to have for our neighbour a prince of violent paſſions, who knows no law but his own intereſt; and lets no opportunity ſlip of invading the dominions of other ſtates? Do not imagine I ſpeak of Idomeneus: no, I now entertain a better opinion of his integrity. It is Adraſtus, king of the Daunians, from whom we have every thing to apprehend. He deſpiſes the gods, and thinks the whole race of mankind were born for no other purpoſe but to be his ſlaves, and to promote his glory. It is not enough for him to have ſubjects, and to be the king and father of his people; he will have ſlaves and worſhippers: and actually cauſes divine honours to be paid him. Hitherto, blind fortune hath favoured him, even in his moſt unjuſt enterprizes. We uſed great expedition to come and lay ſiege to Salentum, that having got rid of the weakeſt of our enemies, who had but lately come to ſettle upon the coaſt, we might afterwards turn our arms againſt the other and more formidable. He hath already taken ſeveral cities from our allies; and the people of Crotona have been twice defeated by his arms. He ſticks at nothing to gratify his ambition; and employs force and artifice indifferently, and without ſcruple, provided he can cruſh his enemies. He hath amaſſed great wealth: his troops are well diſciplined and brave; he hath able, experienced officers, and is well ſerved; for he keeps a watchful eye on all thoſe who act under him, and execute his orders. He puniſhes the leaſt faults with ſeverity, and liberally rewards thoſe who

do

do him any ſervice. By his own valour, he animates and inſpirits thoſe of his troops. He would be an accompliſhed prince, were his conduct regulated by juſtice and good faith: but he neither fears the gods, nor the reproaches of his own conſcience. He has no regard to reputation, looking upon it as a vain phantom, that influences weak minds only. To poſſeſs great wealth, to be feared, and to have all mankind in ſubjection to him, are the only advantages which he looks upon as ſolid and ſubſtantial. In a little time his army will enter our territories; and if ſo many nations united are not able to make head againſt him, all hope of defending our liberties will vaniſh. It is no leſs the intereſt of Idomeneus than ours, to defeat the ambitious deſigns of a neighbour, who would deſtroy the liberties of all the ſtates around him if he could. If we ſhould be ſubdued, Salentum would be in the moſt imminent danger. Let us then immediately join our forces, and oppoſe him with our united ſtrength." While Neſtor ſpoke to this effect, they were advancing towards the city, where Idomeneus had invited all the kings and principal chiefs to paſs the night.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.